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*Judy, Or the London
Serio-comic Journal*

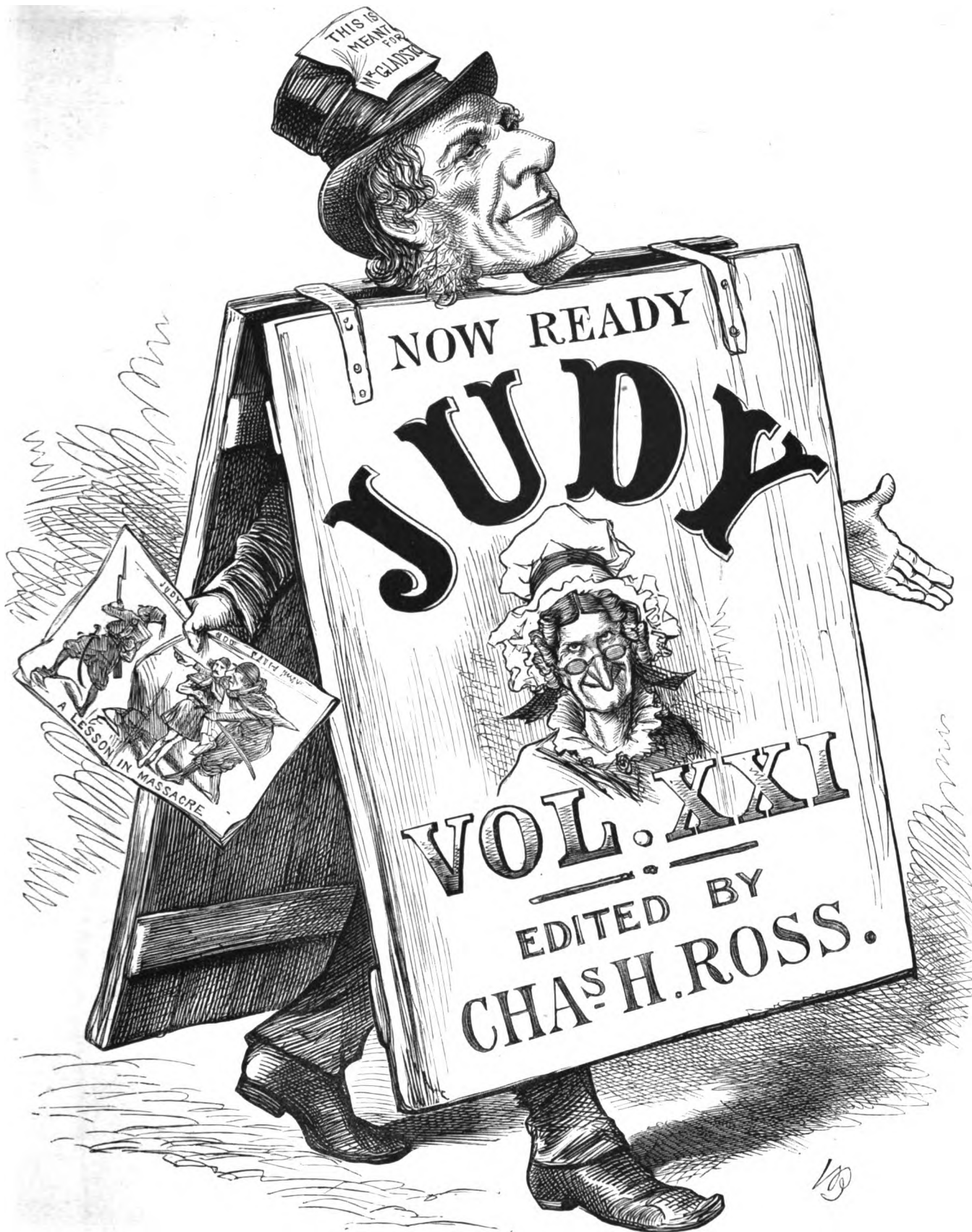
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PREVIEWFACE

ONCE again! Yet, once again, the Ever Young and Lovely JUDY takes up her pen, and mentions the fact that she has completed another Volume.

With pride she looks around upon the world and notices what progress has everywhere been made during the last six months. Temple Bar, long since removed, has given place to an arch of elegant design, and the New Law Courts are now WILLING (as is mentioned all over them on little boards placed there for the purpose) to have their roofs put on. Meanwhile, we get quite quickly through our Murder Trials at the Old Bailey, and waste no time at all afterwards trying the murderers over again.

Turning her eyes towards Nottingham, JUDY is glad to see that Mr. GLADSTONE is still as straightforward and truthful as ever! The way in which the hon. gentleman led his ten thousand hearers to believe that he saw JUDY's caricature of him for the first time when it was sent to him by some unknown person, who labelled the right hon. gentleman's portrait a "Diabolical-looking Fiend," was eminently GLADSTONIAN; and no one, after that, would for one moment suppose that the ex-Premier was one of JUDY's constant subscribers—although there is no doubt of it.

It is to be regretted that as yet

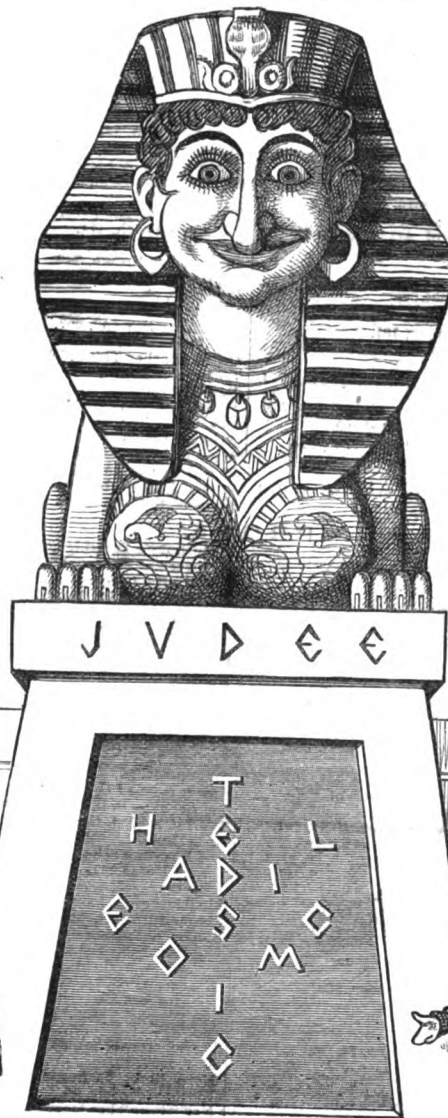
the importation of Whales has not met with any decided success. Those that have not died at the Aquarium, or been swallowed at Nottingham, have unhappily come to grief in various other ways; but, probably, this may be altered before long.

With respect to industrial progress, the commencement of the Burglary season should be noted by persons possessed of portable property. The police, however, are not interested.

The most important event of the day, is certainly the JUDY Obelisk, in front of the Palatial Premises in Fleet Street. It having been decided that to please all parties CLEOPATRA'S Needle should be broken up into little bits, and a little bit put up at each of the hundred-and-one suggested sites, great anxiety was naturally felt relative to the JUDY Obelisk; but it is believed that, where it is now, even though it may to some extent block up the roadway, it will cause general satisfaction, and A. SLOPER has already cut his initials on the pedestal.

As to other events, SLOPER's "Kalendar" is, of course, after the Obelisk, the topic of the day; and elegant cases for binding JUDY's Volume, price Two Shillings each, may also be casually referred to.

It seems almost a pity that the Russians have not, as yet, quite beaten the Turks, or that might be mentioned also.





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JUDY'S ALMANAC FOR 1877



JANUARY. 31 Days.

1	M	Ryl. Aca.	17	W	Franklin
2	T	(Epiph.)	18	Th	(b. 1706)
3	W	(d. 1827)	19	F	Jc. Watt
4	Th	Dk. York	20	S	3rd S. a.
5	F	(Epiph.)	21	S	(m. 1874)
6	S	1 Sun. af.	22	T	Dk. Edin.
7	S	(Epiph.)	23	W	(b. 1658)
8	T	(d. 1761)	24	Th	Prss. Ryl.
9	W	Boscaw'n	25	F	(pit. 71)
10	Th	Hil. T. b.	26	S	Paris ca.
11	F	T. bign.	27	S	Septua. S
12	S	Shrove. S.	28	T	(Lent)
13	Th	2a S. a. E.	29	W	(m. 1856)
14	F	Ox. L. T.	30	Th	H. Term.
15	S	(begins)	31	F	(ends)

FEBRUARY. 28 Days.

1	T	J. Kembl.	16	F	(Lent)
2	F	(b. 1757)	17	S	1st S. in
3	S	Sexa. S.	18	T	Napier. d.
4	Th	SrR. Peel	19	W	(1860)
5	F	(b. 1768)	20	Th	Gladstone
6	S	Dickens	21	F	(Ministry
7	Th	(b. 1812)	22	S	resigned
8	F	(m. 1840)	23	T	1874
9	S	Qn. Vic.	24	W	2nd S. in
10	Th	(b. 1762)	25	Th	Queen V.
11	F	Tuesday	26	F	(visited
12	S	Shrove	27	S	(St. Paul's
13	Th	AshWed.	28	T	(1872)
14	F	(Lent)			

MARCH. 31 Days.

1	Th	St. David	17	S	S. Patrek
2	F	Ein. Nic.	18	Th	5th S. in
3	S	(d. 1855)	19	F	(Lent)
4	Th	3rd S. a.	20	S	Sin Isaac
5	F	(Lent)	21	T	(Newton
6	S	(d. 1810)	22	W	(d. 1727)
7	Th	Ld. Collid.	23	Th	Cam. Lt.
8	F	Cobbett	24	F	(Tr. ends
9	S	(b. 1752)	25	S	(Lent)
10	Th	(Lent)	26	T	Dk. Cam.
11	F	4th S. in	27	W	(b. 1819)
12	S	Chelsea	28	Th	War dec.
13	Th	Hospital	29	F	(with Rus-
14	F	(m. 1854)	30	S	sea, 1854
15	S	Dk. Kent	31	T	Hay
16	F	(d. 1891)			



APRIL. 30 Days.

1	S	Easter S.	16	M	Easter T.
2	T	Bnk. Hol.	17	T	(begins)
3	W	Goldsm'h	18	Th	Thiers
4	Th	(d. 1774)	19	F	(b. 1797)
5	F	(b. 1853)	20	S	B. Heber
6	S	Pr Leopd	21	T	3rd S. af.
7	Th	Lew Sun	22	W	(Lent)
8	F	(b. 1770)	23	Th	D. Defoe
9	S	Canning	24	F	E. Coote
10	Th	(d. 1759)	25	S	(d. 1792)
11	F	Handel	26	T	(Easter)
12	S	2nd S. af.	27	W	4th S. af.
13	Th	(Easter)	28	Th	Montro.
14	F	(d. 1854)	29	F	O'Connell
15	S	(d. 1847)	30	T	(d. 1847)

MAY. 31 Days.

1	T	Duke of	17	Th	Dr. Jennr
2	F	(Connaut)	18	F	(b. 1749)
3	S	Ox. T. b.	19	S	Whit S.
4	Th	Lvgstne	20	T	B. Holdy.
5	F	(d. 1873)	21	W	Trinlaw
6	S	Rogu. S.	22	Th	(ends)
7	Th	(b. 1873)	23	F	W. T. beg.
8	F	E. Term	24	S	Qn. Vict.
9	S	Jackson	25	T	(b. 1819)
10	Th	(d. 1863)	26	W	Truty S.
11	F	Indian	27	Th	Rubens
12	S	(Mut. 1857)	28	F	(b. 1552)
13	Th	4th S. af.	29	S	Pope d.
14	F	(Easter)	30	T	(b. 1744)
15	S	O'Connell	31	W	(d. 1847)

JUNE. 30 Days.

1	F	Howe's	16	S	(Trinity)
2	S	(Vic. 1794)	17	T	SrR. Peel
3	Th	1st S. af.	18	W	(b. 1815)
4	F	Weber d.	19	Th	Access. of
5	S	(1826)	20	F	Qn. Vict.
6	Th	(d. 1870)	21	S	(Trinity)
7	F	Dickens	22	T	4th S. af.
8	S	2nd S. af.	23	W	(d. 1830)
9	Th	(Trinity)	24	Th	Geo. IV.
10	F	Tr. Term	25	F	(ends)
11	S	Battle of	26	S	Qn. Vict.
12	Th	Marengo	27	T	(b. 1838)
13	F	(1800)	28	W	Greenw.
14	S	(H. f. 1694)	29	Th	(b. 1694)
15	T	(b. 1694)	30	F	(b. 1694)

JULY. 31 Days.

1	S	5 S. af. T.	17	Th	Earl Grey
2	T	SrR. Peel	18	F	(d. 1845)
3	W	(d. 1850)	19	S	Bp Wilb.
4	Th	(d. 1873)	20	T	(d. 1873)
5	F	Ps. Helna	21	W	(b. 1866)
6	S	(m. 1866)	22	Th	(Trinity)
7	Th	Giltaltar	23	F	(b. 1807)
8	F	The 'Fly'	24	S	(cap. 1704)
9	S	(b. 1874)	25	T	Turenne
10	Th	(b. 1874)	26	W	(d. 1875)
11	F	(b. 1874)	27	Th	11th S. a.
12	S	(b. 1874)	28	F	(b. 1874)
13	Th	(b. 1874)	29	S	(b. 1874)
14	F	(b. 1874)	30	T	(b. 1874)
15	S	(b. 1874)	31	W	(b. 1874)

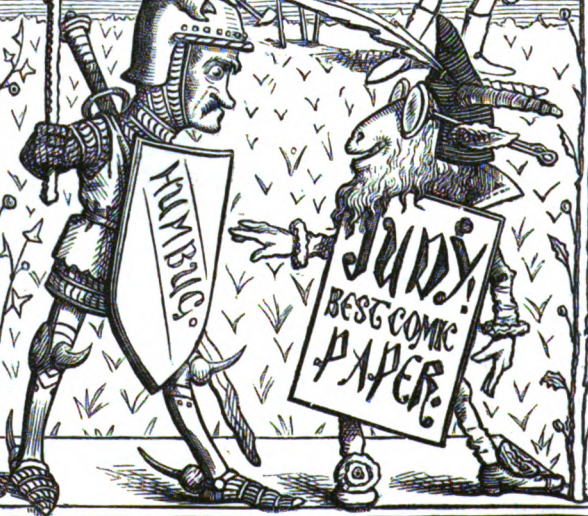
AUGUST. 31 Days.

1	W	1st N. Yk.	17	Th	Frederick
2	Th	(tele. 1866)	18	F	(G. d. 1786)
3	S	(b. 1866)	19	S	10th S. a.
4	Th	(Trinity)	20	T	(Trinity)
5	F	(b. 1866)	21	W	(b. 1866)
6	S	(b. 1866)	22	Th	(b. 1866)
7	Th	(b. 1866)	23	F	(b. 1866)
8	F	(b. 1866)	24	S	(b. 1866)
9	S	(b. 1866)	25	T	(b. 1866)
10	Th	(b. 1866)	26	W	(b. 1866)
11	F	(b. 1866)	27	Th	(b. 1866)
12	S	(b. 1866)	28	F	(b. 1866)
13	Th	(b. 1866)	29	S	(b. 1866)
14	F	(b. 1866)	30	T	(b. 1866)
15	S	(b. 1866)	31	W	(b. 1866)



SEPTEMBER. 30 Days.

1	S	Part. s. b.	16	M	16th S. a.
2	T	14th S. a.	17	T	(Trinity)
3	W	Tr. Repb.	18	Th	Battle of
4	Th	(b. 1870)	19	F	(Alma, 1854)
5	F	Johnson	20	S	17th S. a.
6	S	(b. 1870)	21	T	(b. 1870)
7	Th	(b. 1870)	22	W	(b. 1870)
8	F	(b. 1870)	23	Th	(b. 1870)
9	S	(b. 1870)	24	F	(b. 1870)
10	Th	(b. 1870)	25	S	(b. 1870)
11	F	(b. 1870)	26	T	(b. 1870)
12	S	(b. 1870)	27	W	(b. 1870)
13	Th	(b. 1870)	28	Th	(b. 1870)
14	F	(b. 1870)	29	F	(b. 1870)
15	S	(b. 1870)	30	T	(b. 1870)



OCTOBER. 31 Days.

1	M	Cam. Mic.	17	W	J. Wilkes
2	T	(Tem. b.)	18	Th	(b. 1777)
3	W	(b. 1777)	19	F	(b. 1777)
4	Th	(b. 1777)	20	S	(b. 1777)
5	F	(b. 1777)	21	T	(b. 1777)
6	S	(b. 1777)	22	W	(b. 1777)
7	Th	(b. 1777)	23	F	(b. 1777)
8	F	(b. 1777)	24	S	(b. 1777)
9	S	(b. 1777)	25	T	(b. 1777)
10	Th	(b. 1777)	26	W	(b. 1777)
11	F	(b. 1777)	27	Th	(b. 1777)
12	S	(b. 1777)	28	F	(b. 1777)
13	Th	(b. 1777)	29	S	(b. 1777)
14	F	(b. 1777)	30	T	(b. 1777)
15	S	(b. 1777)	31	W	(b. 1777)

NOVEMBER. 30 Days.

1	Th	All Sute.	16	F	J. Bright
2	F	Mchins.	17	S	(b. 1811)
3	S	(T. bigns.	18	T	25th S. a.
4	Th	23rd S. a.	19	W	(Trinity)
5	F	(Trinity)	20	Th	(b. 1840)
6	S	(b. 1840)	21	F	Bowring
7	Th	(b. 1840)	22	S	(b. 1872)
8	F	(b. 1840)	23	T	26th S. a.
9	S	(b. 1840)	24	W	(Trinity)
10	Th	(b. 1840)	25	F	Ps. Mary
11	F	(b. 1840)	26	S	(b. 1833)
12	S	(b. 1840)	27	T	(b. 1833)
13	Th	(b. 1840)	28	W	(b. 1833)
14	F	(b. 1840)	29	Th	(b. 1833)
15	S	(b. 1840)	30	F	(b. 1833)

DECEMBER. 31 Days.

1	S	1st S. in	17	M	Ox. M. t.
2	T	Advent.	18	Th	Tho. Guy
3	W	(b. 1724)	19	F	(d. 1724)
4	Th	Bewick	20	S	(b. 1859)
5	F	(d. 1828)	21	T	(Advent.
6	S	Flaxman	22	W	4th S. in
7	Th	(d. 1826)	23	F	(b. 1826)
8	F	(b. 1826)	24	S	(b. 1826)
9	S	(b. 1826)	25	T	(b. 1826)
10	Th	(b. 1826)	26	W	(b. 1826)
11	F	(b. 1826)	27	Th	(b. 1826)
12	S	(b. 1826)	28	F	(b. 1826)
13	Th	(b. 1826)	29	S	(b. 1826)
14	F	(b. 1826)	30	T	(b. 1826)
15	S	(b. 1826)	31	W	(b. 1826)



THICKERY!

ORATOR.—“It’s in the wonerful insight inter ‘uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackery; but on t’other hand it’s in the brilliant shafts o’ satire, t’gether with a keen sense o’ humour, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackins. It’s just this: Thickery is the humourist an’ Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it’s ‘dsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens.”

[So none was “instooted.”]

The Unknown
Genius's Diary.

JANUARY.—Bless me! Another year gone. That’s the forty-third I’ve wasted. This must not go on: I must do something, and I must show them that I can. Ha! ha! *They will see.*

FEBRUARY.—Hang it, it’s February. After all, it’s only a month lost. Still, a month is a month. Now for it.

MARCH.—It seems to me I could do almost anything if I settled down to it. Now let’s settle.

APRIL.—Well, I can’t begin on the 1st. That would be rather too much of a joke.

MAY.—* * *

JUNE.—I fell in love last month; and this month—

JULY.—* * *

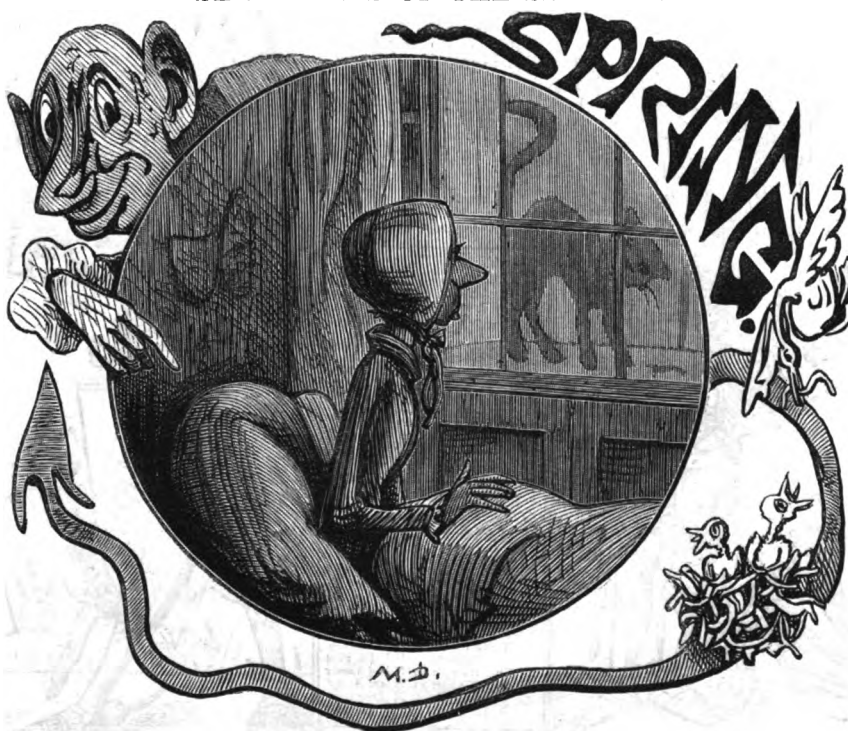
AUGUST.—* * *

SEPTEMBER.—I say, look here, you know! time’s getting on.

OCTOBER.—I’ve settled down to it now, in sober earnest. It is to be no ephemeral work, to be read lightly, cast aside, and forgotten.

NOVEMBER.—The friend I have read the first chapter to says it has all been done

SENTIMENTS OF THE SEASONS.



A SPRING FANCY.

SPINSTER LADY.—“I thought at first it was some silly young man serenading, but after all it’s that horrid, cruel, vivisection doctor next door. It ought to be put a stop to!”

before. How is this? How dare anybody presume to forestall me?

DECEMBER.—I see now that wasn’t my line. Which is, though? Next year!!!

Things Hard to
Believe.

THAT persons who have red faces are invariably teetotallers.

THAT every income-tax return is as true as Gospel.

THAT Dr. Kenecaly will never be heard of any more.

THAT one’s mother-in-law is a great addition to a household.

THAT a schoolmaster who flogs a pupil always feels it more than the boy does.

THAT when the next railway “accident” happens, the directors will be tried for manslaughter.

THAT the first snow which falls in London this winter, will be cleared away in less than a fortnight.

THAT means will be found of putting down wood pavement without choking people with the fumes of boiling pitch.

THAT the North Pole will not be reached one of these days, and that British sailors will not be the men to reach it.



PRECAUTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

SCENE.—Two potato fields divided by a hedge and stile.

TIME.—A morning after a night.

PARTY WITH PIPE (*who has been upbraided*).—"Sure, an' its wrong ye are entirely, darlin'. Lazy, is it? An' didn't ye yasself say, take a nap for five minutes and then set to at them praties; an' was it any fault of mine, at all at all, if I fell off the stile taking the nap, and since I picked myself up agin haven't known which side of the fence I was on, and which was the field of praties I was to be after digging?"

The Fiend Twin's Diary.

JANUARY.—Am born. Didn't want to be. Object immediately as loud as I can. Younger brother born seven minutes later. Looks a fool, but may improve as he mellow with age.

FEBRUARY.—Catch a cold. Give it to younger brother. He's sicker than I am. Very nearly settles him.

MARCH.—Catch a nice rash. Pass it on to the other cove. Pretty well winds up his clock.

APRIL.—They've christened us. I'm Augustus and he's Alexander. Don't he look a ass of a Alexander. I'll kick him when he sleeps.

MAY.—Got the nettle rash. Hooray! So's he, only worse.

JUNE.—They don't think they'll be able to rear him. He's to have cod-liver oil. Can't help laughing.

JULY.—He's been squalling awful. Nurse says it's his nasty temper. I know it's a pin, but I'm not going to say.

AUGUST.—We've got a new nurse who talks to tall soldier, and leaves perambulator baking in the sun. Alexander's got a blister on

SENTIMENTS OF THE SEASONS.



THE SUMMER-TIME OF GOLDEN YOUTH.

SMALLEST SMALL BOY.—"Does your guvnor know you smoke?"

LARGEST SMALL BOY.—"No. Does yours?"

SMALLEST SMALL BOY.—"Lor, bless you! yes. He's knowed it for years!"

his nose. They don't know what it is, and they're going to give him a powder.

SEPTEMBER.—I've given him the scarlatina. He seems resigned. I've nailed his feeding-bottle.

OCTOBER.—I've got a new game now. Poking Noah's wife into his ear, when the nurse ain't looking.

NOVEMBER.—We're beginning to walk. He's weaker on his pins than I am, so I can shove him over easy.

DECEMBER.—I'm beginning to cut my first tooth. As soon as its through I've made up my mind to bite Alexander.

Things to Bear in Mind.

A VERY GOOD MOVE.—The removal of Temple Bar—(when it is done).

HOW TO RAISE THE *Vanguard* AFTER ALL.—Bring it under the operation of the Winding-up Act.

THE MOST POWERFUL ENGINE IN THE WORLD.—The beer-engine.

A KNACK EVERYBODY SHOULD TRY TO GET HOLD OF.—The Alma-knack. (Judy's, of course; there is no other worth mentioning.)



SIMPSON'S SEASONS.

In early Spring to thoughts of Love
Your Simpson's fancy wanders,
And yet he can't make up his mind,
He pauses while he ponders.

The balmy Summer soon comes round,
Sweet scents his senses tickle;
There's something about Summer-time
That makes your Simpson fickle.

In Autumn-time the falling leaves
Induce some deep reflection;
The only trouble that he has
Is that of a selection.

Then Winter comes with frost and [snows,—
Say not he shall be chided;
Another year has gone, 't is true—
And yet he's undecided.

Sweet Sentiments for all Seasons.

FOR JANUARY.—Beautiful, truly beautiful, are the feelings with which we welcome the birth of another year! What a great, what a glorious chance have we now before us for turning over that "new leaf" we have put off turning over for so many preceding years! Yea, verily, and how much we shall enjoy the turning over, now it *has* come! Beautiful, indeed (as we have remarked before), beautiful are the feelings with which we welcome the birth of the New Year! Truly so; and how beautiful are the feelings with which we welcome the bills of the old one!

FOR FEBRUARY.—This is a month possessing many advantages peculiar to itself. Some grumblers say the advantages are *too* peculiar—heed them not; some people are *unreasonable*. February is a great month for snow. How sweetly pretty is snow, and how truly nice it is being snowballed. How capitably, too, do the days in February "get out," and how pleasant it is—especially to people who don't like it—to feel that "as the days lengthen, the cold strengthens!"

FOR MARCH.—This is, indeed, the month of months! In this month look out for brisk "seasonable" weather. Look out also your chest-protector. The east wind in this month hath a merry time of it, truly so! There are some people, however, who object to the merry March wind. Fancy this! But then some people are never satisfied.

FOR APRIL.—In this month expect much wet. You will not be disappointed. "April showers bring forth May flowers." It is well to recollect this when you venture forth in your new hat, and umbrellaless. For what, indeed, is a hat more or less in the world in comparison with flowers, ever-beauteous flowers? How true is this—especially when it is not your own hat which is ruined.

FOR MAY.—May is so called because the May mayn't flower till next month. There would appear to be a kind of joke, or waggishness



AT THE BUSKIN. 11.30 P.M.

WIND N.E. by E.

LIGHT COMEDY.—"Don't be off yet, Wiggins. Sit down and split a soda with me."

LOW COM.—"No, my dear boy, I can't indeed; but I'll tell you what I *will* do, though. If you'll walk home my way, I'll *split a bronchitis* with you!"

here on the part of this here month. Perhaps this is why it is called the merry month of May? Maybe so.

FOR JUNE AND JULY.—During these months summer is at its height. Beautiful, O beautiful, and so precious is summer! What a nuisance it is, though, that there should be so precious little of it, and that it should go so quickly. Verily, and in good sooth, is it a "summary proceeding."

FOR AUGUST.—Delightful indeed are the thoughts which this month brings with it. How delightful is the well-earned brief holiday you now take at the seaside! So charming, too, when, in addition to all the dear children, your mother-in-law shares your humble lodging!

FOR SEPTEMBER.—This month comes as quite a boon to many. Truly so, for is it not a great month for geese?

FOR OCTOBER.—During October the game of football is in high feather. There is also a good deal of other game going about, which is mostly "high," and always "in feather." It is indeed a pleasant month. It is also a pleasant one. Many people are much hampered just now, but they seem to rather like it.

FOR NOVEMBER.—"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November." Something must be wrong here; so bright and cheerful a month should surely have a full complement of days! Why don't they pass an Act of Parliament for a Thirty-first of November? Surely we have many M.P.'s foggy enough for this!

FOR DECEMBER.—Pleasant, O how pleasant, is ever the mem'ry of this month! How genial are its surroundings, and—Booh! how horrid cold! Sweet, indeed, are the thoughts that "Christmas is coming." Sweet, too, is the knowledge that the Christmas bills are doing likewise! How truly joyful it is to feel certain that the merry season is close at hand. How really cheerful, too, it is to feel sure and certain that you are exactly one more year to the bad!

TITLE FOR BOOK ON SPIRIT-RAPPING.—Table talk!

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Butter in Cork.

SPORTING NOTE.—The Pole—Scratched.

HE KNOWS!—A little girl writes to ask what is the meaning of Home Rule. Ask your papa, my dear!

SAD.—A report reaches us, that the elderly female with the large paper parcel, who hitherto has been uniformly late, has really caught a train at last. It was her own, and she caught her heel in it. Such a bump!

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—The reason why nearly all respectable London tradesmen's shops are closed on Sunday, is not because it is wicked to cheat on that day than any other.

STARTLING NEWS!—All the first lot of "CRACKERS" have gone off at No. 73, and the man who did it has been warned by the police.

CRITICISM.—When JUDY's maiden aunt was told the new book was to be called "KISSES," she said, "Fie!" But hearing afterwards it was to be "CRACKERS," she called it a Fie-er work.

LEGAL MEM.—Since Sloper failed in the sweetstuff line, he has gone in viciously against the sweetstuff lotteries. They call it the "Ally Campaign."

HISTORICAL MEM.—It is not generally known, but when Rip Van Winkle woke up and looked at the almanac, he found it was (S)leep year.

CERTAINLY NOT.—Nobody in their senses would ever think of calling September the sour plum or tummy season.

VERY WRONG OF THEM.—Many people begin the year with a Spring, and end on crutches.

A SETTLER.—Hitherto Mont Blanc has been looked upon as the monarch of mountains; but this year one of the Alpine Club got round him, and gave him one on his snows.

ANOTHER.—An unlucky lodging-house keeper at Margate who has just been sold up, calls it the seize side.

PEOPLE WHO WORSHIP THE GOLDEN CALF (when they can get it).—The people at the Golden Horn.

EYE ART.—Winking.



1877

HEAR ME SWEAR!

ABUSE

THAT WORK SUITS YOU BETTER THAN LOOKING AFTER ME

OUR RUSSIAN ORGAN 10 DAILY CONTINUAL SUPPLY OF FRESH HORRORS

HORRORS

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Monthly Memos.

(BY A HOLNEY CATCHER.)

JANUARY.—This month is second to none in some people's estimation, but insure your wife's carriage, and be sure to have the clothes-horse roughed in frosty weather. Hat bands will now be prosecuted as Sunday music.

FEBRUARY.—A *sludgy* month. Cork soles should always be worn in the Westminster Aquarium. Chilblains come in, and omnibus conductors assume the character of gutter *Perchers*. *Valentine's Day* observed amongst the BAKERS.

MARCH.—A nice month for a good *blow out*. Some people put on March airs. The great boat race turns out after all to be the British.

APRIL.—Gooseberry fools come in, the hairiest are fined 40/- and costs. Wild oats may now be sown, the operation is improved by a cold shower bath.

MAY.—A nice month for painting and fly-fishing. Amateur painters should be given *dabs* on the back, Chimney-sweeps and Jacks-in-the-green should now turn over new leaves.

JUNE.—Families begin making parcels. The *Horismarines* at the seaside clipped. Sand slippers at their slipperiest.

JULY.—Dog days and black puddings begin. The colours of the rainbow reflected on the flags in Fleet Street.

AUGUST.—An ice month for Arctic expeditions. A nice *plaiice* at Margate and a *roll* on the sands will be found cheap and invigorating.

SEPTEMBER.—This is harvest month, and ought to be made the most of. House hunting and starshooting begin and end. Barley sugar sent to Malt(a).

OCTOBER.—Storm brewing begins, and *ale* may now be expected. Sloper's stupendous pennyworth for 1878 appears. Sun blinds, a great deception, swan-hopping and the *can-can* end.



A SENSATION SCENE IN QUIVERFULL COTTAGE.

Baby is brought down to stir the Christmas pudding; and, mistaking the nature of the ceremony, says Grace!

NOVEMBER.—Great show month for Guy Fawkes and Lord Mayors. Temple Bar taken down a peg for this occasion only. *Fogs* during this month are often much *mist*.

DECEMBER.—Bad month for Turkey. "Christmas Boxes" at the Theatres are the best. Skylarking and orange peel in season, the Cattle Show ends in lard and larder.

"He cometh not," she said.

(With many apologies to Mrs. Pender Cudlip.)

A MAID stood by a river's brim,
Where flowers fragrance shed;
If I don't *err*, she mused on him,
And this is what she said:—

"It is the hour, the twilight hour,
But yet he doth not come;
The clouds of night begin to lour;
(My toes are almost numb!)

"It is the hour, but still his barque
Floats not upon the stream;
The sun has set, the eve grows dark;
(I feel inclined to scream!)

"The moonbeams on the water still
All fitfully do play:
(The dampness makes me feel quite ill;
I think I'll go away!)

"Ah! what sound then the silence broke?
Cease, flutt'ring heart, thy din!
(The stupid muf has missed his stroke,
And tumbled headlong in!)"

Then slowly from that river's brink
The maid went, fair and free;
And thus she mused, "Now let me think:
Who is the next to be?"

RARE RECIPES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HOW TO MAKE A "VULGARIAN ATROCITY."

(Our own Home-made Recipe.)

TAKE as strong a policeman as you can find. Place on his feet as heavy a pair of boots as are made—even for "the Force"—and put a hard-hitting truncheon in his hand. Pour into him sufficient stimulants to heat him to boiling-over point. Let him then simmer gently at the corner of a quiet street until some harmless and helpless victim approaches. Let him then fall on that helpless and harmless victim, and beat, kick, and generally maltreat him, or her, as the case may be, till nearly dead. Then let him straightway "run in" the victim, charge him with being "drunk and disorderly, and assaulting the police in the execution of their duty."

This is a capital home-made atrocity, and will be found equal to the best Bulgarian make.

TO CURE FIDGETS.

TAKE a subject in the act—from behind, and unawares, if possible. Throw him down. Trample on him well. Then call him names. Then make faces

at him. Then pull him up again. Then kick him well. Then slap his head for several minutes. Then pull his nose six times. Then throw him down again, and repeat process as before. Then fix him with your eagle eye sternly for the space of one quarter of a whole hour. By that time he will be a perfect cure.

N.B.—If he isn't, he ought to be.

HOW TO MAKE A HERO.

(An Opera Bouffe one.)

TO SEVERAL pounds of cotton wool add a very large portion of assurance, a good slice of cheek, or *chic*, which is the same article, with an infinitesimal portion of ability. Add to these a young person of the feminine gender; a blonde wig; the foot of a hare; an ounce or so of "prepared chalk;" a sufficient quantity of carmine, and a very insufficient quantity of voice. Stir well, and flavour with a strong dash of vulgarity.

ALMANAC LEGENDS. (*Translated from the choicest Dog Latin by our own Doggerelist.*)

JANUARY is the time
The poet should not lack a rime.

FEBRUARY is the month,
Second only to the oneth.

The air of **MARCH** perchance is wild,
Yet it suiteth this here child.



On **APRIL's** sun there's no relying:
Young girl's love is plaguety trying.

They are steadier, they say,
In the merry month of **MAY**;

Yet, pity on the shallow loon
Who trusts the word of girl of **JUNE**.



And, oh! young man, don't you rely
On constancy in hot **JULY**;

Nor in **AUGUST** plight your troth
(Very bad months are they both).

Whilst he who does so in **SEPTEMBER**,
The rash act will sure remember.



Naturally to **OCTOBER**
The appropriate rhyme is sober.

NOVEMBER—well, the name implies,
Man appears in varied **GUYS**.

DECEMBER, when the rest have past,
E'en cobblers stick to this—their last.



THE DRAMA AND ITS PATRONS.

YOUNG DE ROSHERVILLE, of Bryanstone Square, obtains a box from a friend who is connected with the Press. The "order" stipulates no particular number, but only six of them are going.

MRS. DE ROSHERVILLE, of Bryanstone Square, his Mamma.—"John, I hope you have had the precaution to bring some sixpences with you. You remember the last time we went it cost us a shilling for the box-opener."

The Young Husband's Diary.

JANUARY.—We are married on the first. What better day could we choose? The whole year is before us. I will keep a diary.

FEBRUARY.—Perhaps this would have been a better month for a honeymoon. There are three days less in it.

MARCH.—I certainly should have thought it was just within the limits of possibility that a man who has arrived at the years of discretion would, if he gave his whole mind to it, be able alone and unaided, and without the advice and assistance of his mother-in-law, to buy, say, a pair of bootlaces for himself. But probably I was wrong.

APRIL.—I had no idea Georgiana had such a temper. Where did she keep it whilst we were spooning?

MAY.—This will be the first time for the last ten years I have missed going to the Derby. However, Georgiana says it's much better fun seeing them come back from her mamma's parlour window in the Clapham Road. Perhaps it is.

JUNE.—Georgiana says it is too hot to go to the theatre,

SENTIMENTS OF THE SEASONS.



AN AUTUMNAL LEAVE-TAKING.

LOVING HUSBAND (not at all married for money, certainly not; going away by himself for a little holiday).—"Forget you, my dear! Forget its popsy-wopsy altogether, and never think a bit about her! Hang it all, no. I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief!"

and she at last owns candidly she does not care for burlesque. No more does her mamma. It is, however, not too hot for evening parties.

JULY.—Georgiana talks of a month at the seaside. "Who shall we take with us?"

AUGUST.—This is the month. Thirty-one days, and Georgiana's mamma never left us.

SEPTEMBER.—I meet Brown, and he suggests putting me up for his club. Why not?

OCTOBER.—Rather a row or two about the club.

NOVEMBER.—She might have done much better, it seems.

DECEMBER.—If it were twins!

MATRIMONIAL NOTE.—Marriages are generally made in Heaven, but matches mostly in Whitechapel.

SPORTING.—The Russian men-of-war have been going across country.

A RISING PEOPLE.—The Servians.

DR. LANKESTER has sworn that Slade used spirits of wine to clean his slate. In the face of such evidence how can we refuse to believe that spirits were present?



THE COMFORTER.

Dram. Per.—A little Girl about five, plump and strong. A weak little Boy, her twin brother. Another little Boy about four, plump and strong, who bullies weak Twin.
 BOY OF FOUR.—“I’m a big boy, I am, and a fine fellow; and Aunt Alice says so!”
 GIRL (consoling weak Twin).—“Never mind, dear; he may be a big boy, but he isn’t a twin, and what’s more, he never will be!”

The Romantic
Young Lady's Diary.

JANUARY.—It was by the greatest accident we met. I ought to have gone to the Robinsons, but threw them over for the De Porticos. I thought I was doing wrong. *I feel now that it was fate!*

FEBRUARY.—I meet him everywhere. How strange!

MARCH.—What eyes he has!

APRIL.—He has spoken, and I—have I been too precipitate?

MAY.—It is to be next month. Mamma says she hopes I shall not repent it. Is it likely? How little does she understand his nature!

JUNE.—Married! Really and truly married! He is mine—mine alone! What joy! But I wish mamma had not cried so.

JULY.—Theodore is much shorter in his slippers.

AUGUST.—I wonder whether all men snore?

SEPTEMBER.—If I were the Queen I would make an Act of Parliament to put down all clubs,—at least for married men.

OCTOBER.—Grumbles because I have been out shopping and kept the dinner waiting.

NOVEMBER.—I have often

SENTIMENTS OF THE SEASONS.



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

YOUNG LADY WITH BASIN.—“Fourpen’north o’ roast pork, please! and mother say will you send extry cracklin’, ‘cos we’ve got comp’ny.”

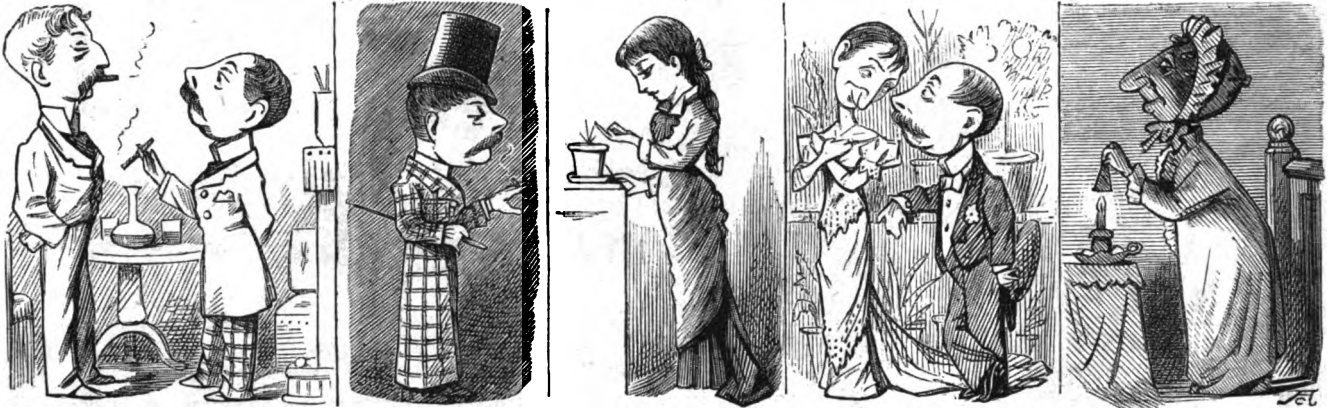
heard people say that November was the most miserable month, and I used to wonder what they meant.

DECEMBER.—And there are really only fifty-two weeks in a year!

On Temper and Sticks.

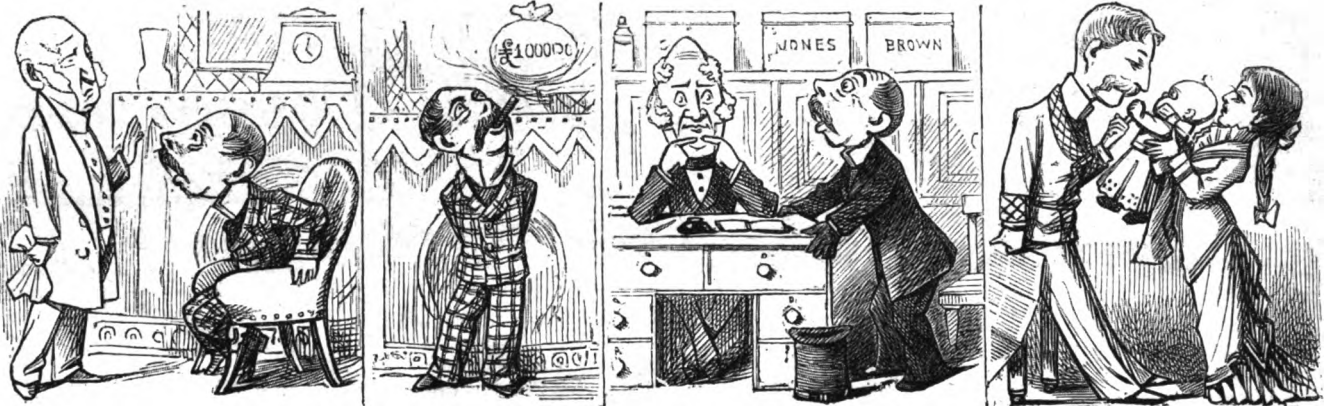
IT is a bad thing for anybody to give way to anger, unless he lives on an island by himself. If one person gets into a bad temper, the contagion is apt to spread; and then the one who has begun the row begins to be sorry he spoke. So it is with sticks. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate, and set fire to it, you will find that it will be a long time before you get fire enough to roast a bullock; but put on another stick or two, or say half a dozen, and soon you will have a blaze. If the person who is in a bad temper says to another person “You are another!” (a very simple remark in itself) and that other person calls in two more to see fair, then matters get complicated; and if the first person has any sense, he will clear out and leave things to settle. When the parties happen to be Irish, the stick illustration becomes very striking indeed.

Extracts from Novels.—GILBERT'S CHOICE; OR, ALL FOR CASH.



1. "Yes, dear boy, Lilian Brown is certainly lovely; but remember, the elder sister Ann is the heiress, and her riches would come to you at her death," said Gilbert's friend Rob.
 2. "Rob's a considerate fellow," ruminated Gilbert, after leaving his friend's lodgings: "he knows my expensive habits. Why, these weeds," and he looked at the stump of his cigar, "why, these weeds cost me eight and fourpence the hundred; and yet I know little Lilian loves me!"

3. Lilian did literally love the ground Gilbert walked on. The poor girl had even planted a little flower in earth taken from where his boots had imprinted the garden path one wet day. But, alas! it withered and died. Not so her love, &c., &c.
 4. Gilbert was alone with Ann in the conservatory; a million conflicting emotions wrenched at his heart. Lilian was beautiful; but Ann, though plain, was rich—and he wanted money.
 5. And Ann that night retired to rest Gilbert's affianced bride.



6. (A few hundred pages is supposed to elapse here.) Gilbert started up as the doctor entered from the sick-room. "Dear sir," said he, softly, "prepare yourself for the worst; my services came too late!"
 7. "Leave me to grieve alone," he had said to the doctor; and now, in the solitude of his own chamber, what were the widower's thoughts?

8. "Yes, my dear sir," said the family lawyer of the Browns to Gilbert, "appearances certainly went to support your opinion; but your late wife, Ann, was the youngest child of Mr. Brown, and under his will the eldest, Lilian, came into the whole of the property absolutely."
 9. And had the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill become law, that would have availed Gilbert nothing, for the lovely little Lilian was now the wife of Rob.

SEVERAL SORTS OF WOMEN.

By a Misanthrope.

THE plain woman—is quite sure she has a good figure.
 The handsome woman—marries the ugliest man in the country.
 The awkward woman—ought to live in an empty house by herself.
 The patient woman—always has a husband who bullies her.
 The curious woman—knows the cost of everybody's clothes except her own.
 The vulgar woman—is always more detestable than any other vulgar thing you can think of.
 The cautious woman—looks through the whole of a draper's stock, and leaves without making a purchase.
 The envious woman—goes about telling her friends how contented she is.
 The extravagant woman—generally finds somebody's purse long enough to indulge her fancies.
 The happy woman—died when she was a child.
 The woman in advance of her "age"—where is she?

FOR SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.—Try SLOPER'S KETTLES.
 MR. GLADSTONE'S religious tendencies show themselves in his public language. He advises that the Turkish race should be run out of Europe.

HOW TO MAKE A NICE PICKLE.

TAKE a healthy boy, when quite young and growing. Send him to a private tutor, with strict instructions to indulge him in every possible way. When at home for the holidays, let him do exactly what he likes; let him pinch his sisters, beat his small brothers, and snub his mamma. By the time he is twelve years of age he will be found to be a very nice pickle.

TRADE NOTICE.—Owing to the almost fabulous success of A. SLOPER'S Penny Comic Kalendar (now quite out of print), I. MOSES has lately issued his Halfpenny Horoscope. A. SLOPER says the prophecies are very cloudy indeed, but supposes it's the price. A. SLOPER, however, does not object to clouds, only he prefers to take his CORE without the horo. He gives fourpence an ounce for it.

THE Postmaster-General has refused to establish telegraphic communication between England and the Scilly Islands: his lordship added that the undertaking was not a wise one.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' Exhibition, we understand, is universally praised by even the stingiest of our country cousins, and there are some among them who do want their pen'north when they part with their penny; but they all say they get their proper whacks there.

NEVER BE WITHOUT

KEEN'S MUSTARD

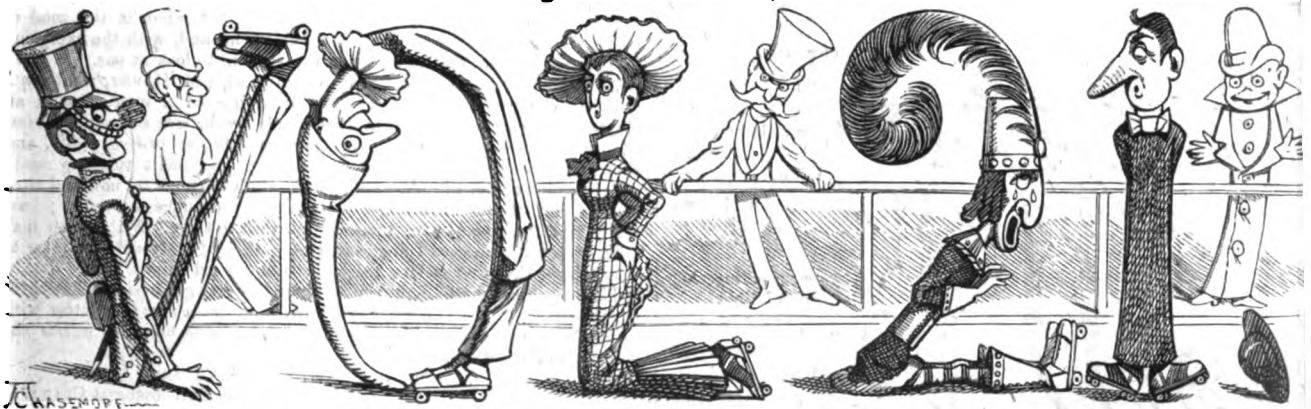


It obtained the

ONLY MEDAL

Philadelphia, 1876.

JUDY,



JUDY'S TWENTY-FIRST.

Few ladies retain so much of their youth and beauty as the Ever Young and Lovely after Twenty of them; yet here is her Twenty-first, and look at *her*!

What a Twenty, too! All in a row, in their bright red jackets emblazoned with gold; and it is not only outward show either.

What a lot there is in them!

And only to think the eldest is but ten years old!

The fair reader will readily sympathize with the Ever Young and Lovely's maternal cares. Few mothers have twenty on their hands all at once, and have shelves and other things to provide for them.

They keep going off, it is true, as fast as ever they can, but somehow, by some curious anomaly, there are still always twenty.

Proud as she is, too, of the row referred to, JUDY yet exultingly points to this last addition.

What do you say yourself?

Take it in your own hands, turn it over as much as you like, but don't crumple it more than you can help.

Only a day old, yet see how it notices; and what a sense of humour it has got!

Does it take more after you, JUDY, or that Man P.?

What do you think of the colour of its i's?

There, you can put it down now. It can walk alone, thank you!

Oh, you dear!

Excuse a mother's feelings!

Ketchetty! Ketchetty!! Ketchetty!!!

A WEEK REFORMER.

THE latest piece of absurdity comes to us from Australia. It is a proposal to reduce the week from seven days to five, and, further, to re-name the days. Mr. H. K. RUSDEN, the author of this scheme, enunciates his view in the "Transactions" of the Royal Society of Victoria, where he expresses the opinion that, while reducing the number of the days in the week, it would be a good opportunity to discard the present pagan names, and to substitute Oneday, Twoday, Threeday, and Fourday for them; Sunday to be called Goodday. The author is very sanguine of the success of his proposal, but though

he is some distance off already, there have been several declarations from persons, who are satisfied with the week as it is, that they will see him further first. Moreover, he does not tell us what he would do with the other two days; and time is short enough already.

Literary Intelligence.

A book is announced entitled "A History of the Barmaid Industry." It seems that there are upwards of 300,000 barmaids in Great Britain, and that their average earnings are upwards of 3s. a week each more than is obtained by the members of any other profession, except that of "companion," to which women can belong. One of the subjects on which the public will perhaps now be enlightened is why barmaids on duty are never allowed to sit down; and another, why a handsome barmaid always "draws." The book will doubtless be a success.

Misdirected Ingenuity.

SOME one, who ought to have known better, has invented a self-buttoning glove for ladies. He now goes about in fear of his life from enraged young men, whom he has deprived of one of their best chances.



TERRIBLE EPISODE

IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN OF LIMITED MEANS.

He had to go out to dinner and the clean things had not come home, and he started out himself for the washerwoman's, and just round the corner in Piccadilly he found the washerwoman's boy, who said he was making all the haste he could, and—asked our gentleman to give him a hand up with the basket!

THE EXPLOSION.



AST Monday week
the sun went
down

Behind that mount,
near Camden
Town,

That's known
as Primrose
Hill.

Anon, the lingering
rays of light

Were merged into
the gloom of
night,

O'er Henden's
hamlet still.

When, all at once,
there came a
Bane,

From which a thou-
sand echoes rang,

And shook the tranquil town.
At Harrow, Enfield, Dalston, too,
Folks turned white, and folks turned blue,
And others tumbled down.]

Thus, on the blazing scroll of Fame,
Did TATHAM register his name,
As once did GUIDO FAWKES.
I think torpedoes jolly fun;
But if you send my baby one,
'I'll lock it in a box.

"SUCH IS LIFE!"

Being the Real History of an Ideal Honeymoon.

BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Monday, 11th April.

EVER DARLINGEST CLARA,—According to the solemn promise made, and compact entered into by both of us years ago, to the effect that,—Whichever of us got MARRIED first, should write to the other "a full, true, and particular account of The Honeymoon, and the entirely new Sensation of being at last really and actually—MARRIED!"—do I now take up my pen.

Ah, my dear CLARA, far be it from me, by any little word of mine, to say aught that would tend in any way to put to flight those tender visions of an ineffable unutterableness which every girl in a properly regulated household, and with a properly regulated mind, should cherish respecting her entry into "That New land which," as Mr. TENNYSON says, somewhat conundrumily, "is the Old." No, ah, no indeed! At the same time, however, as I have promised to write you "a full, true, and particular" account, I can't conscientiously well avoid doing so.

Well, then, to begin, my dear, it was settled by my HARRY and I—that is to say, strictly speaking, HARRY proposed it, and I didn't quite like to disagree with him—at so early a period, I mean, but of course I am not going to let him have his own way presently, Mamma says that sort of thing never does—it was settled, then, that an Ideal Honeymoon, as ours was to be, should not be spent, as is the ordinary fashion in ordinary Honeymoons, in the racket and publicity of travelling rapidly from one show place to another on the Continent, but in "some sequestered nook," as HARRY poetically put it, "far from the Madding crowd" (between you and me, I don't yet quite understand the meaning of "Madding"), and where we could be "All in All to each other." This being thus settled, HARRY next selected this place as being what he calls the "nookiest nook" he knows of.

We left Chester Square in the usual shower of slippers and rice—a most barbarous and stupid practice!—and at least a dozen pieces of the horrid rice, which fell over my head, went down my neck behind as I stooped to get into the carriage. Just fancy!

This place, when you have managed to arrive at it, is really "Most quite too dreadfully lovely!" The words quoted, my dear, are those I made use of—in all sincerity then—in the stupid argot of our stupid Society; but, now that we have had a whole week of it, I find myself asking the question (of myself, of course), "Aren't those words more applicable in their real proper meaning?" For, sweetly pretty as it is, with its rooms opening right on to a lovely garden-lawn, while beyond one sees nothing but the blue sea, or, as HARRY puts it, "no end of the Illimitable," one is almost inclined, after seeing that and nothing else for a whole week, to wish that there was an end of it.

I have some really lovely dresses with me, but what is the good of putting them on to gaze at "the Illimitable" in, and, with the exception of poor HARRY and the waiter, there isn't a soul to look at one.

Now, my dear, to come at last to my husband, poor HARRY, what am I to say? For my own part, I don't think it fair on a man to pass an opinion on him, when one has, for a whole week, seen so much of him. Of course, when one gets back to Town, and begins ordinary life, and poor HARRY goes off to his office at 10 sharp, and don't turn up again till time to dress for dinner, and has his Club to go off to now and then of evenings, it will be really more fair to pronounce a verdict; but, really, and truly you know, there is a proverb to the effect that one may have too much of a good thing, and I suppose, by the trouble we take to catch them, that we consider husbands to be "good things."

I have nothing more to tell you now, for the very good reason that there is literally nothing. Do, there's a dear, send me a nice long letter with all the news and scandal; you can form no idea how one misses the goings-on of one's natural state of existence.

Ever, darlingest JENNET,

Your most lovingest CLARA.

P.S.—I open this to tell you we have had our first quarrel! It was at lunch, and HARRY would insist on having the covers left on, "to keep the things warm,"—just fancy such barbarous taste!—and it was only on my getting up a good fit of hysterics that he gave in.

EXTRACT from the PRIVATE DIARY of the BRIDEGROOM.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.

Monday Evening, 9th April, 1877.—Was Married this morning! Fancy my coming to that! Wonder whether I looked such a fool as I felt during the awful Ceremony! Wonder whether my speech at the breakfast was so idiotic as I thought it was!...How charming is my CLARA! How Sweet!! How Flower-like!!! How Ideal!!!! How Romantic!!!! How truly Devoted!!!!!!

Wednesday, 11th April.—Beloved CLARA! What a sweet spot is this for our Honeymoon! How the beauteous Moon shines o'er the vasty deep! I could live here thus for ever!

Saturday, 14th April.—I chose this place for our Honeymoon because I thought it would be much cheaper than travelling abroad. Wonder whether I was right, though! One should have got a little amusement for one's money on the Continent, shouldn't one? This is very cosy and quiet; wonder, though, whether not rather too cosy and quiet?

Sunday, 15th April.—Very pretty place this, really—French windows opening on to pretty lawn—end of lawn myrtles, and all that sort of thing—below, and beyond all sea—sort of kind of Nest up here on the cliff—CLARA and I two Turtledoves in Nest—"Birds-in-their-little-nests-agree" sort of thing.

N.B.—Wonder, though, whether we shall agree! Wonder whether CLARA has a temper!

Monday, 16th April.—CLARA got up quite a quarrel because I objected to eating my cutlets cold. CLARA certainly has a temper.

Tuesday, 17th April.—This place is really confoundedly dull! CLARA's conversational powers are certainly not what I thought they were! Wonder whether CLARA is quite the one I should choose if I had my choosing all over again? Ten more Honeymoon days still to get through!!

Wednesday.—A jolly good row! CLARA declares she'll go back to her Ma. I compromise, and propose, instead, going back to Town. CLARA "jumps" at it, literally, and becomes quite cheerful and brilliant. Our Honeymoon is over! HOORAY!

PROVERBS REFUTED.

"A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush."

"A BIRD in the hand is worth two
In the bush"—so the Proverbs say;
But, then, what on earth can you do,
If the bird in your hand flies away!

Or suppose that your bird is an owl,
Or an eagle, a hawk, or a thrush?—
If his beak of your hand should run foul,
You would wish he'd remained in his bush.

Or suppose you have got your bird home,
Where cats as a rule do reside!—
The odds then, I reckon, are some,
That he'll comfort a pussy's inside.

Or your bird has a talent for song,
Into which at wrong times he will rush!—
You'll be apt to use language that's strong,
And still more wish he'd stopped in the bush.

So I think that you'll all understand
How a proverb too far you may push,
And conclude that a bird in the hand
Is not always worth two in the bush!





TURKEY REJUVENESCENT:

AN ALLEGORY, AFTER WILLIAM BLAKE.

ABOUT THAT TOURNAMENT,

WHICH, THEY SAY, WONT COME OFF AFTER ALL.



Major LITTEDUMP thought he was cut out for a Herald, so borrowed a Post-horn, and practised accordingly. Poor Mrs. Major L. wished he wouldn't, he disturbed baby so.



Capt. BROWN, R.N., had his Suit of Armour constructed on Modern Principles.



Miss—(name suppressed) wondered who the Queen of Beauty would have been. For her part, &c., &c.



Dr. SMITH wished to be a Jester, as he once sent a joke to JUDY, which was not accepted.



The Hon. A. B. thought, "If he could only have had the loan of HENRY VIII.'s Armour from the Tower!"



Capt. SLASHER's Armour came home, and he tried on the Helmet.



But it wouldn't come off again!



"Quick, a hansom! and away to the Armourer's!"



The Armourer managed it for him. Capt. S. does not now intend entering the lists.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

ANOTHER EARLY BIRD.—The notes of the cuckoo were distinctly heard, a few days ago, in the middle of the day, near the Strand, London. The welcome harbinger of Spring was observed to issue forth from his retreat at the back of a watchmaker's shop, and having uttered his melodious note twelve times, to retire again as though startled. Truly Spring has come!

WORTH WAITING FOR.—The London Swimming Club has once more commenced operations by circulating offers of gratuitous instruction in the art of swimming. Anybody who sends a stamped directed envelope may receive a ticket entitling him to be taught twice a week; and if he does not know how to support himself in the water by the end of the season, it must be his own fault. It is rumoured that next year the Society is going to teach anybody, who does not already know, how to support himself out of the water also; but this is almost too good to be true.

CONSULTING THE PUBLIC WHEEL.—Lord CLARENCE PAGET, who is good-nature itself, recently laid the foundation-stone of the Southport Glaciarium, which is to be the largest ice-rink in the kingdom. His lordship said that he had been in the Southport Bath, and found that, besides the first-class baths, there was a threepenny plunge, and he hoped that not only would glaciariums be open for rich people, but that on certain days there would be a threepenny skate. Lord CLARENCE PAGET's good-humoured wish will find plenty of echoes. Why should not we have a threepenny skate as well as a penny roll?

NOTHING TO WEAR.—It is asserted that the diamonds worn by Madame MUSARD at the opera ball, in Paris, the other night,

when placed in a row, measured nearly nine yards. If there were present many ladies similarly decorated, it is easy to understand why the ball itself was described as a "brilliant" affair.

A-POLO-GETIC.—Admirers of polo will be sorry to learn that it is not the intention of the Gun and Polo Club to hold any more meetings at Brighton until after the close of the London season. It is on the carpet to hold the next gathering, under most distinguished auspices, in Belgium; and, in that case, of course the place chosen will be Brussels.

TOO BAD.—A statement which has been going the round about tilting at the ring by ladies, has led to such a desire "to see the thing done," that it has been suggested to the "enterprising proprietor" of Lillie Bridge that he should inaugurate a Ladies Athletic Sports Meeting. It would "draw" tremendously. Some malevolent person suggests that it should wind up with a talking match.

STRANGE IF TRUE.—A sad occurrence has taken place in the world of fashion. The colour of the season is deep orange, a hue which is only becoming to brunettes; and, somehow or other, no fair hair is to be seen anywhere. It is supposed that all the blondes have dyed off.

AN OLD ENEMY ATTACKED ONCE MORE.—Homœopaths say that they have discovered a certain remedy for sea-sickness. It is apomorphia, and a very small dose of it taken once an hour in water will remove the qualms. Probably the statement wants taking with a grain of salt, but it would be a great blessing if it were true. Between morphia and no more-fear, who would hesitate?



ONE REASON.

One 'cute Yorkshireman to his travelling companion, sitting opposite. WHOY DOEST NA SIT WI' THEE BACK TO'T TRAION? I ALLUS DO.
T'other One. BUT I ALLUS SIT WI' MA FACE TO'T TRAION.
T'other One. WHY? BECAUSE I'M GOIN' T' WAY 'AT TRAION GOES, AN' OI LOIKE T' SIT WI' MA BREONS RIGHT TO'T FRUNT!

THE ONLY JONES.

I HAVE been, Hon'r'd Ma'am—I have been myself—to see the bad, wicked, naughty new play at the Criterion; but, for goodness' sake, don't tell Mrs. ONLY JONES. She was there too, it is true, but, luckily, in a box on the same side, so she could not see me, but I heard her laughing. Who else was there? Any wives and daughters? Oh no! Not one that I mean to give the name of! I have, however, no reason to believe that, with the exception of Mrs. ONLY and myself, anybody attended the theatre in a clandestine manner, and I never saw a theatre better filled—there was not a seat vacant—and there were on that particular occasion just as many ladies as gentlemen. The piece may be described as rough on husbands, and I don't know, after all, whether it would be wise of all the husbands to take their families to see it. As to the acting, I must own I never saw anything better. Mlle. CAMILLE CLÉRMONT is delightful; Miss EASTLAKE and Miss JOSEPHS very nice; Miss DAVIS very funny; and Miss BRUCE looks charming. Mr. WYNDHAM has not a great deal to do, but he is very good; and Mr. STANDING is excellent. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS is remarkably good, and promises to prove a valuable addition to the company. As to Mr. J. CLARKE, I never saw him better; and Mr. ASHLEY (who has the chance) is wonderfully comic. As to the words, everybody screams at every other line; and as to the plot, its construction beats anything of the kind I remember; but, as I said before, you must not go to see the *Pink Dominos*. It is wrong, and you mustn't.

I think it has, by this time, been pretty generally allowed, by those who have heard him, that Mr. "Jolly" JOHN NASH can laugh. He now lectures on laughing at the Egyptian Hall daily, at 3 and 8, and those persons who do not regularly subscribe to *JUDY*, and have not already learnt how, had better, I should think, take lessons of Mr. NASH without further loss of time.

I had a relation once who played a lion in a pantomime. But he was a bad study, and never properly learnt his roar, so he did not make a hit. A true actor should deem no study beneath him—even if cast for a tickleback. See what JEFFERSON has made out of a Winkle!

The Bishop of Manchester's sermon has already done a lot of good for the stage. There is just now actually A. BISHOP who appears every night at the Gaiety!

THE O. J.

CIGARETTA: A RECOLLECTION.



ARE summer time! I met my love!

She seemed to drop from clouds above;

No earthly beauty hers!

I talked but poetry that night,

I caught her hand and clasped it tight,

Out there, beneath the firs.

She knew, of course, I meant no harm,

Nor manifested much alarm,

When I my secret told.

She said she thought the path was damp,

And saw no joke in catching cramp,
And hated catching cold.

"Unto some sunlit isle let's go,"

Said I. She murmured, "Precious slow!"

There's more lark in a crowd."

And then she asked me for a light,

And she lit up, passed from my sight,
And vanished in a cloud!

How can you change a shilling into a statesman?—Throw it down a well, and then it will become a bob below (BOBBY LOWE—ahem!)

THE Correct Tip for Boots—Pointed toes.

WHAT language should be studied by spinsters?—Cingalese (single case). An old Bachelor maliciously adds, "Single he's."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. (From a Sloperian Point of View.)

It has recently been asked what A. SLOPER's sentiments are respecting the abolition of capital punishment, and A. SLOPER has replied that he did not feel any particular interest in the subject. It has then been said, "You may do some day, old man. While there's life there's rope."

This low and common joke, if joke it can be termed, A. SLOPER has previously met with in the columns of all the comic journals, and twice, at least, in these; but he bears no ill-will, his motto being "Live, and let live," and the cost of the revivals is a matter more interesting to the proprietors, perhaps, than to A. SLOPER.

On reflection, however, A. SLOPER is inclined to think that something ought to be done about the hangings as at present performed, with no particular success to speak of, in town and country. A. SLOPER is not prepared to say that a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, a couple of new ropes, and a new beam or two, should not be employed in the ceremony. He is rather inclined to think that, as an item of news, hangings are generally somewhat hurried, and as it's only threehalfpence a line you hardly get material enough to work on.

A. SLOPER has had many theories in his time respecting the best way to take a malefactor's life, and has corresponded with other eminent philanthropists upon the subject.

A philanthropist whom A. SLOPER was acquainted with conceived what he wrote to say was a splendid notion, and perfectly painless, and he wrote from Glasgow to say he was coming up by the express to explain his views to A. SLOPER personally. An unforeseen accident which happened to the engine that day, prevented A. SLOPER from doing more

than swear to some odd scraps of the philanthropist in question somebody had collected and made a parcel of.

A. SLOPER has seldom, if ever, taken part in an execution. When very young he made one of four at a pig-sticking, and was told off to hold on to the tail. To a man who has tried to adhere tenaciously to a smooth pebble, set in a broad polished surface,

whilst a terrific gale was on, and some other persons were kicking you with all their might in the ribs, may form some feeble notion of SLOPER's whereabouts from time to time.

Later on, the pig was taking a walk down the yard with a knife sticking out of him like a scarf pin, and A. SLOPER was the undermost of a small, but appreciative group, wondering what day of the week it might happen to be according to Greenwich Observatory.

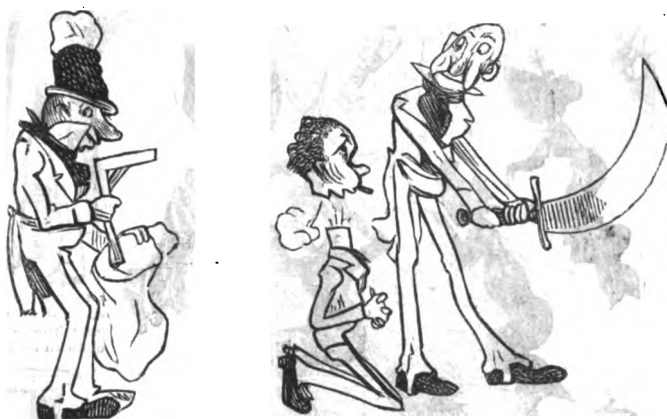
It seems to A. SLOPER that the point most interesting to parties contemplating murder, is whether the murder will be likely to attract public attention. A party wasting his time on an uninteresting murder—for instance, the murder of his wife, in an ordinary way, with a table leg or other handy piece of furniture, may rest assured he will be much hanged when caught, and very quickly forgotten afterwards.

Parties contemplating murder should try and make it as interesting as possible. There is a chance then they may be let off.

A. SLOPER's improved methods of settling criminals may be studied with profit from the accompanying illustrations. A. SLOPER will

gladly wait on heads of Governments with No. 2, and show them personally how it is done.

SLOPER, Moralist (without Capital).

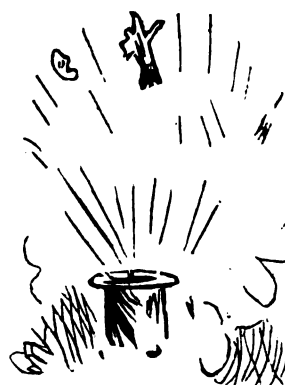


1. This one won't do any longer. Best give it the sack.

2. Perfectly painless. No inconvenience, except that a little of the cigar smoke escaped the wrong way.



3. Leave it to me, my dear boy. You'll pop off before you know where you are.



4. This is the popping off.

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

THE proceedings last week in Parliament were unusually interesting. The House of Commons still thinks the time has not arrived for flogging in the Navy to be abolished. That the soldier, the policeman, the exciseman, and every other civil and military servant of the State should be exempt from the punishment of flogging, and that Jack Tar alone ought to be liable to the lash, was the deliberate opinion of 164 hon. gentlemen; and, as there were only 122 hon. gentlemen present who thought otherwise, Jack Tar is still liable to the odious lash.

No sooner had the House determined to retain flogging than, as a sort of compensation, it enthusiastically resolved to do a long-neglected act of justice to one of the bravest Jack Tars that ever lived—Lord DUNDONALD. This sea lion, as NAPOLEON called him, was restored to the rank and honours of which he had been unjustly deprived. The House of Commons has now completed that gracious act by professing its readiness to pay his heir the money that would have accrued during Lord DUNDONALD's enforced retirement.

From the series of speeches inflicted on the House by Dr. KENRALLY, we know a great deal more of that hon. gentleman

than we did. He, according to his own statement, is no advocate for libels. Also, if he were libelled, he would face a jury. Also, he is no slave and coward. Also, when he goes into the division lobby, he thinks he has the right to go up to a gentleman that had never spoken to him, and say, "You are a liar!" The Doctor is a more wonderful fellow than I imagined him to be.

What could be plainer or more satisfactory than the budget? Here it is. The estimated revenue for the year was £79,000,000 odd; the estimated expenditure was £78,000,000 odd. The surplus accordingly is £226,000—a flea-bite. You take nothing off taxation; you put nothing on. As you were! Q.

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SPRING FANCIES.



2. THE FISHING SEASON.—Tommy. "Hold tight, Billy, I've got a bite." Billy. "Look sharp, then, or I shall hev to leave go."



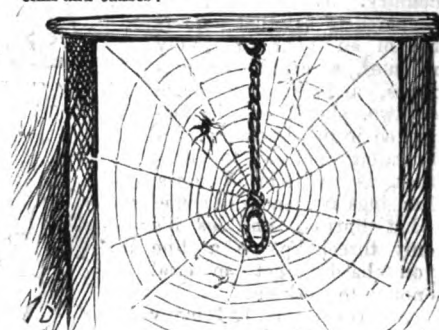
3. THE FISHING SEASON.—Warnly-clad Boy. "Well, yer are a sneak, wantin' to go home a ready! Why, we've only been out two hour, and ketched one tickle, but right off and another as jumped back agin."



1. JUDY always did say that coal-scuttle bonnets would come in again. Look at this month's *Fellet*, ladies; you will there see the beginning.



4. Amateur Gardener. "What d'ye say? Won't be much shade in the summer? P'raps not, but Heaven only knows how I have watered them there young elms and oaks!"



5. TO SOME OTHER NATION OF BARBARIANS.—To be disposed of, dirt cheap, some singularly ineffective machinery.

HE COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING!

We none of us, at the T. R., Queerstown, ever believed that Blooes would get on as an actor. His name was against him, and he was one of those pig-headed persons who can't be persuaded.

He would not change his name. He might have had the pick of the peerage like the rest of us, but he would not avail himself of the privilege. He thought it was wrong.

Our spirited lessee put it to Blooes very straight indeed. He said, "Look here, Blooes, I ain't a-goin' to have you Blogging up my bill. You'll have to be something else, so I tell you."

"I will never appear under false colours," replied Blooes, getting into an attitude.

As business was very bad just then, and Blooes did not press for any particular salary, it was thought best to let him go on Blogging, only to smooth it down a bit by altering the final s into an x here and there, and pretend it was a printer's error.

I must allow he got his call. The audience rose as one man and yelled "Blooes," and when he went on there were nuts to crack and orange-peel.

Our spirited lessee waited for him at the side, and Blooes saw sparks. This terminated the engagement.

Years afterwards I came across Blooes. He was a worse actor than ever, but he was now a NORFOLK HOWARD, and was getting on very comfortably. He was travelling with the great comedian Mr. GRINNIDGE, and played second to him in all GRINNIDGE's popular pieces.

The fellow certainly could not act a bit, and he stood and haw-hawed at GRINNIDGE's jokes as much or more than any of the audience. In fact, the audience seemed to wait for Blooes, and knew when he began that their time had come.

After the play was ended I reasoned with Blooes gently, over a little something he was standing. I asked, "Does not GRINNIDGE object to it?"

"Oh yes, he often has, but I can't help it. I have told him so. He is so awfully funny! Don't you think so? He is nearly the death of me sometimes."

I did not run to another drink, so I did not stand one to Blooes, but as I walked home through the rain I thought a good deal.

I never in my life could laugh at GRINNIDGE—a common vulgar mountebank, and when Blooes told the story to me in that bar he did not laugh a bit.

I never knew Blooes look more solemn. How was that?

Blooes knows a thing or two, I rather fancy. You think it over.

CADBURY'S PURE SOLUBLE!!! REFRESHING
COCOA ESSENCE

CAUTION.
—If Cocoa
chickens in
the cup it is
mixed with
starch.

Painless Dentistry.—Artificial Teeth.

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ANOTHER NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

1st *Parliamentary Patriot*. IN MY 'UMBLE OPINION, SIR, THE RUSSIANS 'LL TAKE *Umbrage* BEFORE MANY DAYS ARE OUT.

2nd *Ditto*. TAKE IT, SIR! I'M ONLY STAGGERED THEY AIN'T TOOK IT BEFORE, CONSIDERIN' HOW BADLY THEM TURKS HAVE FORTIFIED THE PLACE!

THE LATEST DEMONSTRATION.

DR MORGAN'S eloquence was grand!
His voice has echoed through the land.
He says, "In gaol, perchance, he'll rot,
But live as recreant slave he'll not!"
"Tis "werry good on him!"

And though some may remain in doubt,
As to what all the row's about,
We thrill to hear men talk like that.
One chap as hissed we spread out flat,
And took and stood on him.

* * * * *
A drizzling rain was falling fast,
As through Pall Mall we proudly passed,
A moist, yet hopeful little crowd,
As shook their fists and shouted loud,
Outside of all the Clubs.

Some say we were three thousand strong;
These figures, though, I think are wrong;
What odds, all were Stern Men and True,
And when 'twas o'er each took his "Two"
Of something at the pubs.

* * * * *
Next morn we called on Mr. Cross,
Each man bestrode his hobby boss;
Each man said what he'd got to say,
Nor said it in a hasty way,
As men less earnest might.

Then Cross got up. From what he spoke,
He seemed to think the thing a joke;
No plain opinion did he pass,
But he looked plainly, "You're a bass!"
And, dash it, he was right!

GETTING OUT OF IT.

SCENE—Ludgate Hill Station.

TIME, 3.30 on the memorable afternoon when DR MORGAN and a "Hundred Thousand Stern Men and True," are to overawe the House of Commons—if they can get near enough.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—BROWN and PROSBY, meeting.

OLD PROSBY. How de do? Are we going to have war, hey? What do you think of the Eastern Question now?

BROWN (who is longing to catch his train). Well, as I am rather in a hurry, and—

OLD PROSBY (taking him captive by the buttonhole). They're quite in the wrong, sir, are the Turks—quite in the wrong. If you will allow me, in a few minutes I'll demonstrate—

BROWN (seeing his opportunity). What, you? Demonstrate? Well, I did not believe you capable of it. And with a nobody like DR MORGAN, too! In that case, I'm off!

[OLD PROSBY remains in the same place thinking it over, until he is removed by one of the Porters.]

THE FUTURE.

THE "threatenings and slaughter" which the English Russians have been breathing out, during the last nine months, seem only too likely to be realized, and the result of their Christian exertions will, in all probability, be the destruction of between one and two hundred thousand human beings, and the maiming of thrice that number. Messrs. GLADSTONE and BRIGHT are expected to proceed to Russia in order to take part in the new Crusade which they have done so much to bring about. JOZ ARCH declines to accompany them, on the plea that it is necessary he should remain and canvass Southwark; and other members of the "anti-human" party are going about declaring that they never desired war!

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

The Gentle Reader is earnestly requested to distinctly understand that these Essays are *not* Comic ones; neither are they even penned with Satirical motives. On the contrary, they are nothing if not Solemn, and it is the dearest wish of JUDY's heart that they be taken as such. She earnestly trusts that these Essays will, by portraying with vivid force the terrible effects of each Sin upon the wretched Woman's subsequent Career, warn and irresistibly deter others from doing likewise.

SIN THE FIRST.—"THE BOTTLE!"

"At first, the Infant.....in its nurse's arms."—*As You Like It.*

The Spinster Cynic may scoff, and the bitter Bachelor-Jester will gibe, as their unnatural eyes fall on the above sweet quotation. "The *Infant*!" will they sneer, "and coupled with 'As You Like It!' Shouldn't it rather be 'As You *don't* Like It?'"

To those who *really* know, how Beauteous, how truly Beauteous, is Babyhood! How divinely refreshing to gaze upon is the sweet Innocence that knoweth no guile! What, indeed, is e'en the sportive lamb's unknowingness of mint sauce to that of "the Infant mewling in its nurse's arms?" That, indeed, is a picture of utter unselfishness, of an absolute Garden of Eden before the apple-eating episode occurred.

Some twenty years ago one of my most dear friends was Mrs. SM*TH, of the Clapham Road—until the Twins came! Now these Twins, who were both of the feminine gender, were christened respectively JANE EMMA and MATILDA ANN, and, even at that early stage of their existence, were "as like as two peas." But their resemblance was in form and feature only; in disposition and character they were diametrically opposed. You will ask, perhaps, How could you know their disposition or character at that undeveloped, immature period? In reply, I triumphantly point (with the kind permission of G. CRUIKSHANK, Esq.) to—THE BOTTLE!

It was in this way:—While the craving of JANE EMMA for the Bottle was singularly small, that of MATILDA ANN was almost terrible in its gluttonous voracity. And not only would she make "a Dead Man" of her own in an astonishingly short period, but would forcibly obtain possession of her sister's, and drink that down to the very dregs with all the greed of a glutton, and all the delight of a confirmed tippler. Never, indeed, shall I forget the terrible scene in that Clapham Road nursery I was once an awe-struck witness of. I had been supping with Mrs. SM*TH, and, after the meal, the proud mother asked me if I would like to see "the blessed darlings in their sleep of Innocence?" The hot water and lemons had just come in, but I felt bound to obey the maternal invitation.

We ascended the stairs with cautious steps, and the proud mother, with much "Hush!"-ing, opened the nursery door. I tiptoed after her, and then, by the dim glimmer of a CHILD'S Night Light, what a fearful sight was that I beheld!

The Twins lay in two *bassinottes* placed side by side. But why was it that JANE EMMA, instead of sleeping the sleep of Innocence, was sitting bolt upright, and staring with round frightened eyes into the next crib? Another step into the nursery revealed JANE EMMA's reasons for her strange proceedings.

In MATILDA ANN's *bassinette* lay MATILDA ANN fast asleep, and breathing stertorously. Her infantine face, instead of beaming with the baby smiles of "Innocence asleep," was distorted, inflamed, and swollen to twice its natural size. By her side lay a Bottle—her own, quite empty, whilst clutched tightly in both her baby fists was another—JANE EMMA's, *also empty*! On this latter Bottle the pinched, hungry gaze of JANE EMMA was fixed.

The picture told its own terrible tale. MATILDA ANN had finished off her own bottle, and then, having gained forcible possession of her twin sister's, had drunk and drunk *until*— But let me drop a veil over this shocking instance of precocious excess!

It was my prophecy to Mrs. SM*TH that severed our old friendship. "Mark my words," I said, solemnly, "that Twin of yours will come to a bad—a fearful ending."

Years rolled away. A quarter of a century passed, and since that evening I had heard nothing of Mrs. S. or the Twins. I had perused all Police cases and reports of female crimes carefully, but, as yet, MATILDA ANN had not appeared.

The other day, however, I dined out, and happened to sit next to the wife of a wealthy and eminent banker, a grandly developed and singularly robust-looking lady. In the course of our conversation the Clapham Road was mentioned. Eventually it all came out: the grandly developed, singularly robust lady was—MATILDA ANN!.....

"And how, pray," I inquired, later on, as the dessert appeared, "how is your other Twin, JANE EMMA?"

She sighed a plump, comfortable sigh, and pointed in the direction of the chandelier.

"Poor JANE!" she said. "But what could you expect—she never took properly to her Bottle!.....Port, if you please."

I am inclined to think that there is a Moral to this.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A PECULIAR incident is reported from Worcestershire. A party of people were returning home from Dudley to Lower Gornal, when "they were alarmed by the spectacle of a host of snakes and lizards advancing along the road,

which literally swarmed with them for a distance of more than ten yards. They were, in fact, so plentiful that it was difficult to walk without treading on them at every step, but the snakes and lizards, although crushed by dozens, pursued their mysterious march without attacking any one. It is supposed that they came from a place called 'the Ruff,' part of which has been on fire for years, owing to old colliery workings being there, and that the heat has at last become so unendurable that both snakes and lizards have been compelled to retreat and find a new home." Another idea was, that the reptiles were *en route* to London, with the intention of seeking shelter in the Zoological Gardens; but the probability is, that they were simply on their way to join in the Dr MORGAN procession.

MR. POPE HENNESSY.—After the debate in the House of Commons upon the question asked by Mr. GREEN respecting Mr. POPE HENNESSY's sensational speech, when he was "starting it" at Cork, it was suggested that in future "HENNESSY'S" * * * Cork "should have the 'green seal.'"



ANOTHER GOOD OPENING.

Time—Merry Spring-time.

Eldest but several. YES, FATHER, I DID SEE THE MANAGING MAN AT THE UMBRELLA-MAKER'S TO-DAY, AND HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE ME ON AS SOON AS EVER THE SUNSHADE SEASON COMMENCED!

[Poor Father! where does the joke come in?]





LING!

JUDY'S LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR AND THE BRITISH DRAMA.

Judy's L. C. having seen several letters in the "Standard" relating to the above subject, resolves to try his luck with the London Managers.



1. So he starts at once on a Tragic-Comedical Farce, which he argues ought to suit every London Manager. Having completed it to his satisfaction,—



2. He issues forth one fine morning resolving to call at the Haymarket first.



3. He does, and receives from Mr. BUCKSTONE "not only polite interest, but friendly advice."



4. At the Gaiety, he is there "told by a somewhat contemptuous gentleman, in the politest language and loudest clothes" (*vide* letter), that if there is not a trombone solo in the play for the hero, that he must beg to wish him good day, expressing a hope at the same time that he will excuse him taking off his glove.



5. Away then to Drury Lane, where he meets Mr. CHATTERTON coming away with the key in his pocket. "Look here," says Mr. C., "it's no use, SPICKS does that sort of thing for me." "But," says JUDY'S L. C., "if you can induce Miss LINGERON to do the heroine, it might prove a lasting success." "Ah, you'd better Haaker yourself," says Mr. C., and turns on his heel.



6. He next wends his way to the Prince of Wales's, and is ushered into the presence of Mr. BANCROFT. Their eyes meet—he retires!



7. The Vaudeville! Ah! that reminds him of his Butterman; he therefore calls on him and offers to sell his work at so much per pound. "I couldn't take it at a gift," said the honest tradesman "I should be took up for adulterating my butter with Aink!"

[N.B.—JUDY'S L. C. is still open to treat with Managers.]

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.—A "Halfpenny Shakspeare" is one of the latest of the many remarkable developments of the cheap press of the present day. Each of the plays is printed in small but clear type, and issued in a wrapper—a "brown" one, of course—for a halfpenny. If SHAKESPEARE is not now in the hands of all who can read, it will not be because they lack (c)opper-tunity.

EVIDENCES OF THE VERNAL SEASON.—Signs of the coming Spring continue to abound. The latest one is a "Spring Heel Jack," who has made his appearance at Aldershot, makes bounds a dozen feet high, according to the alarmed sentinels, and is brilliant on the exterior with phosphorus—which is, however, the only thing about his performances that is brilliant: such buffoonery being stupid in the extreme. This phosphorescent personage is a generation too late: one night in a police cell will take all the shine out of him.

THE DIFFICULTY SURMOUNTED.—The right piece of mechanism for removing Cleopatra's Needle—A sewing machine, of course.

IN-TRA-RESTING FACT.—There has just been launched at Hull, in the presence of several members of the Japanese Legation, a corvette, built for the Government of Japan, which was named the *Kon-go*. The vessel is to be armed with twelve Krupp guns,

and seems to have an appropriate name; for every one who likes the cup that cheers, knows that to make congon come out strong, the one essential thing is a trifle of "gunpowder."

TOPOGRAPHICAL FACT FOR MR. DE MORGAN.—Those who set out for Westminster have only to go a little too far, and all at once they find themselves in Millbank. *Verb. sat.*

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?—It is rumoured that a total abstinence society is about to be formed, to be confined to peers and peeresses. Alcohol is to be strictly prohibited, under whatever disguise it appears; while all the noble members will, of course, take their cold water out of pier-glasses.

LAWSON ON HIMSELF.—At a Cumberland Liberal dinner, Sir WILFRID LAWSON took upon himself to describe the fate of an M.P. Party life, said he, is a hard one; it is all work and no pay. Six months, a British member of Parliament is an exile from home. He is sent away from the pleasant country; he cannot luxuriate in verdant meadows and leafy groves, listening to the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, and the singing of birds. He has, instead, to listen to cries of "Order" from the Speaker, and sit till three or four o'clock in the morning listening to interminable twaddle and intolerable bores. He is called upon to pay subscriptions without any money, and make "speeches without ideas." Quite right, Sir WILFRID; only it is not often we have a confession which is at the same time so frank and so true.

NURSERY MORALS.

No. 15.—ON MONSTERS, HOME-MADE.

HERE before me, at this moment, lies a letter, written in a firm Roman hand, in which the writer says:—"In common courtesy you might, at least, have deigned to give me a reply to my favour of the 21st instant."

He calls it a "favour"—inadvertently, I presume. His feelings at the time, most likely, were too strong for him, and he thought that was the right way to put it.

A month ago only I met him. It seems to me like years. I found MALTRAVERS wandering upon the shady side of the street in which our publishing office is situate, and I took him kindly by the hand. The aspect of MALTRAVERS at that moment was woebegone and despondent. The world had turned its back upon him.

"An infamous conspiracy, sir, nothing else—but I know the villain who is at the bottom of it all, and I will make him pay dearly, mark my words if I don't!"

As it occurred to me, that possibly a few of the passers-by, seeing MALTRAVERS waving his hands aloft and screaming, might suppose that I owed him half-a-crown, and he could not get it without violence, I led him gently from the spot up a passage where there is a tavern, in which you may wave your arms and scream a good deal without attracting attention, because they are rather used to it there.

Here MALTRAVERS unfolded his pitiful tale and partially drowned his sorrows, and here I parted with a small sum, and talked perhaps a little too hopefully of a coming publication destined to take the world by storm, when the paper-maker and printer were squared, and it was launched.

It occurred to me, in a longish list of absolute necessities before the launching in question, that just such a man as MALTRAVERS was required on the staff, and I, having the promise of the sub-editorship, took upon myself to engage him right off, feeling hopeful of making it all right with the editor-in-chief.

I could not help thinking at the time he accepted the engagement with some amount of nonchalance, and as though the whole London press were open to him, and he had only to choose. There was nothing absurdly over grateful about him, or meanly cringing, I will say that.

By the first post next morning I got a letter from MALTRAVERS,

saying the scheme of the publication was not bad, and with a few alterations (his) it would do, but no time ought to be lost. I must bustle about and put things into shape.

Need I tell you, gentle reader, I am no bustling, and the editor-in-chief is, truth to tell, rather less so? I broke it to him about MALTRAVERS, and he said, "All right, old boy. Get as many as you can. Any one with anything in him—every one with anything in him—shall be on our staff. What will you have?"

There was a kind of vague comprehensiveness about all this that staggered me a little, and when, by the afternoon's post, I got two letters and a post-card from MALTRAVERS, full of suggestions, and urging me not to allow the grass to grow under my feet, I felt there had, somewhere or other, been rather too much precipitancy.

It is only a month ago, but seems quite six, since I had the bad luck to meet MALTRAVERS. I have parted with two pounds ten shillings in small loans, and about ten shillings more in mixed liquors. The date of the publication of the paper is rather further off

than ever. MALTRAVERS is threatening me with an action for damages, and he has registered the name of the paper himself in his own name as his own property.

When my editor-in-chief goes to register it, as he will most likely some day, when he thinks of it, and things are more advanced, there will be a row!

The story which the picture before you is intended to illustrate is somewhat similar, and is doubtless one among those



you best remember! Who, indeed, has not shed a tear of sorrow for the misfortunes of that good young Prince you may observe upon the bridge? Blessed with a small independence, and early in life betrothed to the girl of his choice, all he had to do was to add to his income and get married as soon as he could afford to do so. What a light task to impose upon him! but we all know how he didn't perform it, light as it was, and how, in consequence, it presently became the self-imposed duty of his father-in-law that was to be, to find him some permanent employment. How he failed in everything, and yet kept turning up again and asking for another chance, you know as well as I do; and, for my part, I feel half inclined to believe that his father-in-law must sometimes almost have felt annoyed his girl had picked up with him.

It's hard enough to have to get up with a Monday in one's own conjuring up, without having one's family engaged in the manufacture.

You see him here as he appeared after his last and most unsuccessful journey coming back to ask for just one more chance. During his absence his future father-in-law has imprudently committed suicide, and annulled his insurance. That is the old gentleman in the right-hand corner with his feet together, chuckling at his own cleverness; but, for all that, I think the thing was somewhat ill-advised. At the open window may be observed the broker's man of the period put in for the post, with whom the rising young future husband is holding discourse. It would take too long to repeat all the young man said (Maltravers has written me about two hundred royal octavo pages), but what the broker's man said is, perhaps, more to the point.

It was—"Yah!"

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

Every effort made in either House of Parliament to discredit the negotiations of the Government singularly fails. By innuendo, by question, and by direct assertion, a section of the Opposition persists in letting the world believe that, had it been entrusted with the conduct of affairs, things would have been much more satisfactory than they are. What means would be taken, and what object would be arrived at, are, however, scrupulously concealed from the public, and we must, accordingly, take the will for the deed.

Messrs. BIGGAR and PARNELL have become an organized obstruction in the Lower House. The "diversion" they nightly take is highly detrimental to the progress of public business. Everybody is asking if there is no way of suppressing the serious fun, but nobody seems able to suggest a remedy for the nuisance. Could not the two hon. gentlemen be sent—say to the South African Republic, with an address of congratulation from the Irish people, or, if they prefer it, from the English nation itself? This is the only way.

Outside Parliament there are sure signs that the Government continue to maintain the popularity that placed them in power.

The Salford election rather surprised some people. The Liberal notion was that a Liberal candidate would be at the head of the poll. A Tory was returned by an overwhelming majority. Had the Liberal secured the greater number of Salford electors, we should have been assured that the long-looked-for "Liberal reaction" had begun. Now that the result is different, we are told that the Tory was returned to Parliament because he had more cabs and committee-rooms than his opponent! This is complimentary to the people of Salford.

Mr. JOSEPH ARCH, I see, still believes he has been requested by the friends of the late GEORGE ODGER to become a candidate for the representation of Southwark. But he must have more money. His present salary was not good enough. If he went

into the House, "he would not enter on his hands and knees, begging his way." A meeting at Banbury, I see, has passed a resolution approving of Mr. ARCH's candidature for Southwark, and of the working men of Southwark paying his expenses. I think it would have been much neater had the resolution been passed in Southwark itself.

The scheme of the individual Irishman who promised to bring the 100,000 men to know the reason why a certain nobleman still languishes in prison, was not very successfully carried out. The hundreds of thousands became hundreds of tens, and the result consisted in the fraternization of the Irish individual with Mr. WHALLEY over a cup of tea. The certain nobleman still languishes, and the Irish gentleman gained what he desired—the notoriety of a day. It is odd everybody thrives in the TIGBORNE business except poor Sir ROGER himself!

Q.

ANOTHER

"CASE" OF NECESSITY.

In order to protect the gilded memorial to the late PRINCE CONSORT, which stands in Kensington Gardens, from the damp smirchy atmosphere of

London, which sooner or later manages to destroy the surface of almost every kind of stone, a proposal has been made by Mr. WILLS, of the Royal Conservatory, to cover it in, making a huge conservatory on all sides of it. So many of the London monuments are in such sad case, that it is not a bad idea to put the prettiest of them all into a glass one.

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HARD TIMES.

Careful Party from the North. AND SO YER BOXES O' LIGHTS ARE
TWA FOR A PENNY, ARE THEY! WEE, THEN, LASSIE, I'LL JOOST TAK'
HALF O' ONE!

SLOPER'S INFLUENCE.



2. "Trust it all to me, dear boy," he added; "I know one of the hanging fellows, and with a margin for tips—See? Eh?"



1. It is large," A SLOPER murmured, when first he caught sight of SLUTTERBY'S "Ancient Angler-Saxon on the Off Hook." "But we must have it on the line, sir. It's a subject that must be on the line."



4. "What's wrong with it? What do you say? 'Wrong end up!' How so?" (That's the sort of man A. SLOPER's friend was.)



5. After all, somehow or other, SLUTTERBY'S 16 by 8 did not get hung. Instead of that, the canvas came back by book-post—unpaid.



3. This was one of the hanging fellows—not exactly one of the Committee. But no matter!



6. And what the deuce has all this got to do with I. Moss's opening a Cheap Frame Shop? SLOPER says he has no idea!

THE ONLY JONES.

OWN Mr. CLUTTERBUCK and one Mr. DOBBS—if you like to believe the statement of the more or less veracious historian of certain mornings at Bow Street half a century ago—"were charged with having created a great uproar and disturbance in the lobbies of Drury Lane Theatre on the previous evening, and with having grievously assaulted certain peace-officers, who attempted to quell the said disturbance by taking the said CLUTTERBUCK and DOBBS into custody." These gentlemen were *Corinthians*—that is to say, in the fashion of the time, gentlemen who were up, down, and fly to everything.

Just before this, the brothers GEORGE and ROBERT CRUIKSHANK had drawn some wonderfully popular plates to Mr. PINCHON KEAN the Elder's "Life in London," and Mr. MOWBRAY had written a piece from the outs; "for," says an authority, writing ten years later, "he told KEAN he had burnt the letterpress as being perfectly useless"—and it proved the most successful drama that had ever been produced. "At its fiftieth representation," says the same authority, "we—even we—were compelled to see it from the orchestra, seats in the boxes being utterly impossible, unless one could condescend to an undignified rush." They were, some of them, in those days, perhaps a trifle too dignified, and a trifle more too long-winded; and the public tide has wonderfully changed since then, so that there must be something very wonderful indeed in its powers of attraction for MOWBRAY'S play to be produced now, fifty years later, and for it to prove a success. So it would seem it has proved at the Surrey, where

it has been revived with much care by Mr. HOLLAND; and if you would know why—why, you must go and see it. You must see Mr. SIDNEY as Tom, Mr. TAYLOR as Jerry, Mr. LILLY as Logic, and Mr. WILLIAMS as Jemmy Green, all very good; Mr. LUMSDEN as Prime Pit, and Mr. BENVES as the Hon. Dick, good also; and then you must pay particular attention to some surprising novelties, for now-a-days—to the real live "Champion of the Middle-weights" having a set-to with the gloves with "DICK HARRINGTON," and to "TEDDY MOWDALE'S" Dusty Bob, and the clowning of "the veteran PAUL HERRING, who played clown at the time, 1820." You must really go and see all this, and Vauxhall Gardens, too, with the real "original oil lamps used at the time." And you must not come away before the "grand display of fireworks," by which time you will most likely have become rather confused, but must own also to having been much amused.

At the Opera Comique Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, that most veteran of volatiles—or ought I to say, volatile of veterans!—is giving a round of his most popular characters, and I will not tell you to go and see him, because, of course, you must and will. He is, I think, rather younger than usual this season, after his latest fatal illness, and his arduous autobiographical labours.

At the Aquarium Theatre the afternoon performances have recommenced, I am very pleased to record, and appear likely to be successful. One good idea is that the public, paying for seats in the theatre, are now entitled to admission to the Aquarium free of charge.

CADBURY'S PURE SOLUBLE!!! REFRESHING COCOA ESSENCE

CAUTION.
—If Cocoa
chickens in
the cup it is
mixed with
starch.

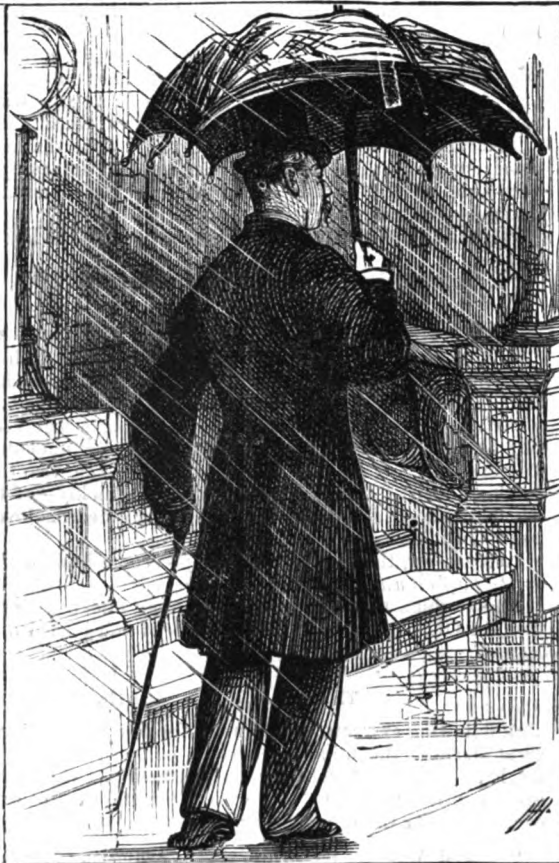
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AN APRIL SHOWER.

Person with New Suit thoughtlessly goes out without an Umbrella, and is caught in the rain. He meets an Old Clothesman and purchases the best one he has got.

It was not as good as it might be, considering the price he paid for it. "Any port in a storm," however. But what will South-westerly by North-easterly Lower Belgravia say to him now? He didn't run to a Cab.

AN OLD FOGY'S MAY-DAY REVERIE,

Just Twenty Years ago.

Or course! *Another* miserable morning!—Cold as charity; East wind blowing like the doose an' all; leaden sky, and the glass going down like One o'clock!.....I wonder how many *more* times I'm to tell Mrs. DUBBLECHIN to let me have my shaving-water hot, not tepid! There, I thought so, cut myself again! Confound it! Hang the woman's inattention! And I pay thirty shillings a week for these two rooms, without extras! 'Pon my soul, I've really a doosid good mind——!

Dressed at last, thank Goodness! And really, what with my gouty foot, acute rheumatism in my right shoulder, and this confounded cough, it is something to be thankful for to get it over and leave that cold bedroom for this snug sitting-room! What a great institution is a fire, to be sure!.....Ha, so Mrs. DUBBLECHIN has aired and out my *Times* for me! Really, that woman has some good points. And now let's see what she has given me for breakfast.....A broiled mackerel; a kidney on buttered toast—hot and hot; one new-laid egg; some of Mrs. D.'s excellent coffee; and a thimbleful of poor old BILLY's famous Maraschino to top up with! Good! And now for the mackerel!

A single knock at the street door.....Now a gentle tap at mine. "Come in."

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. DUBBLECHIN. Anything the matter?"

"No, sir; oh, dear no, sir; leastways, sir, it's on'y our reg'lar chimbley-sweep, who is Jack-in-the-Green this May Day, and have called with his mates, and 'opes, sir, as you'll remember the May Queen?"....."Thank you kindly, sir."

May Day!.....Remember the *May Queen*! *May Day?* What! *this!*—this miserably forbidding morning, with the scowling sky! And *May Queen?* What, *that!* Great heavens, that brazen

jade with the painted cheeks, tawdry rags, and soiled paper flowers in her unkempt hair! Bah! Let me get back to my *Times* and broiled kidneys.

.....Nothing in the papers, at least nothing that *I*, somehow, seem to care to read! These kidneys, too, nice as they look, don't, somehow, seem to tempt my appetite as usual this morning.....I'm out of sorts, I suppose; this confounded East wind touches up us old fellows, I take it.

.....No. I can't manage any more breakfast. I *must* be out of sorts. Let me make up the fire, wheel this invalid easy-chair up to it, and smoke a quiet cigar.....Soh!—this is better than outside, I take it.

May Day!.....Why will my thoughts go back to it? why is it that that far-off time—that long, long dead day is now so near?

.....Near! Ah me! is the Memory of that day *ever* absent?

Pshaw! I'm an old fool to talk like this, and yet——?

.....Ay, ay, it *will* come—I cannot shut it out! There, before me now, as though it were yesterday, is the scene.

.....A fair lawn sloping to the broad shining River. A two-storied picturesque old house, so thickly covered with ivy and creeping plants as to leave scarce an inch of red brick visible. Beyond, a large, old-fashioned garden, where the air is heavy with the perfumes of the May, and upon which the dying sunlight is lingering, as though loth to depart.....A golden-haired girl wandering among the flowers she loved so well—herself a flower among flowers. Pink blossoms of the hawthorn are in her hair, in her softly beating bosom, and in one hand she carries a tiny bouquet of the sweet Mayflower, just presented to her by her companion.....Hush! Her companion is addressing her now with passionate speech; his voice trembles with the excess of his emotion; he is pleading for Something which, from his earnestness, might be his very life; his whole soul seems to go out to her in those fervid words.....

Methinks I can hear the end of the talk in that garden e'en

now; and the words strike cold on my heart—Ghosts of the Dead and Gone.

"I," says the Voice, "have crowned you Queen of the May. Will you—will you deign to be my Queen, not only for this May Day, but for all other days—for all time? If you will, give to me, as your Answer, those blossoms you hold thus."

Presently a glowing face is lifted; she turns the heaven of a wondrous smile to meet him; a tender light shines up from the deep-blue eyes; a little hand bearing the blossoms comes fluttering out towards him.

He takes the flowers and presses them to his lips; then he looks down at the upturned face gravely.

"For ever and ever?" he asks earnestly.

And her Answer is an echo—"For ever and ever."

* * * * *

That was so long—so long ago; and see—look at her Answer now!.....Yes, that was once her Answer. It has lain next my heart ever since—all through the long years.....Yes, this withered, dry, dead dust was once a living sweet Flower. It was then the token and the symbol of her unchanging and undying love; it is now—Ha!—Ay, 'tis now also the symbol and the token of that love which died so quickly—of that heart which changed so soon! Yes, I gave my heart's love of pure gold, and in return—Who's that?

"Please, sir, the May Queen 'ave jest come back, and she says as the half-crown you give her is a duffer."

And to think that this was all written fifteen years ago, and that the Old Foggy himself has been dead and buried ten!

THE ALARMISTS AGAIN.

THE following extracts, which we place side by side, have excited great alarm in the minds of certain persons, who see a foe to the Empire in every foreigner of distinction, a national rival in every continental power, and expect the end of all things whenever they hear the report of a popgun:—

"General WALKER, the British military attaché at Berlin, has tendered his resignation in consequence of the unpleasant feeling provoked by his simple request to be permitted to view certain fortifications. On dit that at a recent military examination at Berlin, candidates were asked to describe accurately the fortifications of Portsmouth, and that they all accomplished the task."—*Correspondent of Daily Paper.*

Such alarmists may be sure that it is not from those agents of foreign Governments who ask openly and plainly to be allowed to view our dockyards that mischief is to be apprehended. Indeed, it is a question whether any foreign Government has learned half as much from its own emissaries as it has from injudicious critics at home.

"A Russian officer has received permission to make a tour of inspection of all our dockyards and such Government establishments as he may desire to visit.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

THE ONLY JONES.



THE Westminster Aquarium is slowly, but surely, working its way into popularity. In the afternoon theatre *Cybil's Success* is played daily, and is well worth seeing. A troupe of real Indian snake charmers, fire-eaters, etc.—the first ever imported into England—are now added to the other attractions; and as ZAZEL's performance is forbidden by the authorities, ZAZEL, it is said, will not much longer be permitted to allow herself to be shot out of a gun. To the best of my belief, ZAZEL is the one solitary instance on record of a young lady so fired with love of her art. But the performance seems to be contrary to the canons.

A countryman coming to Town just now, after a year or two's absence, must be rather amazed by the list of old pieces being given at the London theatres. *The*

Palace of Truth, revived at the Haymarket; the *Peep O' Day*, at the Adelphi, and a pantomime; *Richard III.* and *The Lottery Ticket*, at the Lyceum; *Rip Van Winkle*, at the Princess's; *The Wandering Heir*, at the St. James's; *London Assurance*, at the Prince of Wales's; *The Liar* and *The Casy Couple*, at the Opera Comique; and *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville. Why were not every one of these things being played when he was here last? or, if not every one, half of them were, and the other half the time before!

At the Olympic, at any rate, he does not find *Foul Play* just as he left it. It has been reproduced, and the greater part rewritten. I fancy MR. CHARLES READE must possess a rather limited sense of the ridiculous, or he would very materially have cut down the scene on the island. I thought the good clergyman painting three-sheet posters, and starting birds with telegrams tied to their tails, rather funny; and when the lunatic sailor thought he would undress himself before he died, and began to take off his clothes, I smothered a little through my blushes, though, fortunately, he stopped short at his waistcoat. I rather think it put me and most of the ladies in the audience in mind of the sailor undressing on horseback in a circus. MR. NEVILLE and MISS PATRICK both act extremely well, and there are some good scenes, notably one in the last act, in which MR. FORBES ROBERTSON is very clever.

A benefit in aid of the rescued miners and their brave deliverers will be given on Thursday morning, May 3, at the Folly Theatre, on which occasion MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and every member of the company, also the employees, will give their gratuitous services, and the entire receipts will be handed over to the fund.

From the Stock Exchange.

Now that, in consequence of the war, Russian stocks are going down, it is worth recollecting that the best home securities are the fastenings of the front door.

MAY DAY, IN FOUR PERIODS.



1. Time, the Present.



2. In our Youth.



3. Some time ago.



4. Ever so long ago.



ON THE 4

John Bull is wasted when he is not very careful he will



LOOK-OUT.

DAMAGE MY PROPERTY: AND THEN I SHALL HAVE TO INTERFERE!

100-40

JUDY'S LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR AND THE ACADEMY.



1. JUDY'S L. C. did not see why he should not "send in" this year; he therefore went out and bought materials, riding home again on a vehicle.



2. The question was, What subject, and how? about a model? Why should not he, by the aid of a mirror, be his own? He was!



3. Here he is when he thought out-rivalling Miss THOMPSON.



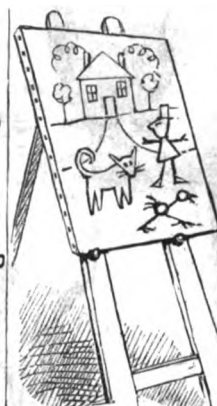
4. Extra models laid in, in consequence.



5. Then his thoughts wandered to MILLAIS, and how beautifully he did some shavings, some time back; and he managed at great expense to procure one for study.



6. Then he stood to himself for something Historical, after the style of—well, say PRITIK.



7. But, on consideration, not wishing to cut out so many famous painters, he ultimately resolved to do one entirely out of his own head. It was sent in and accepted.



8. And here he is, patiently waiting the verdict of the public.

[There will, anyhow, be one good picture this year.

SHABBY GENTLE PROVERBS:

Specially adapted to Hard Up People during May Weather.

A new umbrella-case covers a multitude of alits.
A patch, well put on, is as good as a new shoe.
A paper collar never goes to the wash.
Always put off till to-morrow what you cannot pay to-day.
In a shower of rain an old hat looks as good as a new one.
The man who goes often to the tailor gets the account at last.
Half a pair of gloves is better than none at all.
It is a short bill that has no renewal.
Never leave off a brass chain till you get a gold one.
Third-class travelling is as good as second when you meet nobody you know.
Level boot-heels and a light heart always go together.

THUMB MARKS.

Messrs. NIMMO have published many boys' story books, and most of them are such good ones that it is difficult to award the just amount of praise to each. "The Castaway's Home," however, is a very good story of the "Robinson Crusoe" type.

Is it out of order for the Editor of JUDY to mention here that the Second Edition of his little sixpenny *Gossiping Guide to the Sights of London* has just been published by Messrs. MARSHALL & SON, 125, Fleet Street, and to quote from the preface this statement!—"The other day I told a great traveller of my acquaintance that I had formed a bold and terrible resolve—I intended, in cold blood and malice aforethought, to go up St. Paul's and the Monument, and visit the Tower and the British Museum. He bade me take time to think the matter over, and do nothing rash; and called next day to see how I was getting on, watching me closely and curiously. He, however, found me still adhering steadfastly to the fell project I had conceived, and that I was on the very point of starting for the Monument. He then insisted that I should

allow him to come with me in the cab as far as Fish Street Hill; and he shook hands with me, with emotion, in front of the place where you pay threepence. When I had got a third of the way upstairs, I heard a voice calling to me to stop, for Goodness' sake: it was my friend's voice—"If you will do it," he said, "I suppose I had better do it too." I will not say that this will be found to be really and truly the cheapest, the very best, the most useful, and most entertaining guide to London ever published—I will not say all that, but I, of course, think so.—C. H. R." In this guide some account is given of a journey through Londonshire and its environs, undertaken at the desire of the grandsons of CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORNE, of Somersethire, Requires; by a One-Eyed Philosopher of Terrible Experiences, which has been retold by CHAS. H. ROSS, and is embellished by A. CHASEMORE.

THE HERO.

THE cannons all were silent, the bugle ceased to sound,
And many a valiant warrior lay lifeless on the ground;
For night had forced an armistice upon the eager foes,
And all around was quietness, save where the cry arose
From wounded and from dying, or when the war-horse neighed,
For man and beast alike had felt the keenness of the blade.
And now a lonely maiden is searching o'er the plain,
For she would find her lover, to kiss, if he be slain;
To tend his wounds if wounded, to bathe his aching head;
And still she weeps, for much she fears he's numbered with the dead.
For hours she wanders slowly, and looks at every face,
Till weary, sad, and footsore, she leaves the horrid place.
But where, oh, where's her hero? For his country has he died!
And was he foremost in the fight—the bravest on his side?
She walked till nearly day-break, in sad and pensive mood,
When suddenly the lost one before the maiden stood.
Joy!—joy! he had not perished! Ere was the fight begun,
The owner of that gallant form had turned about and run!

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

UNFOUNDED REPORT.—Farthing post-cards have been introduced into Japan. The rumour that Mr. GLADSTONE is making arrangements to take up his residence in that country in order to avail himself of this new means of communication, is unfounded.

GOING THROUGH A GOOD DEAL.

What is termed "a remarkable discovery" has been made in digging a well at MEUX's brewery in Tottenham Court Road. When the green-sand formation was reached, an abundant supply of water was found, and the engineers believe that in the green-sand there is an ample supply of water for the wants of all London. In order to do this, however, we are told, the men had to "sink through the earth to the depth of over 1,000 feet"! The only wonder is that they ever came up again.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

A harmless kind of petty larceny—Taking photographs.

OVERDOING IT.

Much emphatic advice is cited from MACAULAY and others on the desirability of advertising, but it is only recently that it has been shown what really can be done in this way by any one who gives his mind to the subject. A certain provincial grocer is said to have carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously his name and business, and held it over the clergyman's head while he read the prayers. This certainly was carrying the thing a little too far!

WHAT NEXT?—*Apropos* of the little girl who was dismissed from school because she did not curtsy to somebody, it is

announced that some of the clergy in the neighbourhood are ordering that no collars, cuffs, artificial flowers, feathers, brooches, lockets, or earrings may be worn by the children attending the Sunday school, and the boys must have their hair cut to a particular pattern. The next desirable thing would seem to be, that some persons should have their heads shaved—only, this time it would not be any of the scholars.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET FIGS!—What is the right kind of food for a student with an appetite for figures?—Dates, to be sure.

A TREMENDOUS PUFF.—Shooting ZAZEL out of the cannon, at the Aquarium Theatre.

CHANGE OF HEAD-DESS.—It is announced that the present most uncomfortable and unsightly shako worn by the infantry is doomed, and will shortly be replaced by a neat-looking felt-helmet. Orders have been given to the Royal Clothing Factory to arrange for the immediate supply of 200,000 of these helmets. Some change of this kind has long been needed, and at last the want has made itself—felt.

FROM REGENT STREET.—"The correct thing in gloves"—The hands.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—Bottled sunshine, at one time looked upon as fabulous, seems likely to become fact. Since the invention of the radiometer, an instrument showing the influence of light in the production of mechanical motion—

which pretty little scientific toy may be seen in operation in the opticians' windows in Fleet Street—engines to be driven by the sun's rays have become the talk of the day in Paris. They have not as yet absolutely commenced running, but when we get them, they will, of course, all be "beam" engines.



THE LATEST HORROR.

Model Ladies' Maid. COOK'S NOT AT ALL WELL, MEM! VERY BAD DREAM LAST NIGHT, MEM! QUITE NIGHTMARE, I CALLS IT
Newly Married Young Lady. YOU DON'T SAY SO, HARKING! WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT
Model Ladies' Maid. WELL, MEM, SHE DREAMT AS HOW WE WAS ALL A-SITTING AT DINNER QUITE COMFORTABLE LIKE, AND SHE TAKES OFF THE COVER, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE SAW, ME
Newly Married Young Lady. I CAN'T GUESS, REALLY!
Model Ladies' Maid (in tones of terror). AMERICAN BEEF!!!!

YET ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION.

Immense excitement has prevailed for some time past in Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

A. SLOPER has recently resided in Poppin's Court.

The excitement above referred to has been partly owing to the riot just mentioned, and partly to a manifesto issued by A. SLOPER relative to the release of an unfortunate nobleman now languishing.

Some excitement is also felt by A. SLOPER's landlord with regard to the first week's rent, due to-morrow; but this is not shared by the other Poppins, who won't be much out of pocket in either case.

A. SLOPER's manifesto was promptly attached by A. SLOPER to the portal of his residence, and was subsequently pulled down by A. SLOPER's landlord, in consequence of the assemblage of multitudes.

In the document in question, A. SLOPER, the eminent *Littérateur* and Friend of Man generally—also woman, in a Platonic sense, which a nice one (address, marked *Private*, to business premises, 73, Fleet Street, prepaid. Don't write to SLOPER's residence)—called upon one hundred thousand stern men and true to rally round and march with drawn swords down upon the House of Commons.

The following is a portion of the document:—

"Let us this time, weather permitting, show that resistance is useless. Let us sharpen our cutlasses, if we have any handy, or, in the other case, let us borrow deadly weapons of those who will lend them. This time let us not be choked off with tea and muffins.

"Let our watchword be 'Liberty or Death.'

"Don't, however, let none of us get hurt—if we can help it."

The effect of these thrilling words upon the Poppins was absolutely magical. Deafening shouts rent the air, and a universal call for A. SLOPER immediately occurred. As he appeared at an upper window, bowing gracefully, the air was thick with testimonials, and some of the window-panes were broken.

Next day A. SLOPER was true to his word, and not having succeeded in obtaining the numerous cutlasses that had been promised him, marched upon Westminster, flourishing his

umbrella. As yet, however, there was no particular demonstration upon the part of the other inhabitants of London, who took no notice of A. SLOPER whatever.

Arrived on the Embankment, A. SLOPER took up his position on the stump of a tree in the centre of a patch of grass, and prepared to commence his speech, when the friends of the

Martyr should have arrived.

After some time (about two hours), a boy of somewhat small size occupied the top of the paling opposite to him, and A. SLOPER thought that perhaps he had better not delay the commencement of his speech any longer.

He therefore called upon the spectator to aid him in the great work. He regretted that the Doctor had fallen off a little from the good cause, and that his friend WHALLEY was not as reliable as he might be. SKIPWORTH was still all there, and so was DE MORGAN and Mr. and Mrs. COBBETT. The things he missed most were, perhaps, the other 99,999 stern men and true, who had not turned up with their drawn swords, as per agreement.

Here the hundred thousandth present asked A. SLOPER who he was a-hollering at. This interruption was, however, passed over by the eminent *littérateur* with the contempt it deserved, and he went on to dwell upon the enormity of the continuance of TICH-BORNE's prolonged imprisonment. He asked why it was so, and whether we were to go on being recreant slaves any longer or not? He then evinced a desire to

know how much was paid by Government for evidence, and expressed a regret that he hadn't heard in time, or he would have been in the swim like the rest, and was about to make a further statement when—he lost his balance and went backwards.

Upon this the one hundred thousandth went off into a fit of laughter, and went backwards also.

As the last rays of the setting sun fell upon the face of the clock, A. SLOPER and the rest of the meeting slowly wended their ways in opposite directions, rubbing.



Sloper's Monster Meeting. Sloper on the Stump.



The Monster on the Paling.



SLOPER over-excited.



The Monster over-excited.

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

Did you ever before witness such patriotism in a Parliamentary Opposition as was manifested by the Liberal leaders in the debate on Home Rule for Ireland? Its force as well as its direction surprised everybody. When it was proposed to nominate a committee to inquire into the nature, the extent, and growth of the demand of a large proportion of the Irish people for the restoration to Ireland of an Irish Parliament, there was no occasion for the Ministry to oppose the motion. The tremendously virtuous indignation shown by the Liberal chiefs, of every complexion of Liberalism, at the bare mention of Home Rule for Ireland, made it unnecessary for anybody on the right of the Speaker to say a word.

Mr. FORSTER could not listen to a motion the terms of which "involved one of the most important constitutional changes that could be conceived."

Mr. BART followed. He was at a loss to know what Home Rule meant, and what it was designed to advance. Of course, if he were forced to choose between the alternatives of Home Rule and Repeal, he would favour Repeal, "because that was something intelligible, clear, and distinct."

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON was equally explicit. "The party to which I belong," said the noble Lord, "has always had

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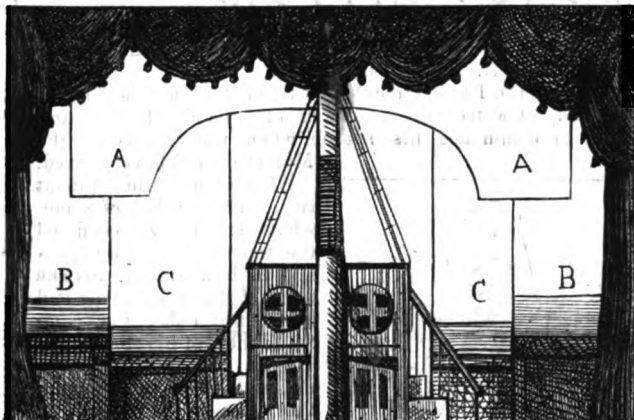
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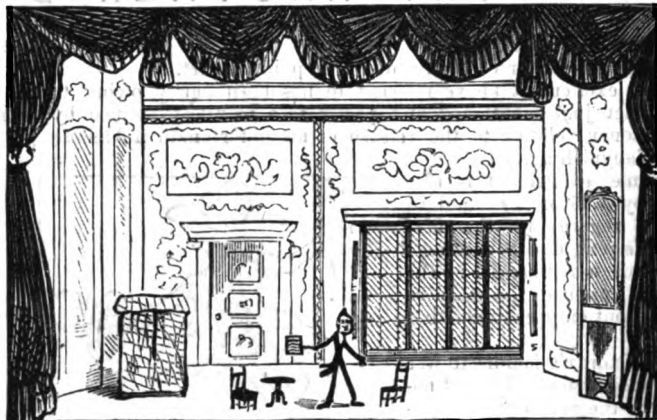
SOME STAGE SCENERY.



Study of Sea and Sky from on board Ship. A is a Sky Border. B and C are Wings, showing Gunwale and Sea-line of Horizon. They don't fit much, but no matter.



Two Flats put together rather too hastily. Rustic Interior, mixed up a bit with Setting Sun.



The Domestic Arrangements of Messrs. Box and Cox, as represented occasionally on a Benefit Night at the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Nice and roomy at the price, you must all allow.



A Low Comedian, with no sense of perspective, has a lark with distant Windmill.

for its watchword 'Civil and Religious Liberty.'" But, he was careful to explain, he could not agree to proposals which he believed to be "injurious to that unity essential to the great interests of the British Empire."

Mr. GLADSTONE, too, who has always something to explain, could not think of appointing a committee to consider the Condition of Ireland Question. In fact, the Liberal party, in the course of debate, made solemn declaration, through its leaders, that it had no connection or relation whatever with the heresy of which the member for Limerick is hierarch.

Now, why did the Liberal party take the pains to show its unalterable attachment to the Constitution as it is? The answer is at hand. There was, just before, an election at Salford. The Liberal candidate was the favourite. In his person it was to have been demonstrated that the Liberal reaction had begun. He was to have been returned by an overwhelming majority. He was to have been the first to break down the mechanical majority so offensive in its unity to the Opposition benches. To make assurance doubly sure, he made himself agreeable to the Home Rulers, who at Salford form an important faction in the constituency. Thereupon he lost his chance. Salford would not

have him, and his Tory opponent was returned with a majority that showed it must have been swelled by Liberal votes. Q.

MAY, 1877.

When they shall speak a hundred years to come,
In a new age, small, mean, and sordid,
Of these, the good old times—there may be some
Few gallant deeds left unrecorded.

The Hero of the Mine! We'll keep his name—
Our great-grandchildren tell the story,
How from the Dark, into bright sunlit fame,
Stout hearts have fought, with hands all gory!
Of such tough stuff our Englishmen are made,
The first and foremost in the tussle;
Their foes e'er now full penalty have paid,
Pitted 'gainst British pluck and muscle.

And now war rumours, coming from afar,
Once more set heroes' hearts in motion!
The brave old British Lion 'gainst you, Czár—
Think twice! Say, do you like the notion?

CADBURY'S PURE SOLUBLE!!
||| REFRESHING
COCOA ESSENCE

CAUTION.
—If Cocoa
Essence is
in the cup it is
eaten with
sugar.

**CIRCULAR
POINTED PENS**

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S (few Pens neither scratch nor spurt,
the points being rounded by a new
process. The success of this invention has been so signal, that other firms
now offer their pens under similar names. Buy a set. Sample Box, which
will at once prove the superiority of C. B. & Co.'s Pens.



THE FIRST DAY.

TIME—About 4 P.M.

Shilling Swell. WHAT A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE IT IS TO CROWD THE PLACE SO! BY JOVE, I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE TEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING, AND HAVEN'T SEEN THE PICTURES YET! 'PON MY WORD, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO DEMAND MY MONEY BACK!

[Doesn't though, when he has thought it over.]

AT THE ACADEMY.



THE Royal Academy Exhibition of this year is decidedly below the average. Never do we remember so many inferior pictures on the line, and this when it is well known that many good pictures by artists of repute have been rejected, while others are shot to the top—"asked"; of the latter take but one example—BARNWELL's "Sleeping Beauty," a picture that would have formed a beautiful line centre to any wall in the gallery; but we have no space for grumbling, and will content ourselves with pointing to a few of the gems of the Exhibition. MILLAIS's "Sound of Many Waters" is a grand landscape—perhaps the finest he has ever painted; "An Egyptian Feast," LOWE, is one of the most important works in the gallery; it is perfect in construction and well painted, but wanting strength. "A Knight of the Seventeenth Century," "A Sword and Dag-

ger Fight," and "A Lady of the Seventeenth Century," are all splendid examples of PERRIN. Of "The Four Seasons," ALMA TADEMA, we think Autumn the best, but all are beautiful; "Queen of the Swords," ORCHARDSON, is simply exquisite; perhaps no other artist of the English School has that delicate and refined sense of action and grace, in so high a degree, as this painter. "The Dragon's Cavern," POOL, is undoubtedly one of the finest works in the collection—poetical in the highest degree. "Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey," Sir JOHN GILBERT, has all the best qualities of the artist; "Summer Showers," VICAR COLE, though

somewhat faint in colour, is a sweet piece of work—the water is most beautifully painted; "The Spider and the Fly" is a good example of MARKS, but really the kind-looking old Spider seems the better man of the two; "On the Coast of Yorkshire," A. W. HUNT, is one of the finest poetical seascapes in the gallery; "Loss of a Barque in Yarmouth Roads," H. MOORE, is the best of this gifted artist's work in the collection. "Intercepted Despatches," SEYMOUR LUGAN, a clever work, showing strong dramatic power; "Snow in Spring," G. H. BOUGHTON, has all the grace and beauty peculiar to this artist's work; "Harmony," F. DICKSEE, is a marvellous bit of painting—doubtless one of the best works from the young men this year; and the same may be said of "Potato Harvest," B. W. MACBETH, although no two works could possibly be more opposite in feeling. "After the Storm," SMALL, is a powerful picture, and will advance the repute of the artist; "A Hit, a very Palpable Hit," and "En-famille," E. CLAYTON, two very clever pictures, full of good earnest work that must bear fruit; "A Picnic Party on the Lagoon," is a good specimen of KILBURN; "Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor," and "Iron-sides Returning from Sacking a Cavalier's House," CROFTS; and "The Battle of Alma," PHILIPPOTRAUX, are the prominent "War" pictures of the year.

We close our brief remarks by calling attention to the Monument (containing a well-executed Medallion Portrait) to the late FRED WALKER, to be erected in Cookham Church, which is the kind gift of the Sculptor, H. H. ARMSTRAD.

"POOR GLADSTONE!"

THIS is the way in which the turbulent member for Greenwich is spoken of by his former friends. He is "a lost man," they say. Well, there can be no doubt that his foolish and un-English proceedings during the last twelvemonths have excited a universal feeling of disgust among his countrymen, though they have endeared him to the Russians; but still his former supporters are not justified in reviling him. They thought proper to take a renegade Tory for their leader, and he was precisely the same intemperate, indiscreet person when he led them as he is now. His character was well hit off some years ago by an undoubted Liberal, little JENKIN, the member for Dundee, when he thus described him: "His temper is that of a fierce woman, whom annoyance, or jealousy, or disappointment deprives of reason."

A MAN OF MYSTERY.



O the truth is out now. I have only just found out MUGGINS.

Not the MUGGINS you mean, though—not the game at cards—my MUGGINS, the Man of Mystery.

We were at Slocum Podger together last year. It was there and then I made his acquaintance; but I had not the remotest notion at that period that he was really MUGGINS, and, more than that, that he was the MUGGINS who advertises in all the papers—MUGGINS, the famous Private Inquirer, whom everybody has heard of. I probably should not have spoken to MUGGINS under

other circumstances, but you have no notion—unless you have been there—what Slocum Podger is like.

I had exhausted the coastguardsman as a source of entertainment, and I also observed that he began to get into a way of sighting me at a distance, and thereupon locking himself up in his wooden box, which, several times repeated, I began to look upon as an approach to a hint.

I had been the rounds with the postman, for the sake of variety, and began to feel sad. The landlord at the hotel told me he generally did, and suggested some of his sour ale as an enlivener, but I found I hadn't the constitution it required in the earlier stages.

I had made up my mind to sacrifice the rest of my week's rent, paid in advance, and was on my way to the railway station, bag in hand, when my eye fell upon a human form walking in the same direction. I did not know his back. How was this? I thought I knew all the Slocum Podger backs by this time—there were not many. This must be a stranger.

He walked before me to the railway station, and as he crossed the threshold I heard him ask when the last up train went. It had just gone.

I also wanted the last up train. We were brothers in misfortune.

"Confound it!" said he.

"Confound it!" said I; and a conversation ensued, during which we slowly walked together side by side to the hotel.

He said he must stay there that night. I did not like to go back to my lodgings after what had occurred, so I stayed too.

We supped together. The stranger was a most amusing man. We took a walk together on the sands next morning, and lost another up train. I don't think I ever knew a man with so much anecdote. We lived together and took all our meals together at that hotel for three weeks.

I don't know why on earth I did it, but I was rather mysterious about myself, and told a tarradiddle or two about my name and place of residence. He was candour itself, and said his name was BROWN. The only thing that at all shook me about him was that I didn't think he wore a shirt.

This certainly disturbed me. His sleeves were tight, and I could not see very far up his arm; but, as far as I could see, there was an unaccountable bareness that preyed on me rather. I laid deep schemes to unravel the secret. I pretended I had seen an ear-wig turning the corner of his wrist. He shook himself, saying he did not object to those insects, and took no further notice.

I had serious thoughts of pushing him off the end of the pier, but even then I might not have found out.

At last, one day, at a moment's notice, he cried, "I'm off!" and rushed away and caught the train.

I was rather afraid to face the landlord. I made sure he had not paid his bill; but in this I was wrong. He had paid. He had paid daily. He had no luggage with him whatever.

* * * * *

Six months later I saw him at the theatre. I pointed him out to a friend of mine, who knows everybody. "Know him?" said he, "of course I do. He's MUGGINS, the famous plainclothes man!"

I met MUGGINS at the refreshment-bar shortly afterwards, and nudged him in the ribs. "Do you know," said I, "I hadn't a notion who you were, old fellow, all the while we lived together at Slocum Podger? I never dreamt you were a detective." He seemed staggered.

"How ever did you find it out?" he said.

"Never mind," said I, in my sly way. "Come, now, who were you after?"

"You won't let it go further?" said he; "and you won't be offended?"

"Offended! Why?"

"Well," said MUGGINS, "the fact is, I made rather a mull of it. I mistook you for the man I wanted."

I gasped a little. "What had he done?" said I.

"Murder was one of them," replied MUGGINS, quietly.

THE 'CUTE MANAGER; or, The Slave Circular Nowhere.



"Gad!" said the Manager to himself, "the INFANT JONES made a great hit as the Elf King this year; I must secure him again for the next Pantomime Season....."



"Then, Madam," said the Manager, "you mean to stand in your own light, and won't sign the agreement. The money is sure; look what a hit he made, and—"

"Nearly broke his neck every night in those horrid traps," interrupted Mrs. JONES. "No, Sir! no more Theatres for him!"



(The Scene now changes to Mr. JONES's lodgings.) Manager. Pardon me, JONES, you are separated from your wife? JONES. Morely formal, dear boy, not judish!; you ahee, Mrs. J. don't unstan' my little— Manager. Just so; merely formal, you say. Oh! by the bye, your boy made a great hit! JONES. Immense! dear boy!.....



JONES. Letah un'stan' you. His shallery I draw?

Manager. Certainly!

JONES. Gf me 'greement. I'll shign it!



"JONES's signature is certainly rather shaky," said the Manager to himself, over his cigar, but I think it good enough for me, anyhow.



SHALL IT EVER



COME TO THIS?

[See "Q" p. 40.]

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THE PASSING OBSERVER.

OF COURSE THEY DO.—The latest female eccentricity for Paris wear is a boot which differs from all other boots in this respect, that it is laced up at the back, from the heel. No amount of ridicule will, of course, have any effect upon the fair wearers of these novel lace-ups: in such matters, all that is possible for the ignorant male is *laissez faire*. As to the boots, doubtless they are becoming enough to the fair wearers, as we should say, "down to the ground."

THE REASON WHY.—A contemporary, "criticizing the artificial life led by devotees of fashion during the London season, inquires, "Why do people leave comfortable roomy houses and large estates in the country?" The answer is, that neither a roomy house nor a large estate is the sort of thing to carry in the waistcoat pocket; and so, when people come to town, they are obliged to leave these things in the country. That is why.

GETTING A GOOD HAND.—The London School

Board is laying great stress upon the necessity of its scholars acquiring a good style of penmanship. This is quite proper. Many a young man has got (from bankers and others) large sums of money by means of clever handwriting. It is true that some of these young men have also got a term of penal servitude afterwards—but that was because they did the write thing in the wrong place.

HOROLOGICAL.—When do persons "out" Old Father Time?—When they pass the time of day.

THE ONLY JONES.

THE lengthened abuse of the word *Boys* at the Vaudeville Theatre may lead to serious results if not checked during the next few years. Should the play go on much longer, the ancient persons taking part in it may be expected in the end to lose all sense of youth, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. One of the boys is already known as Old Tom, but the venerable DAVID and the other aged parent talk of him as a mere child. The healthy appearance and long-retained juvenility of Mr. JAMES is, I am told, in a great measure attributable to his careful dietary system, and to the powders known by his name; whilst the food of the other father is said to be wholly *Farrenaceous*. The *employés* behind the scenes are, however, reported not to bear their years so lightly. The call-boy, who was born with one somewhere about the middle of last century, is not as young as he was, whilst the master carpenter says he finds the frequent changes too trying. No wonder the performance ends in *A Fearful Fog* every night. You would almost think by this time that their fathers might allow the boys to run alone, but the fact is, the public will have both boys and fathers too.

Some one, signing himself "IRACUNDUS," writes to *Truth*, and tells a story of "one of our leading actresses" and her sister-in-law going to a theatre, at which a box had been given to them by the manager, and on offering the box-opener sixpence for a playbill, he "asked the lady, in the most insulting tone of voice, if she expected to 'ave a box worth two guineas and a 'arf' given her for sixpence!" There was, of course, no excuse for the man's insolence; but I cannot help thinking, were I a leading actress,



MORE INSUBORDINATION AMONG THE RUSTIC POPULATION.

Vicar's Wife. Boys! Boys! WHERE ARE THE BOWS!
Undeatable Boy. ATOP O' THE TANKS, PLEASE, MA'AM!

scene from that burlesque of Mr. GILBERT's produced a long while ago at the Gaiety. However, they sing very well, and there are some very clever acrobatic performances.

THE O. J. —

THE NEW SHOW.



ASSUREDLY the Grosvenor Gallery must be pronounced a success. The works of BURN JONES alone would make an Exhibition his "Days of Creation," "Venus' Mirror," "The Beguiling of Merlin," and four Life-size Studies, all showing that wonderful imagination, beautiful colour, and high feeling that pervades his work. Then we have the fine work of WATTS, the brilliant portraits of MILLAIS, the "Harmonies" of WHISTLER; ten works by TISSOT, eleven by HEILBUTH; fine examples of F. LEIGHTON, K. PONTNER, BOUGHTON, and ALMA TADEMA; three exquisite examples of ALBERT MOORE; a fine portrait by F. W. BURTON; a charming work, "Love's Music," J. M. STURDWICK; four wonderful Studies of Heads, by A. LENOIR, far finer than his finished works. Also we have work of SIR COURTIS LINDSAY and of Lady LINDSAY—fine enough to account for the taste that has dictated this great gallery, which will also be a lasting credit to Mr. SAMS, the architect, who has in a few months completed such a wonderful structure. Italian Renaissance in style, replete with gorgeous decoration. At first we almost feared for the pictures, but own the works generally are so strong that they don't suffer as might be expected; and, doubtless, with a London atmosphere, the crudities belonging to "newness" will soon be toned down. It is impossible here to do justice to the enterprise, but most heartily do we wish it that success it deserves, and we think it is sure to have.

A. SLOPER, WAR CORRESPONDENT.

(Address, "Seat of War, or Elsewhere." Better put "Elsewhere," perhaps.)



2. "Going out as Judy's Special Old Man!" shrieked the ONLY JONES: "we'll see you into the train!" "Th-a-a-nk you," murmured A. SLOPER.



1. Allegorical Design.

FULLY SLOPER giving the British Lion a Back.



3. At the "Cheese," A. SLOPER shed tears. Other eminent *littérateurs* contributed a trifle in the way of chop bones and cold melted butter to help him on the way.



Testimonials to A. SLOPER from Admiring Friends.
"Glad it ain't warm weather," said the Office Boy.



5. View of A. SLOPER's door when the Taxes called

THE LOOSE SCREW:

A Lay of the Present Time, by Antiquus Fogeyus.

THERE'S something wrong with everything—
Or so it seems to me;
For not a thing the seasons bring
Is as it used to be.
Perhaps the times are out of joint,
Such contrasts round us throng;
Which, like direction-posts, all point
To something somehow wrong.

Time was, of money I had less,
But it would purchase more:
A pound just now, I do profess,
Is not as pounds of yore.
The balance may go up again—
Things right themselves are long;
But with our money now, 'tis plain
There's something somehow wrong.

The Spring once more should have begun:
This is the month of May;
But, balmy air, and genial sun,
Come, tell me, where are they?
North-easters nearly out one through,
They blow so cold and strong!
It strikes me, with the weather too
There's something somehow wrong.

Time was, when nations went to war
(For that is nothing new)
Who had a cause worth fighting for—
The right, the brave, the true!

The Russ now leads, with pious leer,
His savage hordes along
A path wherein he'll meet, I fear,
With something somehow wrong.
Time was, when planets, suns, and stars,
Unnoticed went their round;
We now scale Jupiter and Mars,
And weigh them, to a pound!
We're taught, to such-like globes of flame
Our planet does belong:
Let's hope—for that's a "burning" shame—
There's something somehow wrong!
There's something wrong with everything,
Whate'er the cause may be;
Yet nought the fleeting moments bring
Explains the mystery.
Perhaps the world has slipped aside—
But I must end my song.
By no one can it be denied
There's something somehow wrong.

A CHANCE.—"Dr." SLADE's lawyer has got back the table from Bow Street. Why did not the Dr. call himself? They would have given him a chair too—perhaps.

RUSSIAN Conveyances—Outside Kara.

MUSIC of the Future—Operations of a military nature.

WHEN may babies be said to be literally living from hand to mouth?—When they are sucking their thumbs.

NASTY Work—Stirring up Greece.

MOTTO for HOBART PASHA—"Fortiter occupa Portum": Stick to the Port(e).

MUSIC of the Past—The European concert.

GENERAL Attitude of Russia—An attitude of lying.

WHAT to expect at the Seat of War—No camp-stools, but a gallant stand.

THE LAST ROYAL ACADEMY ROMANCE.

LETTER 1.)—From Miss FLORINDA SHOOKS to a BOBOM FRIEND.

*Angelica Cottage, Paradise Road, Clapham,
Monday Eve, May 7th, 1877.*

RALPH. —How ever shall I find words eloquent enough to
 describe to you the *thrillingly delightful* and charmingly *romantic* Appear-
 ings of which your FLORINDA was this very morning the heroine! I
 know a *real live romantic duct* of an Artist has ever been, as you
 are aware, the ambition of your FLORINDA's life; but to—Ah! what
 shall I ever write the sweet Confession!—but to: love and be
 loved by such an One—Oh, KITTY! oh! oh! oh!..... But now I
 tell you all about it. It all came to pass in this way. My pet treat
 the whole year, as you know, is going to the Royal Academy on the
 next Day—the Opening one, you know—because on that day I see *all the*
our Artists there! What a

Ever, darlingest KITTY, your most lovingest

FLORIDA.

(LETTER 2).—From PLANTAGENET FASTBOY, Esq., to a FRIEND.

Rally Club, S. W.

Monday, 7th May, 1877.

DEAR JACK,—Such a first-class lark I had to-day, you've no notion—
 A1, and no blooming error. *Now* *reasonable* idea of mine, quite. This is it :—Get up yourself as Artist—velvet coat, wideawake hat, short pipe,
 end of brush sticking out of pocket, and so on. Go to R. Academy with
 fly pal; and pose before popular picture as painter of same. Pass your
 opinion on rest of pictures—pooh-pooh everything, and so on. Was doing

this plant before No. 3,008, and got into talk with jolly pretty girl, reg'lar gone on Art. Also on Yours ever Truly, I do believe. Ha, ha! Said I should be there to-morrow, and am sure she'll turn up. Come, then, and see the triumph, at 1.30 P.M., in front of No. 3,008, of Thine ever,

PLANTAGENET FASTBOY.

(LETTER 3.)

From CLAUDE VELASQUEZ MURILLO DAWBE, Esq., to a FRIEND.

Gamboge Villa, St. John's Wood,

Monday Evening, 7th May.

MY DEAR SMITH,—I take up my pen to tell you of a most extraordinary episode which has just occurred in the hitherto prosaic and blameless existence (ask Mrs. D. if you don't believe me) of yours truly. The enclosed letter has just come to me by post, and imagine, my dear fellow, the sniff of suspicion with which Mrs. D. handed me this little

[ENCLOSURE.]

DEAREST MR. DAWB, — I cannot, ah, no, I cannot resist the promptings of my fond, foolish heart (Down, little flutterer, down!). *I will be in front of your grandly poetical picture, "The Wounded Knight," at 1.30 P.M. precisely, to-morrow (Tuesday).* Do not, oh, do not fail your

ARDENT ADMIRER.

P.S.—Ah me, what could
a Being of your grandly
Ideal Soul—that poetically
steeped Mind—see in *poor
little Me* ! But I know, I feel,
I have met my Ideal—my
Fate—at last !

Now I adjure you, SMITH, to save me! Be "in front" of 3,003 at the time this fearful person mentions, and put it to her *strongly* about my being *already* married, and so forth. For just imagine, when she don't find me, her cabbing it straight on up *here*, and going on like that before Mrs. D. ! Oh, Good Gracious! Fancy me, too, a "Being with a Grandly Ideal." &c. ! when every-

body knows I'm only doing the "Sentimental Potboiler" line just now because "the trade" fancies it! Yours as ever, C. V. M. DAWSON.

VOLUME XX, of "JUDY,"

*Now Ready, Handsomely Bound in Red Cloth, Gilt Letters
and Edges, price Eight Shillings.*

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ANOTHER FROM SCOTLAND.

Lady (who has advertised for an Experienced Cook). WELL, WHAT CAN YOU DO?
Cook. WELL, I CAN MAK' TEA, AND PORRIDGE, WHILES!



PLEASANT ALL ROUND.

TOMKINS, who is immensely proud of the nag he bestrides, and the way he bestrides him, is on the point of meeting a fair equestrian, whose admiration he is most anxious to gain, when he is rushed at by an infuriated poodle; to show his agility, he aims a cut at the poodle with his whip, which is received with frantic howls.

Old Lady (owner of pet, in hot pursuit). HI! STOP HIM, HOLD HIM, SOMEBODY. OH, THE WRETCH!

Cheeky Fisher Lad (taking up the cry). HI! STOP HIM THERE, STOP HIM; HE'S BIN AND STOLE A BATHIN' MACHINE 'OSS!

[And THE OWN believed it to be true.]

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

So far as this country is concerned, the Eastern Question is the Suez Canal. At one time it might have been anything else. The moment M. DE LESSERS realized his great scheme of uniting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea and the Indian waters, England's interest became centred in Egypt. The control of the new water-way now means the control of our road to India. To talk, then, as some of our statesmen talk, of "taking steps," in concert with the other great Powers, to neutralize the Canal, is to suggest that, in time of war, our ships should be prevented from making use of the Canal for the purpose of sending the ordinary relief to and from India. Our Government, I am glad to find, are "taking steps" in another direction. According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, they are prepared "to protect the navigation of the Canal."

This is re-assuring. Still the Canal is liable at any moment to be our difficulty.

Suppose the Khedive were to send to the Porte the 30,000 troops he is bound by firman to send, it would surprise nobody if the Czar sent a few ironclads to blockade the Egyptian coast. What then would happen? At the shortest notice the Russian

commander in Roumania ordered off from Galatz all the foreign ships in port—and Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and English disappeared. Shall it ever come to this at Port Said or Alexandria?

This is the question that has shortly to be answered.

Mr. GLADSTONE's "Resolutions" did not furnish an answer. Their production, however, presented the Ministry with additional opportunities for giving the answer the country expected them to give. The navigation of the Suez Canal must be free to our ships of war, whatever else may happen.

I suppose, by the time these lines are read, it will be generally known that the "friendly neutrality" promised Russia by Germany and Austria is sincere. The Northern Emperor, in return, has given assurance that he will make no territorial conquest—in Europe. How about Asia? What do Austria and Germany care? They want nothing to do with Asia, and will not be even chagrined if Russia recoups herself in that quarter. Nay, more—they expect her to do so.

Are we, who years ago were earnestly longing to hear of the relief of Kars, prepared to see Russia proceed in that direction? I think not.

Q.

CADBURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

LIEBIG'S
LIQUID
EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and equalling in flavour the finest port. This, the essence of nourishment, will fortify the feeblest, and is a stimulant to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

LIEBIG'S
TONIC
WINE.

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a beverage of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its reinvigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.

EXTRACTS FROM NOVELS, No. 8.—TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.



1. "My poor WILLIE," said KATE, laying her hand on his shoulder, "I promised my late parents that I would marry no one possessing less than £10,000; we are both young, and in a few years you will be—"



2. "Alas!" he said, bitterly; "you seem farther from me than ever. My salary is but £150, with £10 per annum rise; Oh! oh!" and he wiped the anguish that had distilled itself into cold beads of perspiration from his manly brow.....



3. And while Sir PONSBY poured out burning words of love into KATE's ear, did her thoughts wander to her old love WILLIE. Could he be dead, or was he toiling for wealth on the burning diamond fields of the Cannist's home?



4. Sir PONSBY bestowed great care on his toilette. KATE was to stay the week before their marriage in his lordly mansion. Already he could hear the wheels of the carriage sent to meet her crunching along the drive.....



5. Sir PONSBY seized his revolver and a cutlass, and opened the door, and there stood KATE. "Thieves are in the house, down below!" she said hurriedly. "Coward!—give me your arms!" and she thrust him back into his room, and turned the key.....



6. The Burglar had not perceived her—she had raised the revolver, and was about to pull the trigger, when he turned round, his mask fell off, and disclosed the face of WILLIE.



7. "And," he went on, "seeing no other way of raising the £10,000, I took to this life. I had already possessed myself of £9,999 15s. 6d., and wanted but 5s. to complete the amount."—"And all this you did for me," she whispered, "dear WILLIE!"



8. "But, WILLIE, my honest heart tells me that you must not take this away," and she pointed to the "swag," neatly tied up in a cotton handkerchief ready for removal. "Let me but retain this one silver spoon," he whispered back, "and that will make up the £10,000.".....



9. And as they stood watching the little babe sleeping sweetly in its crib, wonderest thou, dear reader, if the thought occurred to him of the many crises he had craved, for this end?

RAGBAG RECORDS—MOSTLY TRUE.

No. 1.—That Soldier's Watch.

THE Salamander was cooling rapidly.

The Salamander, in its early youth, had been very hot for everybody but its proprietor. Now that the Salamander itself was cooling, the public had begun to make it rather warmish for the proprietor.

The proprietor fell into a habit about this time of not turning up very much, and more particularly not on pay day, when the contributors (the Salamander was a high-class six-

penny satirical journal) hovered around the office, and went away in detachments for fluid, leaving one or two to watch.

As a rule, it so fell out, that did the proprietor turn up at all, he turned up when the one or two left to watch had themselves stepped round a corner for just half a moment, thinking it would not matter, whereupon the proprietor carried off his letters and beat a retreat with amazing rapidity.

Then gnashing of teeth set in, and vows were registered round other corners all the rest of the afternoon.

At a time when only the two serial writers remained faithful to the good cause, the proprietor having ingeniously proved to them that they had better go on writing for nothing than dry up at chapters 6 and 8, if only for the sake of their own reputations, Hope dawned upon the Salamander—a great and noble creature brought in capital.

The news spread like wild fire. We all rallied round. The proprietor was forgiven the past, and stood drinks, to, for further particulars. We settled the whole business before the day was out. Dear old JACK was to be Editor; dear old TOM was to start a new serial. The two now running must be wound up in the next number, or never finished at all. "Nobody will ever notice it," said little JOE. "I don't know, though," said dear old WILLIAM, who is of a more practical turn; "it would look bad, wouldn't it, when the volume is bound up?"

This blending of the extreme practical with the excessive sanguine was too much for us all, and we screamed with one accord, and slapped WILLIAM on the back till he choked.

One thing we settled, though, before we left the "Parmesan" (the place of entertainment where the conference was held),



was, that the present proprietor wasn't in it, and must be allowed to subside quietly. We, however, resolved for the present to nod to him as usual when we met him, but not to stand him any more drinks.

When the man with the money came on the scene, there was a certain air of command about him that was impressive, yet, somehow, unsatisfactory. Dear old JACK sat himself down on the counter smoking his pipe, and told the new man exactly what we meant to do, and the new man did not say much, only he kept on brushing up the ashes JACK dropped, and when JACK reached his final full stop, said, "I beg your pardon, Mister, I don't like smoking in my shop. It don't look business-like."

It took the staff a day or two before they got quite to understand the new man, and, even then, we didn't feel any more comfortable; but the day of reckoning was close at hand.

It was a blow, at first, to find out that the money that was to be brought in was not going to be applied to the liquidation of arrears of salary, and that future contributions were to be paid for on a reduced scale. "But then the money is sure," said dear old WILLIAM, who was wrong again in the long run, of course.

When, one day, the capitalist brought JACK a large sheet of MS. to touch up a bit, and JACK read it over to us, we were badly shaken. Briefly, it was to the effect that £100 worth of jewellery might be raffled for by the purchasers of six consecutive numbers of the *Salamander*, on the production of six coupons out from the numbers themselves, as a guarantee that they had been purchased. The list of jewellery followed.

You should have seen the sneer upon dear old JACK's noble countenance when he read this precious affair, and you should have seen ours too when, next week, the sale, hitherto uninfluenced by our united genius, doubled right off, and then doubled again next week.

At the end of the six weeks the coupons were called in, and, if the truth must be owned, each member of the staff secretly sent in his six, with an artful alias, hoping he might be in the swim. The rest of the people who sent, we may suppose, sent genuine addresses—and then came another blow.

"There won't be any real raffling, of course?" said the moneyed man, in explanation. "That would do me no good. No; we look over the addresses, and when we come on a good man, who is likely to talk—this private in the Guards, for instance—we shall just send him one of these magnificent silver watches."

That was the way it was done. That private, for instance, got a watch. A week afterwards he called with it at the office.

"You advertised this as a silver watch," said he, "and it's only plated."

Said the moneyed man, "It's middling cheap at sixpence, ain't it?"

"That's not the point," said the private. "You induced me to take in your paper—which I could not read—for the sake of

getting a silver watch, and if you don't give me a silver watch, I'll summon you before the magistrate in Bow Street for obtaining money under false pretences."

People ask even yet why the *Salamander* dried up so suddenly. There are people who are always "wanting to know, you know."

USEFUL HINTS

For the guidance of French Countesses and other Members of Foreign Nobility who may in future honour perfidious Albion with their Confidence.

1. The *lor Maire* is the head of the State.

2. Next in rank to the *lor Maire* is Sir TEECHBORNE, who does not at present reside in Town. When he does so, it is at his Pavilion in Teechborne Street.

3. The *Englishman* is our leading journal. It is edited by a Mr. SULIVAN.

4. The next in rank is the *Sport*. The *Time* and the *Telegram* are also good mediums for investors.

5. Strangers who accost you in the street are always trustworthy persons, and you may trust any one of them with your watch or purse.

6. Notes issued by the Bank of Elegance are every bit as good as those from the Bank of England.

7. It is an error to suppose that there are no sworn bookmakers. They are generally sworn at so much per head. Some of them are sworn at a good deal.

8. The English language is not worth learning. There are waiters at all the respectable restaurants near Lecessitaire Squar, who talk French quite well enough.

9. Lecessitaire Squar is in Lecessitaire. Book from Moorgate Street or Saint Pancras.

ARTISTIC.

Lady. AND PUT JUST A TINT OF CARMINE ON THE CHEEKS—BUT NOT TOO MUCH, YOU KNOW.

Photographer. EXACTLY, MADAM, I PERFECTLY UNDERSTAND; ABOUT AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE ON NOW?



THE RIGHT PLACE.

The London School Board is really doing a good deal—of borrowing. Its liabilities at the end of the half year ending the 29th of September last year,

were 2½ millions, or over a million in excess of those of the corresponding half year, and, according to the last reports, it has nearly settled how we shall spell. There was a patriot once who was willing "to spend and be spent in the service of his country." The London School Board would have suited him to a T.

PECCAVI!

Oh you dear old returning-rather-late-in-the-day yet ever welcome prodigal son Man P., that tribute to the worth of your J., was noble of you! Nay, even more so—in some respects!! Receive my full pardon henceforth, and remember me most kindly to all your clever young ladies and gentlemen.

Yours fondly forgoingly, JUDY.

P.S.—My circulation is splendid, and yours, you dear Man, is, I feel sure, as good as ever.

P.S. No. 2.—I'm almost always at home in the afternoon.



COMING TO AN



UNDERSTANDING.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

THE WAY WE LIVE Now.—Popular address to a cold Spring, specially adapted to the present weather—Hail, vernal season! (and hail it does, accordingly.)

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.—Within the present month land in the Poultry has been let on building lease at £1 per square foot per annum; and, since then, some vacant land in Moorgate Street, almost on the borders of the City, fetched 8s. per square foot. If the Saxon King who declared that all he would give to a threatening invader was six feet of English soil (enough to bury him in), had lived in these days, he would probably have hesitated. At any rate, when HAROLD HARDRADA selected the plot, he would have kept clear of what is termed—a little ironically—Cheap-side.

A RARA AVIS—A distinguished man who has not had his portrait published in a weekly paper.

A MODEST OFFER.—SIR WILFRID LAWSON has been distinguishing himself again. At a meeting on the Permissive Bill, recently held in Colchester, he remarked upon the fact that exception had been taken in some quarters to the annual dinner of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum. He saw no objection to that whatever. The licensed victuallers required asylums, and he would preside himself if invited, provided that he were allowed to make his own speech. According to the last reports, Sir WILFRID was still at large.

FROM EXETER HALL.—In regard to public assemblages, things are very different in Paris to what they are in London—even under the present enlightened administration of the French capital. Father HYACINTHE is allowed to lecture there; but religious subjects are forbidden to him; while in London clergymen of all denominations may meet without hindrance.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—According to the *Quarterly Review*, the word "Protocol" comes from two Greek words—*protos*, first, and *kolla*, glue. The last of the two halves of the derivation so neatly expresses what the Russians intend to do if they can, and the glue seems to show so unmistakably what they intend to



MIGHT HAVE BEEN AWKWARD.

Amicable Elderly Gentleman. AND HOW ARE YOU, MY DEAR MADAM? I DECLARE YOU GROW YOUNGER AND YOUNGER EVERY DAY! AND HOW ARE ALL THE FAMILY?

[The poor old dear doesn't see as well as he used to do, and he is taking the Eldest Daughter for her Maumie. As he leaves it, though, she doesn't quite understand, and he never knows.]

'stick to" when it is *kolla*-ed, that a more appropriate name for a Russian manifesto could not be found anywhere.

THE LATEST FAILURE—MR. GLADSTONE'S resolutions.

SLANDERING THE NATIONAL BARD.—In a remarkable address on SHAKESPEARE just delivered by a distinguished savant and littérateur, it was maintained that evidence had recently been discovered to show that SHAKESPEARE, who has so often denounced strong drink, himself fell a victim to it, and died prematurely of a fever brought on by drinking. This is a novel accusation. It is rather hard that a great genius cannot "hold the mirror up to nature" without being accused of taking a glass too much.

THINGS THAT WILL HAPPEN SOME OF THESE DAYS.

MR. GLADSTONE will propose something which is not hopelessly impracticable.

The *Daily News* will say its last word about Bulgarian atrocities.

Three Liberal politicians will be found who actually agree about something.

Acquaintances will be able to pass one another in the street without saying, "Fine day, isn't it?"

The wind will not be either north-by-east nor east-by-north. Young females of the working class will prefer prosperity "in service" to semi-starvation in freedom. Room will be found in a railway carriage on a Bank Holiday. The Russian Emperor—But no—he never will take Constantinople!

PROVERBS REFUTED.

"Set a Thief to catch a Thief."

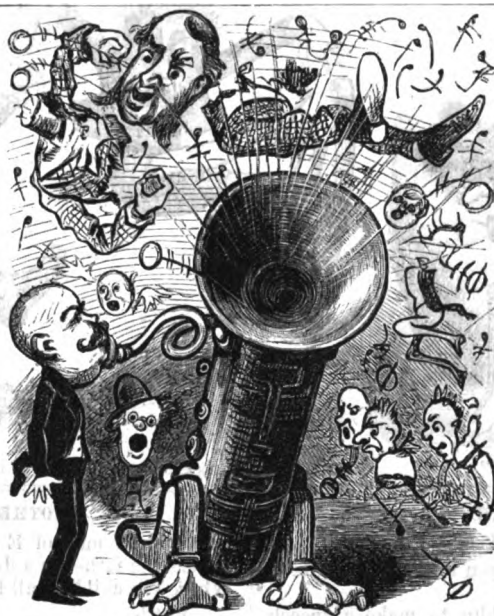
SET a thief to catch a thief—He would be a fool Who should act on this belief, Making it his rule.

One thief at a time, you know, Is enough for choice; Should a second for you go, Less cause to rejoice.

Thief the first has stol'n your watch, "P'lice!" you cry in vain; Comes the second, first to catch—Catches—yes, your chain!

Bear the proverb well in mind, It is good—for naught; And I rather think you'll find You're the party caught!

VERY like a Whale—The captured serpent.



HOCH!

Suggestion for an Instrument by which to produce the Music of the Future. Quite at the disposal of Herr WAGNER

CUTTING, BUT TRUE.



McNAB (en route to his Uncl's Funeral) takes a short cut through the Muckle Laird's Ilk.



But is ordered back by the worthy Laird himself.



"Tak' that, and mind yer ain business!" (Delight of Muckle Laird).



Exit McNAB with booty.



The Laird preparing for a little revenge.



Chase begins.



Getting near.



Too near to be pleasant.



"A'ill cut his lug this time!"



The Laird takes the short cut back to his Ilk.



Hooray!!!

IRISH COMPLIMENTS.

Scene—Parliament Street. Two Home Rule M.P.'s meeting.

1st Home Ruler. Hullo! Haven't seen you in the House lately. Where have you been?

2nd Home Ruler. Oh, I've been to Dublin, to make a speech for them.

1st H. R. Have you? I'm glad of it, me boy. I always did hate those Dublin fellows!

ANOTHER HOME OF ENGLAND.

Ye squalid homes of England, so desolate and cold,
Where the father is a drunkard, and the mother is a scold;
Where the children all look wan and aged, and have no childish ways,

For the grip of cruel hunger seized on their infant days;
Where no kiss and fond caresses await the baby that is born;
It is not wanted in that house, so wretched and forlorn!

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN. (Being Easy Essays with an Easier Moral.)

SIN THE SECOND.—"THE DOLL, OR PLAYTHING."

Is there, I ask dispassionately, is there in this Wicked World anything more truly delightful to look back to than Childhood's Happy Days? Surely not! Is there one single solitary sight here below to be witnessed comparable to that sweet Innocence which Childhood presents to our entranced view? Nay, surely, nay! Why, even *you*, *you*, too, my now beautifully "got-up," and "artistically" made-up, "Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE," when, short-frocked and much befrilled, you dandled your first Doll in the nursery, were even almost refreshing in your primitive unknowingness! Alas, oh, alas! why should Frivolity be the natural outcome of flounciness, and Woman's Sin be tacked on with her skirts!

Once upon a time, then, before—many years before—you, my dear young lady, had been presented by a fond mamma with your first Doll, or been promoted to the dignity of short frocks, there lived two little girls whom I will call, severally, SARAH SNOOKS, and BLANCHE BROOKS. In those days I was on visiting terms with these two little girls' mammas, and, as is the way with fond mammas, at every visit was I entertained with a full disquisition on the extraordinary merits of each paragon; the disquisition, also, generally ended in my being carried off to "the schoolroom" for a peep at the paragon.

It was on these occasions, that I found SARAH SNOOKS to be a child of a peculiarly sweet, gentle, and loving disposition, and she invariably treated her Doll, as such; never, indeed, in the history of Dolls, was one treated with greater consideration, or had a tenderer care and solicitude lavished upon it, than that which was nursed in the soft arms of SARAH SNOOKS.

On the other hand, BLANCHE BROOKS was a child possessing a precocious heartlessness far beyond her years, and having the bump of destructiveness developed to a size perfectly appalling. She treated her Dolls in a manner bordering on the brutal, and, even in that tender stage of a short-frocked existence, showed no more consideration for the feelings of her plaything of the hour than if she had been a grown-up, full-fledged Flirt in long skirts, and her second season.

Well do I recollect on one occasion being the horrified spectator of an act of heartless cruelty perpetrated by her on her Doll of the moment, so barbarous as to call forth my indignant protest.

"If you treat your poor Doll like that," I cried, "you will break his heart, and he will die. Leave him alone, naughty little girl."

"Shan't!" screamed the sweet child. "Shall do what I like; he belongs to me. Look, he is dead!" and she showed me the poor thing with the mechanism, which was the means of its eyes opening and shutting, its legs and arms moving, and so forth, quite broken. "Pahaw!" she continued, throwing the mutilated

plaything away with heartless contempt, "BLANCHE don't care; BLANCHE get 'nother Doll 'morrow—nice handsome new one."

In those days I used to muse much upon what would be the future fate of SARAH SNOOKS and BLANCHE BROOKS. "Surely," I said, "surely that good girl SARAH will meet with her reward; so sweet a disposition as hers *must* and *will* secure her a truly happy home—a really excellent husband! But, for this selfish, cruel, heartless little imp, BLANCHE, what, indeed, can *she* expect in after years but an avenging Nemesis—a career of retributive Justice—a bad marriage!"

'Tis but a very small world, after all, is this world, which, to some of us, seems so great a wilderness, wherein we wander alone—uncared for, unknown; and in the crowd sometimes come we upon faces that seem to us, somehow, strangely familiar, that

speak to us dumbly—mournful Ghosts, fleeting Spectres of the Dead and Gone.

When, one day, I beheld a white face peering out at me from the passing crowd with eyes that I had known once bright with Life and its promise, now dim, faded, almost piteous in their very hopelessness, I knew that I saw but the Spectre of what was once an old College friend, young then, prosperous, and with all the world at his feet. What, I asked, had wrought this wreck? Was it ill-health, bad luck, gambling, the Demon Drink? It was none of these.....It was only a Woman; but she had first played with, and then broken, his heart. That was all....."And the Woman!"

He laughed a bitter laugh. "Don't you know?" he said. "She told me she knew you years ago. Don't you recollect little SARAH of the Lowndes-Street schoolroom, afterwards the belle of four London seasons, and then notorious as *La Diva*, now the all-envied, beautiful wife of the wealthy Sir JOHN CECILUS?"

And then he faded away in the crowd, and I saw him no more.

"But your daughter, my old young friend, pretty little BLANCHE?" I inquired, meeting worthy Mrs. BROOKS accidentally one day at the Academy, after many years.

The dear old lady wiped away a tear. "She is too good for this world," she sobbed; "she was, even as a child; she is too considerate, too kind to that husband of hers, poor lamb, and—and the brute takes advantage of it!"

Does any Moral adorn these simple Tales? *Que sais-je!* Perhaps, *you*, kind reader, will supply it?

"ALL THE WAY, ONE SHILLING."

See Further Announcements.

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WILD BEASTIES AT LARGE.

May Visitor. OH, IF YOU PLEASE, ARE YOU A "WHITE LION"?

Small-sized Conductor (put on for the day). NO, MISS, I'M ON'Y A "HELEPHANT"!

"Q"

IN THE CORNER.

FROM whom Mr. CARLYLE derived "the accurate knowledge" which enabled him to publish "the indisputable fact" that the Government were last week about to stultify themselves by their action in the Eastern Question, it is impossible for me to say. Whether it came from the Chinese Envoy, or the toll-keeper on old Battersea Bridge, or Herr WAGNER, the musician of the future, the information was certainly startling. A conflagration was to be brought about—all through that wicked personage Lord BEACONSFIELD, who, according to Mr. CARLYLE's informant, exercises a sort of blood-and-iron sway in the Cabinet. Is it not wonderful how everybody knows what passes in the Cabinet? The *Daily News* newspaper, perhaps, knows the most. It knows that "the good sense and moderation of a section of the Cabinet, including three of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State," are in conflict with the "rasher and more unscrupulous." Of course the three Secretaries are rash and unscrupulous, but the rest of their colleagues are "rasher and more unscrupulous." This information is as start-



1. Triumphant Procession of ALLY SLOPER, Esquire, on his way to the Boulogne Boat en route for the Seat of War. In the general enthusiasm, it was not observed that the bottom of the chair had come out.



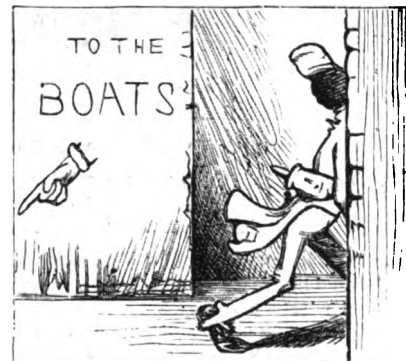
2. A friend of Moose's, hearing SLOPER talk about purchasing a Suit of Mail, as a protection against cannon balls, tries to get him on to buy a Shell Jacket.



3. Captain B. would n't take a hundred for advertising some PILLS. A. SLOPER offers to take anything with respect to some other PILLS but the PILLS themselves.



4. You have heard about that Fur Coat. SLOPER hopes to get hold of it next. This is how it will fit him.



5. The Question of the Day: Was SLOPER seen off, or wasn't he?

ling as that contained in Mr. CARLYLE's letter. Still there is more startling information. "Between the appearance of Mr. CARLYLE's letter, on Saturday morning, and the speech delivered by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, on Saturday night, there was a Cabinet Council, on the determination of which the letter is understood to have had the effect intended."

The members of the Cabinet declare that they had sympathy with the sufferings of the Christians in Bulgaria. Their political opponents persistently, in front of this denial, maintain that the Cabinet rather liked the proceedings last autumn. The members of the Cabinet declare, as often as they decently can, that they are united. Their political opponents insist that they are hopelessly divided. In any other business but politics, I should know how to characterize this sort of conduct.

I hope the Liberal benches now understand, as Russia understands, what the Government means by British interests. The Suez Canal, the Dardanelles, the city named Constantinople, are, according to Mr. CAWSE, the "interests" which Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Cabinet mean to maintain. Q.

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PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL (OERULEAN)

Benevolent Clergyman to Jo. WHY ARE YOU STANDING THERE, LITTLE MAN? *Jo.* 'CAUSE I'VE NOWHERES TO GO TO."

Clergyman. WHERE ARE YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER?

Jo. DUNNO! GONE AWAY, THIS EVER SO LONG!

Clergyman. POOR LITTLE FELLOW! WELL, WELL, CAN YOU ANSWER ME THIS QUESTION? WHEN YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER FORSAKE YOU, WHO IS IT THAT WILL TAKE YOU UP? *Jo.* THE FREEHOLDER!

GLADSTONE'S HUMILIATION.

"Resolutions are like pie-crust, made to be broken."

THE incidents connected with Mr. GLADSTONE's "change of front" respecting his abortive resolutions, have formed the staple of club talk during the last fortnight. When the member for Greenwich gave notice of the resolutions, he ostentatiously announced that he was acting in the matter independently of party considerations; and, as if this were not enough, he wrote a letter, which found its way, as usual, into the newspapers, asserting his determination to proceed with his resolutions, in defiance of "parties and coteries." Thus far the member for Greenwich had it all his own way, and the "Liberals below the gangway," as the newspapers have it, went about rubbing their hands gleefully and exclaiming, "Ah, this is a true man; no finching on his part!"

Alas, short-lived joy! Lord HARTINGTON had submitted to many previous affronts from his insubordinate follower, but this open defiance was more than could be borne, and, accordingly, an intimation was conveyed to the member for Greenwich that he must withdraw his third and fourth resolutions, which were the only ones the gentlemen below the gangway attached any importance to. Here, as Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER would have said, was a very pretty quarrel, and one cannot help sharing the contempt with which that chivalrous Hibernian would have regarded the ignoble retreat of one of the parties to the strife.

At first, Mr. GLADSTONE took a high tone: was he—the "true man," who would not "finch"—was his course to be dictated by a "West-end" Lord? No! a hundred such should not prevent him from moving his resolutions. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, soon found that Lord HARTINGTON was not to be frightened by big words; he is a man of courage, not of bluster, and so it happened that the member for Greenwich soon became aware, like BOB ACORN, that his courage was "oozing out at the palms of his hands," and at last he surrendered at discretion, by abandoning his third and fourth resolutions, as Lord HARTINGTON insisted on his doing.

Then, finally, after all his vapouring, was the Right Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE obliged to swallow the leek in presence of the assembled Commons of England; nay, the unhappy man was compelled to go through the process of deglutition over and over again, for the Liberals seemed to take a malignant pleasure in tormenting him by questions after he had, as he plaintively observed, "answered them two or three times already."

Never was humiliation more complete.

THE LATEST NEWS.

By One who has Bought his Experience.



I'M a clerk in the city by day,
I always come home to tea;
And a paper I buy by the way,
The "latest war news" to see.

The *Globe* says that one side has won,
The *Standard* says another;

The *Echo* says that nothing's done,
Which puzzles me and mother.

It doesn't much matter to me,
Not much more than to many:
Though still I come home to tea—
Dash it, I'll save my penny!

"SERPENTINE" SENTIMENT.

An Idyll (of the Period).

SCENE—"The Ladies' Mile." TIME—One P.M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—The usual "During-the-Season" throng, which, the day being warm and sunny, is "the same, only more so, than usual." Mr. SPOONBILL "Up, 'on leave,' from Aldershot," who has promenade twice "there and back again," i.e., the whole length, in search of a vacant chair, is on the point of making up his mind to "cut it," and "make twacks for 'The Wag,' and a chop," when he catches sight of a chair, which has been just vacated by an unmistakable Mamma, and "makes twacks" for that. Double triumph and delight of gallant officer on securing chair, and discovering in Young Lady Occupant of that next him one of his "own particular" friends.

MR. SPOONBILL (to Y. L. O. of next chair, whilst, from old experience of Park "chairs," testing safety of his conquest prior to trusting his gallant form to same). This—aw—Miss WOBINSON, quite—aw—unexpected pleashaw—(aside) Jove, now, I do wonder if it will bear—?

MISS ROBINSON (who has, in that short minute, rapidly run over Mr. SPOONBILL's "pros and cons" as "an eligible," recollecting exactly "how far" he went at the Woolwich ball; remembering that her "bosom friend, ALICE JONES," had "made up her mind to marry that dear Mr. SPOONBILL who admired her so," and not forgetting that, although he was "only the second son," it was "a well-known fact that his elder brother GEORGE was in a rapid decline," settles in her own mind that she will "do it"; looking up and sweetly). You need not be afraid, Mr. SPOONBILL, it bore Mamma very well—she has just gone for a turn with old Lady GRUMPH—so I'm sure it'll stand you.

MR. S. (subsiding into chair gracefully). Thanks. And now, Miss WOBINSON, how are you—blooming, as usual?

MISS R. Ah, Mr. SPOONBILL, you always are so kind; but really, considering we had four big dinners last week, two balls, three afternoon hops, a brace of ditto concerts, and a couple of operas, besides all one's calling and shopping, and any amount of this sort of thing (flashing one mischievous look upon him), I don't think I'm looking so bad. But now tell me all about yourself; what have you been doing this age (with discreetly stifled sigh), since that time, you know?

MR. S. (a little jealous, much flattered, moving his chair a whole inch nearer, and tenderly). Would you weally care to know? Well, usual sort thing, y' know—breakfast; then cigah; then pa-wade and dust; then B.-and-S.; then cigah; then lunch; then cigah; then B.-and-S.; then afternoon call; then DIN-NAH! then, of course, cigah; then B.-and-S.; then by-bye.

MISS R. (aside). He really seems as if he might be brought to do it now. I should like to be quite certain about the brother, though. (Aloud, and with much solicitude). And—pray forgive me such forgetfulness—how is your poor brother? I heard such a bad account of him.

MR. S. (solemnly). Bad, wegwet to say; doosid. Afraid it's nearly all U P. poor old fellah!

MISS R. (aside, behind fan). Good! He shall do it. (Aloud, with much feeling). Oh, I am so sorry, poor fellow! Ah, Mr. SPOONBILL, we are here to-day, and gone—ahem!—Dear me, how sorry Mamma will be, too! (Aside). And there she is coming! I must strike at once. (Aloud, and turning her fine eyes "full on" him for a moment, then dropping them in pretty confusion as they encountered his, and softly). I quite thought you were going to cut me this afternoon. (Pause; then another look, then same business as before; then more softly). I saw you ever so far off!

MR. S. (moving chair another inch nearer, and more tenderly).

Cut you! Cut you, Miss WOBINSON! Gwacious! What wubbish! Why, 'shaw you, I've been thinking of you ev-vah since that time, you know. Couldn't get you out of my head, and (gallantly)—aw—didn't want to, BY JOVE!

MISS R. (aloud; very softly). Really? (Aside). I do believe he's on my new train. (Aloud, after pause of effect). Do you really, really mean that, Mr. SPOONBILL?

MR. S. (energetically). 'Pon honour, I do! Why, Miss WOBINSON, when I caught sight of your—aw—believe me, dear Miss WOBINSON—your nev-vah forgotten, ev-vah wemembered face, in this—aw—desert, among all these oo-wounds of unknown ones, it came upon me quite like—aw—a wegular—aw—what-d'-ye-call-it, y' know, what one comes upon in the desert?

MISS R. (sweetly, and fanning herself—interrogatively). A Camel?

MR. S. (tenderly). Don't—don't chaff a fellah! Besides, y' know, (with sudden inspiration) one don't come, one goes on a Camel—ha, ha! No, you know, y' know—oasis, of course; wewashing, verdant spot, jolly green, and—and all that, y' know.

MISS R. (with intention). Do you take me for being so "verdant," then, Mr. SPOONBILL?

MR. S. (rising to the bait with alarm, as intended). No, no, no! Pway, Miss WOBINSON, pway now! You—aw—know—aw—you must be—aw—aware of the—aw—gweat wespect, the—aw—

MISS R. (seeing "Mamma" bearing down on them, shuts up fan with quick dexterous action, turns her eyes "full on" him, suddenly; then, very softly). Then what do you take me for?

MR. S. (losing his eyes in hers, and his head at the same time; rapidly, and in a whisper). Dear, Miss WOBINSON—CLA-WA, I—aw—I well know for what I should like to take you!

MISS R. (turning "well down" eyes at once, opening and shutting fan in charming confusion; then, in almost inaudible whisper). WHAT...?

MR. S. (pulling up his shirt collar, buttoning his coat, then very solemnly and slowly). For.....bett-ah.....for—aw—worse!

MISS R. (as "Mamma" comes up—very sweetly, but with great presence of mind, firmly, and with wonderful decision). Then—ask Mamma!

TABLEAU and—CURTAIN.



A POSER!

Intelligent Daughter. PAPA, I HEARD YOU SAY YESTERDAY, WHEN BABY WAS BORN, THAT YOU WOULD HAVE GIVEN A THOUSAND POUNDS FOR A BOY; AND LOOK THERE, YOU CAN BUY ONE FOR TWENTY-SEVEN SHILLINGS ALL READY DRESSED!



TWO HEADS ARE NOT



WAYS BETTER THAN ONE.

See "Q," p. 60.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.



INTELLECTUAL AMUSEMENT.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has found a rival. A man named TREMONT is coming over to England next month from Paris, with a tame spider which performs as follows:—A handkerchief covers a large glass case. When the man takes off the handkerchief the spectators see the spider motionless, and twelve flies, one on every hour of a dial. Any one of the spectators may name an hour; the man repeats the question to the spider, who immediately rushes to the place indicated, and swallows the unfortunate insect.

The game goes on in the same way till the twelve flies have been devoured—the wonderful spider, it is said, never making a mistake. If something of this kind could be invented

which would dispose of the Home Rulers, what a blessing it would be, to the House of Commons and the country!

FROM THE ACADEMY (with many apologies to Mr. S. DOUGLAS).—A difficult farming operation—"Milking time."

HISTORICAL REPETITION.—It appears from the war telegrams that Russia dates according to the Old Style, which is different from the style usually received by twelve days. But, apart from chronology, the Old Style seems to be very prevalent in Russia. The present Emperor has been led into a declaration of war in precisely the same style as his father, by misunderstanding popular feeling in England, and, most likely, will meet with the same old style of reception. It would be well for the Russians if this old style were one they could manage to get over.

RIISING TALENT.—It is said that a new rank in the Navy, that of "torpedo lieutenant," is to be created. Naval promotion is reported to be very slow, but the individual occupying such a rank would have an exceptional chance of getting a lift up.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE AGAIN.—The Yankee who invented wooden nutmegs and leaden razors must hide his diminished head. There have, it appears, recently arrived in Paris, some curious specimens of artificial pearls, the joint work of the China-

man and the oyster. They are produced in this way:—Into the shell of the oyster the Chinaman introduces little pieces of wood or earth, which keep the unhappy mollusc in a constant state of irritation, and cause a pearly secretion, which ultimately covers the fragments. Often a piece of metal, shaped to resemble the figure of Buddha, is introduced into the shell; and this, by a similar process, is converted into a pearl presenting all the conditions of a presentable relic. One can imagine an almond-eyed Celestial saying, "Oyster no sabbee—me gib him nicey piecy wooddee—oyster great foollee—all same makum hilly pearlee." Truly, the Heathen Chinese is fast getting civilized!

A POPULAR ERROR.—To suppose that the Grove-vener Gallery is on the "shady side of Piccadilly."

A TRIANGULAR AFFAIR.—The grasshopper plague still continues in the United States, and agriculturists are loud in their complaints. A commission has been appointed by Congress to take evidence on the question, and the following is the present state of affairs:—First, the Congressional Commission are gathering grasshopper data. Secondly, the farmers are gathering the grasshoppers. Thirdly, the grasshoppers are gathering the crops. Finally, as they say in the House, the chances are that the grasshoppers will "have it."

OUR DEFENDERS.—The coat of the British soldier is a fair emblem of his military qualities. His "uniform" condition is to be always in red-diness.

FROM THE ALBERT HALL.—Speaking of the WAGNER Festival, a contemporary says that "However coldly the early part of the programme had been received, the latter portion took the audience by storm. The assembled throng fairly hung upon every note." This shows that the audience as well as the composer must have had "a line of their own."

VIRTUE (PROBABLY) REWARDED.—Some one has sent to the papers an account of what he calls "a rather curious example of the honesty of the postal authorities." A friend of his had occasion to send a parcel to a country town, and, having no seal, impressed the wax with a half-sovereign, "which he accidentally left sticking on the wax." The parcel was despatched in this condition, and when it arrived at its destination the coin was found in the same position, a charge being made for sending money by post. The whole thing may be summed up in a word. The coin stuck to the wax, but the postman did not stick to the coin. The writer does not tell us, but of course the poor letter-carrier received 9s. 11d. as a reward for his honesty!

FROM BURLINGTON HOUSE.—It is asserted that one of the contributors to the Royal Academy this year is a policeman. His efforts are said to be all in the nautical line. It is very creditable to the painter that his genius has secured for him so much honour. The artist has elevated the policeman—not the policeman degraded the artist, as seems to be imagined. Besides, did not GAINSBOROUGH paint a "Blue Boy"?



WHAT YOU MAY EXPECT SOME DAY.

Some of you Lordly and Masterly Persons. And serve you quite right, too!—JUDY, dixit.

THE ONLY JONES ON UNDISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

THERE is a good deal of nonsense, it seems to me, talked about amateur actors, and one or two amateur actors have lately caught it, as the saying is, very "hot" indeed.

I am probably the only person alive by the name of JONES who is not quite sure that a certain Mr. LEONARD TOWN'S drama of *Percy* had fair play at the Globe. It is a dead play now, beyond all hope, and there is no chance for it; for him, should he try the boards again, there may be, for I have been told he was not "half bad." I might as well mention, however, that I myself saw neither player nor play. Under these circumstances, you may wonder what on earth I can have to say upon the subject. My purpose in writing is simply to ask for information. To the best of my knowledge I am the only dramatic critic alive of the name of JONES who does not know everything, and that is why I ask.

A recognized theatrical organ said of Mr. TOWN: "He has added a dramatic curiosity to our list. He has given us a funny tragedy. He has made us laugh at human bones and chuckle over charnel-houses. He has invested blood with comicality, and has made murder and suicide things of mirth." The way he has done this would appear to have been, if I follow this critic rightly, to make the hero keep the bones of a murdered victim in a vault or closet—the critic unkindly calls it a cupboard, I presume for the sake of turning it into ridicule—but this alone does not seem to me very much more foolish than the incident in a famous standard stock tragedy called the *Iron Box*, or *Trunk*, or *Chest*, which I recollect to have sat out with some suffering many years ago. What do you say? Mr. TOWN is also accused of soliloquizing too much, and indulging in too long speeches; but this was a common fault with the writers of all the standard stock pieces, was it not? The poor author-actor was also accused of looking like a very bad edition of *Hamlet*, and of wearing top-boots all through the three acts.

Of the other persons who acted in the play, the *Era* said, "They had no voice in the matter. The actor who throws up his part must,

as a rule, throw up his engagement too; and so too often we find our pity excited on behalf of some artist of whose intelligence and ability we have had ample proof, and who is compelled to give utterance to twaddle for which we know in his heart he cherishes nothing but contempt;" but, as a JONES of unusual ignorance, I would rather like to know whether the whole of the profession are, capable of telling twaddle

when they see it, and whether it is not almost, as a rule, quite a toss up whether a thing will go or it won't, and whether a "new creation," as it is called, in the most experienced hands, will be bad or good!

The *Era* goes on: "The amateur author, Heaven knows, is bad enough. The taxes he has imposed upon our patience, and the trials to which he has subjected our temper, these columns have from time to time set forth. But when the vanity of the amateur actor and the conceit of the amateur author are found in one and the same individual, and opportunity is by some means afforded for their display, the result can hardly be other than calamitous."

But, Hon'r'd Ma'am, why? A professional actor must be an amateur to start with, must not he? and there must be a beginning to authorship. I myself began half a century ago, and before I proudly trod the boards as one who thoroughly "understood his business," and was hissed off in *George Barnwell* by an unsympathetic audience gasping for the pantomime, I, too, was a "Distinguished Amateur." If Mr. TOWN's play and acting had been good it would no doubt have received some much-grudged praise; but what I want to know is how these things occur at a respectable theatre, and how is it that every new man's play that is accepted is bad, and what on earth can the people

who pay, and are taken in, possibly think of the managers? THE O. J.

A NOTE BENE.

"How do you like the WAGNER music?" asked young SMARTBOY of his fair neighbour, recently at a party. "Oh, I do not care for it," was the reply; "it makes me feel so melancholy." "Ah," responded SMARTBOY, "that is because it is such awfully sad music!" (And this is the very question upon which no two critics can manage to agree.)



INSULT TO INJURY.

HERE YE ARE, SIR!

HERE YE ARE, MUM!

THE STREET WHERE THE THEATRES ARE.

You may read in history books how Temple Bar "consisted, at first, of posts, rails, and a chain." The posts are there still, as perhaps you have noticed when you have passed that way. The chain has, I believe, been stolen some time ago, but there has always been more or less railing at this unhappy edifice. The Bar holds its own, and is substantially much the same as ever, but the Strand beyond is ever changing.

My Uncle GILES, up with my Aunt GILES for the May Meetings, after an absence from London of over a quarter of a century, says—"There appear to be considerable alterations."

He wants to know what they are playing at behind that scaffolding on the right, and I tell him, Law Courts. He misses, with regret, the first original pill shop of Professor HOLLOWAY. "He is glad," he says, "to find that TWINN'S Tea Warehouse still stands where it did, but Punch's playhouse appears lately to have changed its name." "The Lyceum!" cries Uncle GILES,



FATHER—

"that's where YOUNG CHARLEY MATHEWS is, isn't it? And, ah! the Adelphi, to be sure. I've half a mind, if we can slip out to-night, whilst your Aunt is in at the meeting, for you and I to go and see WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD at the Adelphi, and perhaps afterwards drop in and hear a song or two at the 'Coal-hole,' or

the 'Cyder Cellars.' You young dog, you! what do you say?" I am not, as it happens, a particularly young dog, and don't care to be dug in the ribs and shouted at in broad daylight in a leading thoroughfare; and I break it gently to Uncle GILES, that if he purposes at his time of life to carry on in that kind of way, I'll have no more to do with him.

"No 'Coal-hole,' and no 'Cyder Cellars,'" says Uncle GILES presently, in gloomy tones; "what is there, then?"

"Several things," I beg to explain.

"A few places where they sell something to eat; six theatres, and three others just round the corner, and some talk of another still round another corner. It is daytime now, and the people you see are passing through on their way to business or to shop. To-night everybody here will be either going to dinner, coming from dinner, or going to the play. Who am I nodding to? That's an actor. So is that. So is that. Yes, I know a good many faces I meet here in the daytime. At night, some of them look rather different—during business hours, you know. No, that's not an actor, that one. That was his son I spoke to just now. He's young yet, but very good. Every one who knows the Strand, knows the other. Why, the street wouldn't be the same street without him."



AN' SON.

NATIONAL DISHES.

GIVE me English roast beef for a good solid dinner,
With fine Irish praties all flour and meal;
Scotch collops, well flavoured, need make no one thinner,
If a nippie of whuskie shall temper the veal.

When Under den Linden *sauer kraut* can be relished—
In Rome, one should dine like the Romans, they
While birds'-nests in China, with kebobs embellish
Provide one a meal with but little to pay.

So ethereal we grow when in Paris the splendid
A *vol au vent* serves us for substantive food;
By an *omelette soufflé* our repast may be ended,
Washed down with *vin ordinaire* drawn from the wood.

Maccaroni at Naples by yards you must swallow—
In Palestine only is safety for pigs;
With dessert, if your *pillau* at Bagdad you'd follow,
In the name of the Prophet, oh, let it be figs!

But the dish of all dishes that's now in the fashion
(Though rather too peppery, may be, for us)—
The dish for which Tartar and Slav feel a passion,
Is certainly Turkey served up *à la Russ*!

WHAT follows the "music" of the future?—A bad headache.

ONE of the Resolutions of Mr. GLADSTONE—To write at least one public letter (good or bad) every day of his life.

LOANLY People—The ROTHSCHILDS.

A GARDEN Party—An old rake.

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

THIS month I can but briefly point out a few of the best things, to my fancy, among the contents of the magazines. In the *Cornhill*, Mr. FREDERICK LOCKER has some bright and clever verses, called "My neighbour's Wife." In *Belgravia* there is a poetical "Trifle," by the late MORTIMER COLLINS. Mr. BESANT has a capital article on "François Villon" in *Temple Bar*. "The Contributors' Club" is the feature of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "A Japanese Newspaper," in *All the Year Round*, is very good. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD describes the "Garrick Club Pictures," and Mr. SALA "The Grand Turk," both in their happiest vein. There is a paper on the "Old Greek Athletics" in *Macmillan*, which strong young men ought to read. The social sketch—"Sir William W. Gull"—in *London Society*, is just the right sort of article for that magazine. The contents of *Tinsley* are readable and amusing. In *Charing Cross* Mr. JOSEPH HATTON begins a new novel, called "The Queen of Bohemia," which promises to be entertaining. The *Argory* is LUDLOW-LESS, yet amusing. The *St. James's Magazine* starts a new series with p. 467, which is rather odd. There are some good things in it this month. *Cassell's*, *Little Folks*, and *Good Things* are very fair numbers.

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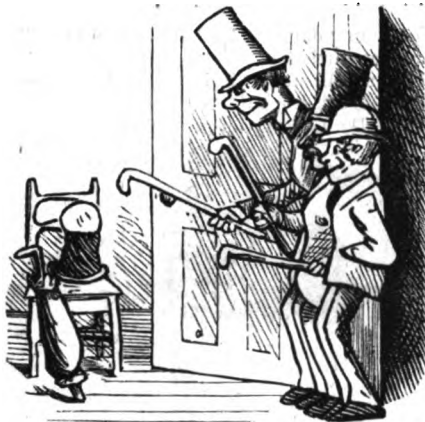
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ANOTHER START ON THE PART OF OUR SLOPERIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT.



2. "Here are the hat and umbrella. Where's SLOPER?"



4. "He wouldn't be so unmanly as to hide under the bed at such a moment as this!"



1. The chorus of conspirators outside A. SLOPER'S bed-chamber. "All together, below your breath: Rum-tiddy-um-tiddy-um-tiddy-um!"



3. "If he's sneaking behind the door I'll flatten him!"



5. "He must have left these behind when he started in a hurry. Suppose we book 'em for the Seat of War, thick of the fight, to await SLOPER'S arrival!"

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

THERE is a proverb that "two heads are better than one." This depends upon the quality of the heads. So far as the House of Commons is concerned, the two heads which constitute "the leader of the Opposition" are not equal to one. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE proved himself superior to the dual leader. The proverb that rightly has reference to the present state of affairs is of different import. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is an adequate comment on what has passed in the Lower House during the past fortnight. After five days' talk, Mr. GLADSTONE'S "Resolutions" have been disposed of by a majority of 181—that is to say, by the votes of forty more than half the total number of its members, the House of Commons has declined to back the dual-headed Opposition, even when the proposal was such as was fondly hoped might have been adopted by the Government itself. What the vote really meant is this: The Government have the full confidence of the nation in their conduct of the foreign affairs of this country.

The whole value of the five days' debate, according to the Opposition, consists in the expression of public opinion it has elicited from its side of the House.

What sort of expression did we have?

Mr. GLADSTONE, as the most important factor of the dual-

headed leader of the Opposition, explained that he had "an objection to be put to say 'Yes' or 'No' to any question. Although," he continued, "I have been trained in an excellent political school, one of the fundamental maxims of that school was that no one should be content with two courses, but should have at least three."

This is intelligible. But who—unless, perhaps, it be Mr. ASH and the village politicians that last week appeared in rosettes at St. James's Hall—can understand what follows as an explanation of the Resolutions?—

"We have a major and a minor issue before us on this occasion," exclaimed the right hon. gentleman, in winding up the debate. "The minor, which appears to me to be the more valuable and necessary of the two, is set out in the first two Resolutions. The major is that which is principally contained in the fourth Resolution, and to which I feel myself unalterably attached. The major issue is, that contingent coercion by a united Europe, or by a combination of European Powers, is a legitimate issue by which, and by which alone, we can reasonably expect to arrive at a safe and satisfactory settlement of the present difficulty."

After this sort of talk, who could doubt that the House of Commons would decline the major as well as the minor issue put before it by the right hon. gentleman. Q.

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SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
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Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADDURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

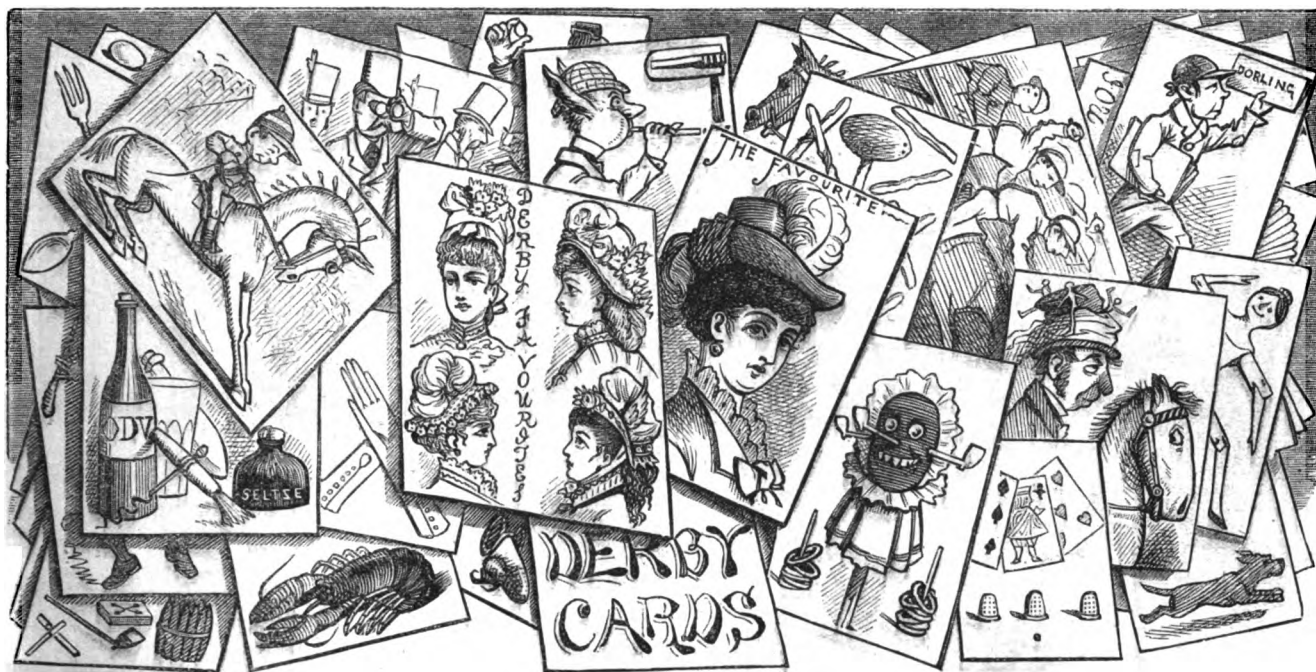
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THE DERBY DAY.

O-DAY is London's Carnival:
 Its duties put to rout are;
 For once, all Britons, great and small,
 Up early, off, and out are!
 To Epsom, as if Derby mad,
 They hurry, quicker—faster;
 The good and bad—the swell, the cad—
 The shopman and his master!

Those will be there who always go,
 And on the road find pastime;
 And they who go because, you know,
 They couldn't go the last time!
 They come—for status is no bar—
 From mansion or from attic;
 In looks, some rather rusty are,
 And some aristocratic!

There's crowding at the booking-place,
 There's jamming in the station;
 Expectant fun is in this face;
 In that one, consternation!
 Though friendly chaff flies loud and fast,
 Who would the means disparage
 Which lands him, safe and sound, at last
 Within an Epsom carriage?

They're thronging down in break and wain;
 On Shanks's mare the nimble.
 There's black Aunt Sally once again;
 And there, the pea and thimble.
 On horse—afoot—as 'tis the taste;
 Some tired; with springy step, some;
 But, great or small, they're all in haste
 To see the fun at Epsom!

Here pretty faces are aglow;
 There, merry laughter's pealing;
 Coquettish costumes—veils a-blow,
 Bewitching eyes revealing!
 What flirting, too! What vows are made!
 What words are lightly spoken!
 What wagers—never to be paid!
 What promises—all broken!

When luncheon on the grass is spread,
 And champagne corks are flying,
 What shoals of pretty things are said!
 What joking and replying!
 Then healths are drunk, and toasts proposed,
 'Mid unaffected greetings;
 How bright the scene! How well disposed
 For more such merry meetings!

The Derby dolls are to the fore;
 The Derby dog is there, too.
 (The time when he will be no more
 No one can ever swear to!)
 The course is clear;—the "cracks" appear,
 And soon in line are forming,
 While scarce a sound falls on the ear—
 The lull before the storming!

A sudden burst of colours bright;
 A thrill of expectation;
 A score of horses rush in sight,
 In gallant emulation!
 "They're off!" resounds along the course,
 Where mighty crowds are thronging,
 And each one names the winning horse,
 According to his longing.

Then "piggers" cease their dismal strain;
 Bystanders all are heedless;
 Bookmakers offer odds in vain;
 Vociferation's needless.
 "They're off at last! Take off your hat!
 Bravo! see! there they're going!
 This wins!" some cry; "no, no! 'tis that!"
 Hurrahing and bravo-ing.

To-day, on London's Carnival,
 Its duties put to rout were;
 But now all Britons, great and small,
 Who, early up and out were,
 From Epsom Downs come, every one,
 Their homeward ways all wending;
 The race is o'er—the day is done,
 For all things have an ending!





A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

ECHOES OF THE DERBY.

(From several different Points of View.)

AN ECHO FROM A HANSON CAB.



CONFOUND the confounded horse! Who would have ever dreamed of the brute not winning? "A Moral—a safe Moral," said everybody! Hang everybody! Hang the beast of a brute!..... There's that cheque, too, for fifty, I didn't pay into QUILTER's; that's all gone, and where am I to get the coin to replace it? Embezzlement, some people will call it. I see myself arrested—tried! I hear the awful words—What? *Where shall you drive me to?* Why, where I'm going to fast enough—drive me to the —! * * * * *

AN ECHO FROM A YOUNG LADY'S BOUDOIR.

* * * * * Did I see the race?

Well, no, I can't say that I actually saw it. The fact is, I hadn't really time to bother myself about the stupid horses, because, you know, I thought he would propose if he saw an opening; and, when such an opening *did* come as that minute of excitement when the horses were passing, and the attention of everybody on the drag was directed to *them*, while the stupid were all screaming madly about their twopenny-halfpenny bets of dozens of gloves, and making themselves quite *unbecomingly* hot about a wretched quadruped, I landed my Fifty thousand-pounder biped, and won my stakes in an easy canter. Oh yes, my dear, I may safely say I liked my Derby.

* * * * *

AN ECHO HEARD THROUGH AN OLD FOGY'S KEYHOLE.

* * * * * Bless and save us, what a noise, to be sure!..... Why, of course, forgetful old fool that I am, this must be Derby Day..... Derby Day, *Anno Domini* Eighteen hundred and seventy-seven! Another come and gone, and I still here!..... Derby Day! Ay, ay, another milestone in the journey onwards—one more sign-post pointing backwards sternly with outstretched, inexorable finger to all we have left there behind us! In those days, *Consule Planco*, I used to "do my Derby" with the best of 'em! But those days were different, somehow, to these..... "Carpe diem," quoth the Epicurean then, "*minimum quam credula postero*." "Drink your champagne," cried the poet, "with the foam on't!" And shall we wonder that the after-taste is so bitter in our mouths *now*?..... But, methinks, the days were far brighter *then*; the sun shone more gladly, the air was softer, the birds sang sweeter songs; one's loves were true *then*, and on the truth of their smiles staked we the happiness of our whole lives, and sometimes—lost!..... Ay, that happened on a Derby Day, how many, many years now dead and gone!..... And what remains *now*?—this faded scrap of once gay ribbon and sunny hair, and below its resting-place *here*—deep down in my heart, a bitter-sweet sorrow, an ever-haunting, deathless Memory! * * * * *

A WAG FROM THE TAIL OF "THE DERBY DOG."

* * * * * Bow—wow—wow! Bow—wow—wow! Thank my stars *that's* over, and I still "can a tale unfold," as the Ghost of Gimlet says. But, bless me, what a Day I *have* been having! What a shame to chivy, and pelt, and bawl at, and worrit a poor little wee Dog like me! How was I to know I wasn't to go on "the Course"! I saw a nice, wide, open bit of tempting-looking grass for a good run, so, as that Yankee dog next door said when he took a piece out of the footman's calf, I "went for it." Thank Goodness, though, it's all over now, and I can once more wag my tail with a peaceful mind! Bow—wow—wow!

* * * * *

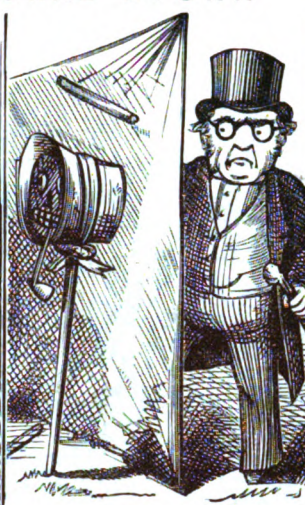
DECEPTION: A MORAL STORY.



"Now, look here, young man, if you persist in going to the Derby, I'll turn you out of doors—there!"



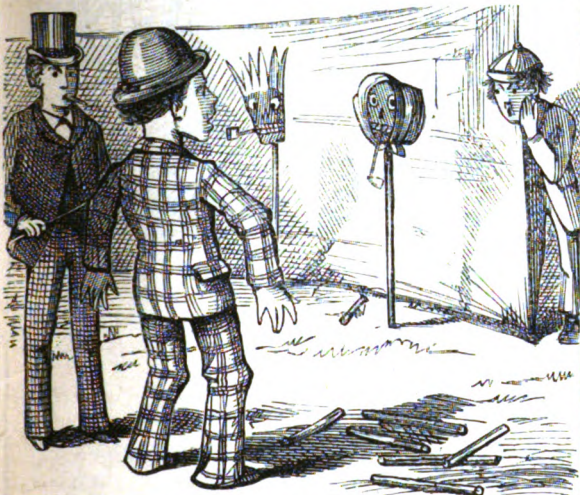
"Got rid of that young shaver, anyhow. No fear of being seen down there, *now*. Why, I wouldn't miss the Derby for the world!"



"Con-found it all! if there isn't that son of mine, after all. Deuced awkward, to say the least of it!"



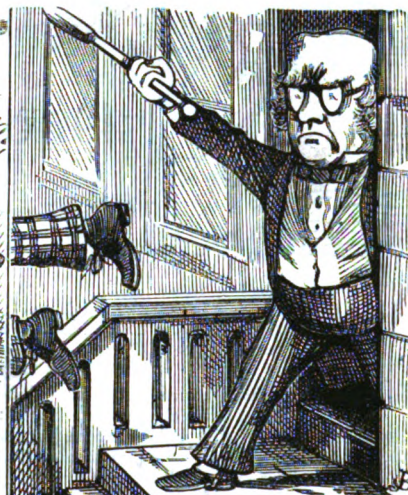
"Oh, murder Police!"



"I say, young 'fellar, that there last stick ye threw 'as 'it an Old Gent on the 'ed, dreadful. You'd better 'ook it, sharp!"



Specimen of sympathy bestowed upon the injured by a generous British Public.



Young Hopeful's reception at the "Paternal." He really was at a to understand it; so are we.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

TO MAKE A NOTE OF.—All ranks and stations in life will be represented at the Derby this year. But the station which is least popular at Epsom is the police station.

THE VERY THING FOR THEM.—Steps have already been taken for the removal from its bed of Cleopatra's needle, which will arrive on the Embankment in August. Once lifted from the place where it has laid so many centuries, it will be handy for clever people to take that stitch in Time they are always talking about.

THE VAGARIES OF FASHION.—It has become the rage in Paris to have a monogram of the owner's initials in the centre of the window curtains. The next fashionable thing will naturally be, to have the name painted in full on the shutters. The French aristocracy really seem to be running the shopkeepers very hard.

THE REMAINING DIFFICULTY.—The Tingleton Local Board (where is Tingleton, by the way?) have passed the following resolutions:—Resolved, That the present gaol is insufficient, and that another ought to be built. Resolved, That the usable materials of the old gaol be employed in constructing the new one. Resolved, That the old gaol shall not be taken down till the new one is finished. All that is necessary now is to find a contractor to undertake the job.

THE OBADIAHS WRONG AGAIN, AS USUAL.



AID the young OBADIAH to the old OBADIAH,
"I'll name you the horse that's going to win;"
Said the old OBADIAH to the young OBADIAH,
"Sport your tin, OBADIAH—sport your tin!"
Said the young OBADIAH to his much revered sire,
"By the strangest sort of chance I'm rather short;"
Said the old OBADIAH to the young OBADIAH,
"I am not, OBADIAH, to be caught!"

But the ancient OBADIAH got his son to name the name, And, like a sneak, he took and put the pot upon the same; But the youthful couldn't raise the tin the little trick to do, And the old 'un, when the wrong horse won—he looked uncommon blue!



A MATTER OF TASTE.

Some people go down by the Rail, because they prefer it. A lot they know about pleasure.

GLADSTONE'S RESOLUTIONS.

In the coat he had turned, till 'twas almost worn out,
The eccentric old gentleman came;
He was hailed with a cheer, and a jeer, and a shout:
'Twas a good hearty cheer, and in honour, no doubt,
Of a once not inglorious name.

Like a naughty old boy, he'd determined to stand
By the worst of his bad Resolutions;
But Schoolmaster GRANVILLE soon took him in hand,
And wrench'd from his grasp his most dangerous brand,
The cause of great Liberal confusions.

But other bad boys, who had hoped for some fun,
Denounced the whole thing as backsliding;
They whoop'd and they hooted, they swore they were done,
Said "a mine had been sprung," and that, sure as a gun,
Their leader should get a school hiding.

At length, after hours all wasted in strife,
The eccentric old gentleman rose,
And the oldest among them ne'er heard in his life
Aught so truckling and mean, or with folly so rife,
As his weak "Resolutions" disclose.

First the Turk must be razed from the face of the earth
(And, deserting our ancient ally),
He proposed, amid shouts of Conservative mirth,
What would prove us all false to the land of our birth—
For the Czar he implored us to die!

Over honest JOHN BULL, Russia rough-shod should ride;
We the Suez Canal must resign
(This was carefully cloaked, for the truth he would hide);
As also that India, our Empire and pride,
We should yield without striking a blow.

Of course each un-English and cowardly notion
Was clothed in words subtle and rare;
But WOLFE started up, and declared that the motion
Was treason to her who is Queen of the Ocean,
Whose Lion eye routed the Bear.

And Cross to the rescue most valiantly came,
And it seemed that War's trumpet he blew,
For, though saying "Neutrality still was our game,
Yet if Britain were wronged, he must loudly proclaim,
War with England would surely ensue.

"With the Suez Canal we'd no meddling allow;
In Egypt our rights we'd uphold;
To our sway in the Dardanelles Russia must bow;
And, since in this war the Czar 'd struck the first blow,
The world was no longer cajoled!"

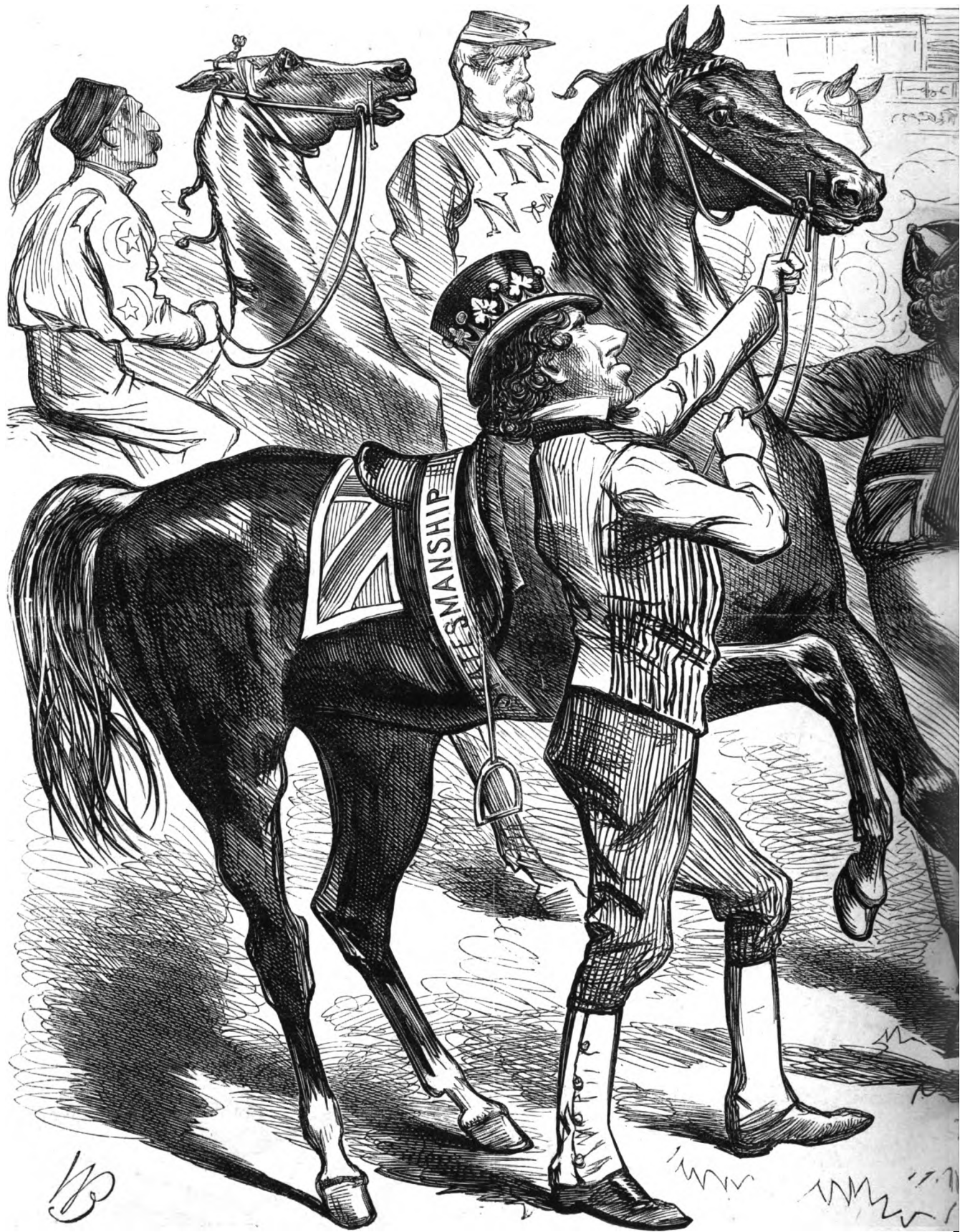
All honour to Cross—brave, outspoken, and free!
While we've BEACONSFIELD still at the helm,
And while DERBY and SALISBURY and RICHMOND agree
With the rest of the crew in his bold policy,
We may trust all the future to them!

But shame on "the Woodman," who fain "would not spare"
The tree of our fine Constitution;
To the dark woods of Haw'rden we bid him repair,
Vent his fitful and mischievous energy there,
And repent of each rash Resolution.

And when we look back at the mischief he's done,
Since his old Tory friends he deserted,
We bless our kind stars that his course he has run,
That his name now excites only jeering and fun,
And his wild schemes are all disconcerted.

Gibraltar, whose every stone is cemented
With the blood of our heroes of old,
He proposed to give up! but was wisely prevented;
And where were we now, had we basely consented
That fortress no longer to hold?

From the first to the last un-English and mean,
His views and his measures clap-trap;
But through Russia's tool the people have seen,
And now on bold BEACONSFIELD steadfast they lean,
Secure from all harm or mishap.



ANY ODDS AGAIN



ST THE HOBBY.

SLOPER SCRATCHED.

THE most indescribable excitement has prevailed all over Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., and the immediate neighbourhood. Joking apart, and without any kind of stupid exaggeration whatever, a rumour has reached the JUDY office relating to a report with reference to an inquiry having been made by some person or persons unknown, respecting SLOPER's whereabouts.

Unhappily, the rumour wants corroboration. The names of the person or persons supposed to have manifested this untoward interest in SLOPER's movements are unknown.

At first it was thought, at the office, that probably SLOPER owed them money; but, as a rule, it is supposed to be waste of time under such circumstances to make inquiries about him. Why, then, did they ask?

No one up to the hour of going to press can imagine why.

Yet, again, it cannot be denied that no one has come forward to say that he has met with the eminent *littérateur* at any of those places where all that is illustrious and *élite* is wont to assemble. Was he at the private view at the Royal Academy? No. Did he lead at the WAGNER Festival? Not he! Will he be down at the Derby? Question.

It must be allowed—probably, not without regret, yet it must be allowed—that the Derby will possibly—nay, probably—be run all the same whether SLOPER goes down or not.

The Derby Dog might not perhaps, be so easily done without; but we repeat the statement we have already made, it will be possible for the Derby to come off without SLOPER.

The question may here occur, Where is SLOPER?

We unhesitatingly reply, At the Seat of War.

In the thickest of the fight—where the strife and carnage are most fiercely raging—where the blood flows in rivers, and the mangled and slain lie piled up in heaps—there look for SLOPER, JUDY's Special Correspondent. Look for him there; and, if you

have much spare time on your hands, go on looking.

At any rate—if we may be permitted to abandon allegory, and put metaphor on one side for a while—if SLOPER has not yet gone out, his hat and umbrella have, and are awaiting his arrival wherever most bloodshed is going on. Let him join them.

JUDY is not one who bears malice. The mere detail of several weeks' salary paid in advance she says nothing about, but she trusts the report that SLOPER has been seen about the E.C. district lately, late at night, wearing a Cossack-cracker costume, may prove untrue.

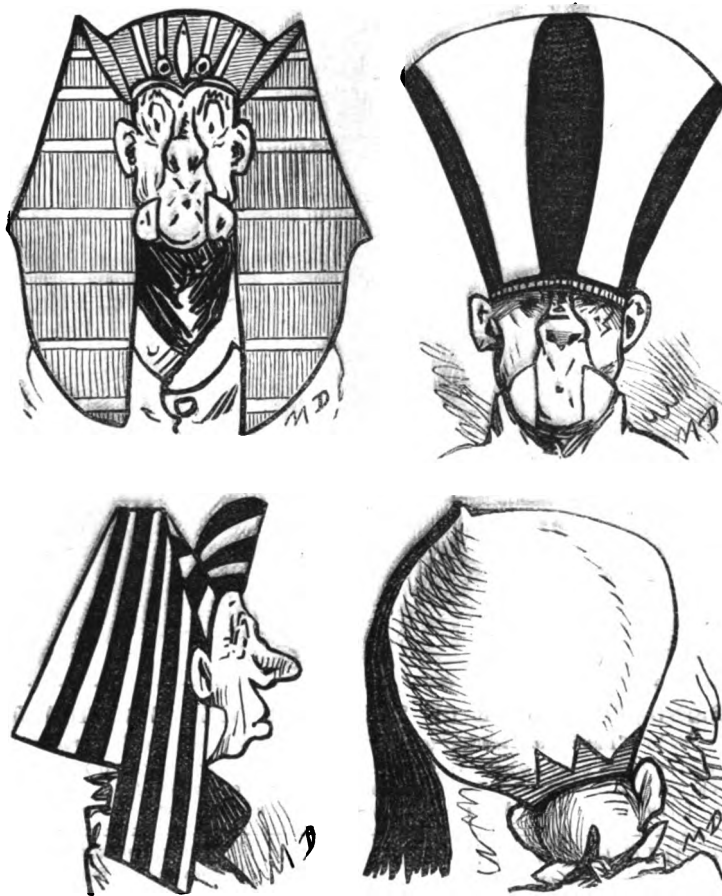
Without his hat and umbrella, SLOPER is comparatively nothing, and he is advised (if still in London anywhere round a corner) to abstain from appearing on Epsom Downs in any absurd masquerade.

Intelligence has just reached the JUDY office that SLOPER is going down, and will have his face blacked.

Further intelligence has reached the office to the effect that SLOPER has been scratched.

The office boy, who is of a sportive turn, has been asked to explain the meaning of this term, and has, but is not thoroughly understood.

Mrs. SLOPER has called at the office. She says she has found SLOPER, who hitherto in Poppin's Court has been supposed to be an unmarried man. It is beginning to dawn upon the JUDY staff what was meant when it was said that SLOPER had been scratched.



SLOPER AMONG THE COSAQUES.

THE ONLY JONES.

HON'D MA'AM,—You really must go to the Lyceum and see the *Lyons Mail*. Mr. HENRY IRVING's talents are shown to the greatest advantage in the dual part of Lesurques and Dubosc, as are also those of Miss ISABEL BATEMAN as Jeanette. Mr. T. MEAD is extremely good as Lesurques' father, and so are Mr. HUNTLEY and Mr. J. ARCHER as the two thieves. The drama, arranged by Mr. CHARLES READ, is extremely interesting, and is a far better version of the story than any other I have seen. I am delighted to find this return to melodrama at a house where melodrama can be so effectively produced. No piece of this kind, for many years past, has been put upon the stage with such care to detail, and it will be eagerly seen a second time by those who go to see it once. A little while ago we had no melodramas anywhere, now they are being played at four or five houses simultaneously. It seems to me rather odd that, as melodrama always has answered, when well done, it should not somewhere find a permanent home; also, I wonder why somebody does not write a new one! Meanwhile, Hon'r'd Ma'am, mind you go and see the *Lyons Mail*.

The picture galleries at the Aquarium still continue to be a great attraction here, and among the latest additions is a picture by Miss ADELAIDE CLAXTON, which you must on no account neglect to go and see. It tells the story of some poor girl who, weary of wandering through the streets in search of work, has crept into Westminster Abbey, one free day, and, overlooked by the authorities, fallen asleep, and been locked up for the night with the ghosts of the illustrious Dead. A strangely mixed crowd of ghosts are conjured up in this *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Good QUEEN BESS and MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS walk arm-in-arm. The Merry Monarch plays the polite to that properest of MATILDAS (of Scotland), who gathers together her skirts and shrinks away from him. EDWARD THE SIXTH reads his book in a corner, and ELEANOR OF CASTILLE, who, according to accounts, was no great scholar, peeps eagerly over his shoulder. CHAUCER is talking about his centenary to FOX, PITT, GARRICK, ADDISON, and DOCTOR JOHNSON; and here are, besides, EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, round whose tomb this all takes place, GEORGE THE SECOND, and the two babes SHAKESPEARE murdered in the Tower. Poor girl! I hope, when she is found in the morning by the authorities, they will not be very angry; and I hope, in the end, she marries a Prince Royal or the Editor of a Serio-Comic London Journal, or makes some other equally advantageous matrimonial alliance.

On Thursday last, at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Miss ANNIE LAFONTAINE, Miss AMY SEDGWICK appeared as Constance, in the *Love Chase*—a character with which the name of this talented actress will ever be associated. She was most warmly received.

An amateur performance of much promise, under the immediate patronage of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, will take place on Thursday, 31st May, at the St. George's Hall, Langham Place, in aid of the Home for Incurable Children.

A PLACE FOR EVERYBODY.—Mr. HAYES, of the West-end Box-office, Regent Street, has just issued his unique programme, giving all his designs and plans "at a glance," as TOOLE would say. "A place for everybody!" Could President HAYES, of America, do as much?



REVERSING THE ORDER OF THINGS—ON THIS OCCASION ONLY.

Major O'LEARY has promised to take his Wife and Daughters to the Derby.

Mamma and Daughters (in chorus, and with much impatience). THIS IS REALLY TOO BAD OF PA TO KEEP US WAITING SO. I AM SURE WE'VE BEEN WAITING QUITE AN HOUR FOR HIM. I KNOW IT WILL BE ALL OVER BEFORE WE GET THERE!

[And the poor dear Major has really and truly only been about ten or fifteen minutes putting his things on.]

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE:

Forcible Abduction of a Live Bishop.

Among the faces we recognized on the bill, was that of the Bishop of ——"Special Correspondent's Letter on the Last Year's Derby.

And this is how it happened:—



S you are kind enough to ask,
To tell you is a pleasing task:
I am a bishop—pious—plump,
And dwell at Mumperton-cum-Dumpe;
Where, as I take my walks abroad,
By lowly persons I'm adored.
When down my way, just come and see
The village maiden bob to me.

I usually, when in town,
Call on the Duke of Derrydown;
On Wednesday last I met her Grace—
A lady with angelic face.

Her carriage stood without the door—
I'd never met her Grace before—
She bade me by her take a seat;
Her voice was soft, her smile was sweet.

We drove away from her abode,
Along a dusty, crowded road,
Until we reached a great broad green—
So strange a sight I'd never seen.
The truth then dawned on me at last—
"Good gracious me!" cried I, aghast:
"What will folks say?" Said she, "What fun!
I'll lay you 2 to 1, bar 1!"

When down my way, just come and see
The great respect they pay to me.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE DERBY.

SOMEBODY—or rather, some nobody—having written to Mr. GLADSTONE, asking his opinion on the Derby, has, it is rumoured, received the following reply on a post-card:—

"Sir,—In answer to your obliging inquiry, I beg to inform you that no race bearing the name you have alluded to (the Derby) can in any sense be said to have secured the approval of the humble individual who is now trying to find room on a post-card for a long-winded statement which three sides of a sheet of letter-paper would not comfortably contain. Moreover, the only race which possesses my approval is the Russian-titled one known as the Cesarewitch. I have, besides, an insuperable objection (as all who know my utterances are aware) to any race which is not run on at least three courses, and the Derby (alas, that I am compelled to name it!) is usually confined to one course only—the racecourse.—I am, Sir, your exceedingly obedient and awfully humble servant,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."



2. On his way to his lodgings a Sportive Party makes unto him a secret communication. "Ain't betting wicked, though?" "Wicked! O' course it is, if you lose; but this is a Moral." "Oh, well, if it's moral—"



4. So he did; and this is the Good Young Man coming back and gone wrong. The "Moral" was nowhere, but he didn't mind.

THE DOLL DEMON



1. This is the Good Young Man who came up for the May Meetings and hasn't gone back yet; but he thinks, now he is going, he ought to take home a present for his younger sister. "Is that a proper thing to give a child of seven?" said he. "I don't think you could do better, at a penny!" she replied.



3. Further on he encounters a Prodigal Friend of his earlier youth. "Going home! Nonsense, come down to the races along of me and wear that doll in your hat."



5. As for the Demon Doll—for of course it was all its fault—when last seen, it was dancing a Can-can diabolique all by itself. Was that good? No!

THE LAY OF THE LIGHT WEIGHT.

(Dedicated to the Eleven of the Jockey Club.)



YOU must mind and call me early—call me early, mother dear, For to-morrow will be the jolliest day in all the racing year; It's the great big handicap, mother, and I am to be the jock Of the turned-loose five year-old "maiden," as'll go like one o'clock; Which, with only four stuns seven, he's regular pitchforked in; And I'm to be upon him, mother, and certain sure to win. So mind and call me early—call me at crow of the cock; For I'm to be up on the "crock," mother, I'm to be up on the "crock"!

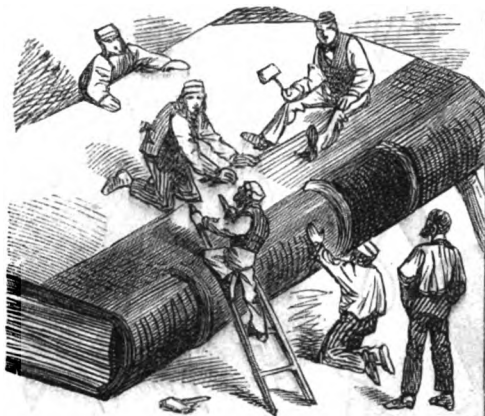
I've never rode in a race, mother, not even a T. S. C., And how I'm to get two mile—that's what it is beats me; For I ain't no judge of distance and pace, and that sort of thing, No more nor a hold cow, mother, or a hen knows how to sing; But some gents at Newmarket, they says, as boys like me is to ride, And carry on'y four-seven in their skins and little beside. So mind and call me early—wake me with a jolly good knock; For I'm to be up on the "crock," mother, I'm to be up on the "crock"!

There'll be many a little jock, mother, but none so little as me, And between us all and our horses, oh, won't there be a spree! For we'll never be able to hold 'em—how should such mites as us?— And the other jocks and the starter, oh! won't they darn and cuss, As we swerve all over the course, mother, and keeps on breaking away, And everybody a-grumbling and swearing at the delay. So be sure and call me early—as early as six o'clock; For I'm to be up on the "crock," mother, I'm to be up on the "crock"! I hopes as it won't be co'd, mother, out there at the starting-post, With the east wind a-cuttin' through yer, and me as thin as a ghost; Or, if it should rain or snow, mother, whatever shall I do, A-frozen a'most to death, mother, and my "silk" soaked through and through? But I ain't got much to do to win, for our trainer, says he, "You've only got to sit still, boy, and let him come on, d'ye see?" So now I'll be off to bed, mother, and sleep as sound as a rock; For I'm to be up on the "crock," mother, I'm to be up on the "crock"!

A GOOD THING.

At a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council of the City of London an old grievance was ventilated. "Mr. Boon proposed that it should be referred to the Police Committee to consider the steps to be taken to stop the orange-peel nuisance. Mr. FRICKER, however, said it was absurd for the Court to trouble themselves about the question, as people would throw the peel on the pavement, do what they might. And so," says the report, "the matter remains where it did." So does the orange-peel. The Court dropped the question, and the offenders drop the orange-peel; and so we go on as before. This should not be. Nor would it if our esteemed friend SLOPER (now at the Seat of War) were at home to carry out a plan he formed some time ago, not wholly unconnected with the Marmalade Industry. Persons who believe in SLOPER, and wish to embark in a business where the raw material costs absolutely nothing, should reserve themselves until his return.

DERBY DOTTINGS, RACE-Y REMARKS, AND JOCKEY-LAR JOTTINGS.



Making a Big Book.



Back and Hedge.



On the Road.—On the Rail.



The "Start."



The "Winning" Horse.



"Won!"

and



Tother.

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

THE "Special Correspondent" is becoming, if he has not become, a special nuisance to the readers of the newspaper in which he performs. He no longer confines himself to the narration of what he knows to be true, but retails gossip he is confident is false. One way is—"I am assured on the highest authority, but I give the statement with all reserve, that"—something has happened which by no possibility or chance could have happened. Another way is—"There is a rumour here, but of course it has no foundation, that a serious difference has arisen between Prince BISMARCK and some illustrious person, and that the Prince has retired in chagrin." A third way is the confident way—"There is no truth in the report, extensively circulated here, that the DUKE OF EDINBURGH intends taking a command under HOBART PASHA in the Turkish Fleet;" or, "I have good reason for believing, notwithstanding confident assertions to the contrary, that Lord DERBY has not visited the SULTAN *incognito*;" or, "The friends of 'the prisoner of the Vatican' are very anxious, just at present, to make the world believe that the Pope is in excellent health. I have reason to know that his Holiness is in an alarming state. He is kept from fainting eight times a day only by a judicious administration of *sal volatile*!"

Of all the special correspondents, those who perform in the *Daily News* are the most remarkable. They not only supply wonderful news from the places honoured by their presence, but oblige the wide world with strictures upon what is passing here at home. A favourite form with them is, after making a statement nobody will think of denying, to add, "Even Lord BEACONSFIELD or Lord DERBY must see."

It is worth while buying a *Daily News* occasionally, if only to see the marvellous foreign telegrams it contains. To those who read it regularly, the special correspondent must be a treat after a daily dose of the linsey-wolsey reasoning which appears in the leading columns of the journal.

* * * * *

During the past week the telegraph has been informing us how the QUEEN's birthday has been kept with unusual festivity all over the earth. In India, among our antipodes in Australia and New Zealand, throughout the Dominion of Canada, in the United States, the health of QUEEN VICTORIA, whose reign of forty years has been a benefit to the world, was drunk with enthusiasm. On Saturday will be the formal and official birthday. Let the day be marked.

Q.

CADDURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocoas because they are mixed with starch. CADDURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of those Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS
C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S
New Pens neither scratch nor split, the points being rounded by a new process. The success of this invention has been so signal, that other firms now offer their pens under similar names. Buy a 6d. Sample Box, which will at once prove the superiority of C. B. & Co.'s Pens.

THE BASHFUL ONES.—A FRAGMENTARY TALE OF LOVE.



Yes, her sweet face was graven on his heart, as his on hers!



E'en from the bud of early youth they had loved, and yet he never had declared his passion, dreading, no doubt, a refusal.



Ah, if he had known how she had pined for him in secret!



And if she had but read the burning, passionate lines he had penned to her, and afterwards, through timidity, destroyed—



She might successfully have taken advantage of the many leap-years of the past.



And they would have flown long, long ago into each other's longing arms!



And now, in the sere and yellow leaf (as their spiteful friends choose to put it), their ardour is the same, and yet he has never told his love. Oh! how—how will it end?

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

THE EEL-SKIN STYLE.—A definition of "Linked sweetness long drawn out"—Two fashionable young ladies, walking arm-in-arm.

A PROPHET INDEED.—The habit of taking off the hat in the street is being protested against by the Germans, according to a contemporary, and a society is to be formed to induce polite people to replace the old method of salutation by a simple bow. Few but Frenchmen know how to take off the hat gracefully—not many Germans or Englishmen ever mastered the art. But if, instead of abolishing the salutation, fashion would banish the "chimney-pot" itself—what would not the man deserve of his generation who could accomplish that?

DIFFICULT TO ANSWER.—Describing the spirited master of bicyclists at Hampton Court last week, a contemporary says that one of the chief excellences of the "iron horse with two legs" is, that it is an animal which requires no feeding. But, if such be the case, what was the "bicycle meat" for?

SPIRITUALISM AT THE OPERA.—Mr. MAPLESON, it is announced, is about to bring out *CHERUBINI'S Medea*, which has not been performed for seven years. Here is another triumph for the spiritualists. A man who displays so much spirit in producing operas, was sure to come to *media* sooner or later.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF IGNORANCE.—A conference has, we read, been held at the Society of Arts, London, at which was discussed the question of Spelling Reform. Surely, spelling

"reform" is not a matter for a conference—every schoolboy ought to be able to manage that!

JUST LIKE HIM.—The newspapers of the last few days contain several more letters and postcards from Mr. GLADSTONE, on unimportant subjects. In this matter, as in many others, the right hon. gentleman might take pattern from ordinary beings, whose practice is to refuse to answer foolish correspondents. Yet, paradoxical as it seems, Mr. GLADSTONE'S "wont" is to say yes.

HOW TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.—In a notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition, one of the papers asserts that in many of the pictures "the artists show a great lack of taste." Without absolutely assenting to this statement, one may admit the possibility of an artist having something wrong with his palette—in which case, the taste would necessarily be a little wrong.

A PROMISE.—Mr. THOMAS PURNELL signs an article entitled "Woman," in a weekly contemporary, in which he argues that women ought not to be disqualified from voting simply because they are women. "We all know," he says, "of a Sovereign lady occupying the most exalted position in the world, to whom more than two hundred and eighty millions of people owe allegiance. Yet, were this lady, now influential enough of her own will to make peace or war between nations, to retire into privacy, she would be disqualified from voting for the representative of the county or borough in which she resided because—she is a woman." Mr. PURNELL puts his case very effectively; and when JUDY has a vote it shall be exercised to secure a wider hearing for this champion of her sex, who, like the great A. WARD, believes in letting a woman "vote, or do anything she wants to."



CANDIDATES F

Ecclesiastical Lawyer to Revs. Stole and Chasuble. SORRY I CAN'T Q



DR MARTYRDOM.

"THAT BOOTJACK!"

Or, The Mystery of "No. 44."

SHE was tall—divinely tall, of majestic, Juno-like proportions, and her walk, or "going," as my young sporting friend DIK SPAVIN irreverently styled it, was queen-like—almost, indeed, king-like in its force and masculine decision of character; she was, in short, a truly splendid Creature, and FLORINDA was her beauteous name. Her other name was JONES.

I was stopping at the "Albion," Hastings, for a few days, and it was on the stairs, at that clean and most comfortable of hotels, that I first saw and admired her.

But if she was too much for my susceptible heart whilst majestically ascending that most winding of staircases, how much more too much did she prove to be when I beheld her pacing the Parade in front of the coffee-room windows! Heavens and earth! what thorough-bred action was there! What power, combined with grace! What a grand sweeping carriage! What—as SPAVIN again put it in his "osy" vernacular—what "a stride"! I couldn't make any stand against that thorough-bred action; that power combined with grace was much too much for me; and her style altogether was one I could not get over. I succumbed. I fell in love right off with this Juno-like FLORINDA—madly, deeply, irrevocably.

And, if it hadn't been for "That Bootjack," Miss FLORINDA JONES would, ere this, have been Mrs. FLORINDA ROBINSON.

My friend SPAVIN, who was then stopping with me at the hotel, among his other bad habits, used to wear Wellington boots—relics of barbarism for which I ever have, and ever shall, cherish feelings of the most unmitigated disgust—and, every night, on his asking for the bootjack wherewith to extricate his feet from imprisonment, he was met with the answer that "the Bootjack was then engaged in No. 44." Now this little fact, considering that the "Albion" possessed but one Bootjack, used to put out SPAVIN pretty considerably, and violent was the abuse he would on those occasions pour out on the unsuspecting occupant of "No. 44."

But who was the occupant of "No. 44"?

One night, SPAVIN and I, going up from the smoking-room later than usual, took a wrong staircase—the staircases at the "Albion," especially late at night, are about the puzzlingest staircases I do know of!—and found ourselves on a landing upon which several doors opened, but on which we could not discover the numbers of our own bedrooms. All at once SPAVIN uttered a subdued exclamation of triumph, and turning round I saw him, candle in hand, bending over some object outside a closed door.

Approaching nearer, I found my friend's attention fixed on the much-coveted Bootjack, and a pair of remarkably stout Wellington boots, standing defiantly erect beside it.

"This, then," I whispered, "must be the 'No. 44' we've heard so much about." And, sure enough, on looking at the door panel, we found No. 44 painted thereon.

Two days after the above little episode, a small party from the hotel was organized to visit Fairlight Glen and the famous Lovers' Seat. FLORINDA, her Ma, SPAVIN, and I, were of the party, and never will the memory of that day be erased from the heart of JOHN ROBINSON!

For how truly majestic, and yet how sweetly condescending, was my FLORINDA! How her Juno-like proportions seemed to throw into insignificance

the other members of the party—especially little SPAVIN! How the power of her intellectual flow kept pace for pace with the power of her pedestrian goings-on! How she appreciated the romance of the scenery! How full of poetry and sentiment was she!—especially when we were sitting alone on the little bench at the Lovers' Seat, and where I should have then proposed if it hadn't been for SPAVIN's untimely arrival. What an utter absence of the common Real! What a brimming over of the uncommon Ideal!!

"Yes, ah, yes, She—She has something like a Soul!" I confided in an enthusiastic aside to SPAVIN, who immediately replied in his coarse way,—
"Ya-as—I should say she almost wants a pair to step it out so as she does."

I took no notice of SPAVIN's vulgar joke—all jealousy, of course. Neither did I heed another idiotic remark SPAVIN made in going through

Fairlight Glen, to the effect that he "noticed," whenever we came to a bit of clayey or sandy soil, where one's footsteps became very visible, Miss FLORINDA would leave the road for the meadow adjoining; or, in places where there was no grass available, she would, on some excuse or other, invariably lag behind the rest of the party. This, of course, was all jealousy again.

On the evening of that eventful, ever-memorable day, at the hour of 11 P.M., as I was lighting my chamber candle, with the intention, and in the fond belief that I was about to retire to "sweet repose, and pleasant dreams," a terrible event occurred.

It was all through "That Bootjack"! As usual, SPAVIN wanted it. As usual, SPAVIN rang the bell for it—furiously. As usual, Boots made the usual answer—"Sorry to say, sir, it's hinged, sir, in 'No. 44'."

On this occasion SPAVIN lost his temper. "Why, confound it!" roared SPAVIN, "who, I say, who the deuce is it that *always* monopolizes the Bootjack in this way?"

"Well, sir," said Boots, "as I've told you before, it's in use in 'No. 44,' who *always* wear Wellingtons."

"And, pray, who is this precious occupant of 'No. 44' who *always* wears Wellingtons?" I inquired carelessly.

"Who, sir? Well, sir, if you won't tell no one, sir, I may say as it's a young lady as have the most tremendous-sized foot as ever I ever heard tell of."

"What!" I cried, a recollection of the "remarkably stout pair of Wellingtons" we had seen a few nights before outside "No. 44," and an instinct of some impending calamity coming together, making me almost gasp again,—
"what! a Young Lady wear Wellingtons!—and such Wellingtons!.....And—and use a Bootjack!"

"Yesir," said Boots, with a horrible grin. "Certingly, sir."

"Name, man—her name?" I gasped.

"Yesir," said the man. "Certingly, sir, if you will have it—Name of JONES, sir!"

The blow had fallen; the cruel truth stabbed me to the heart! This, then—this was why she had kept on the grass so much! This, of course, this was why she so persistently avoided any tell-tale footprints! O Woman, Woman! 'Twas ever thus; but—my FLORINDA! Oh! O!! Oh!!!

I fled by the first train next morning.

MUCH WORSE THAN "HELEN'S BABIES"—Only wait till next week.

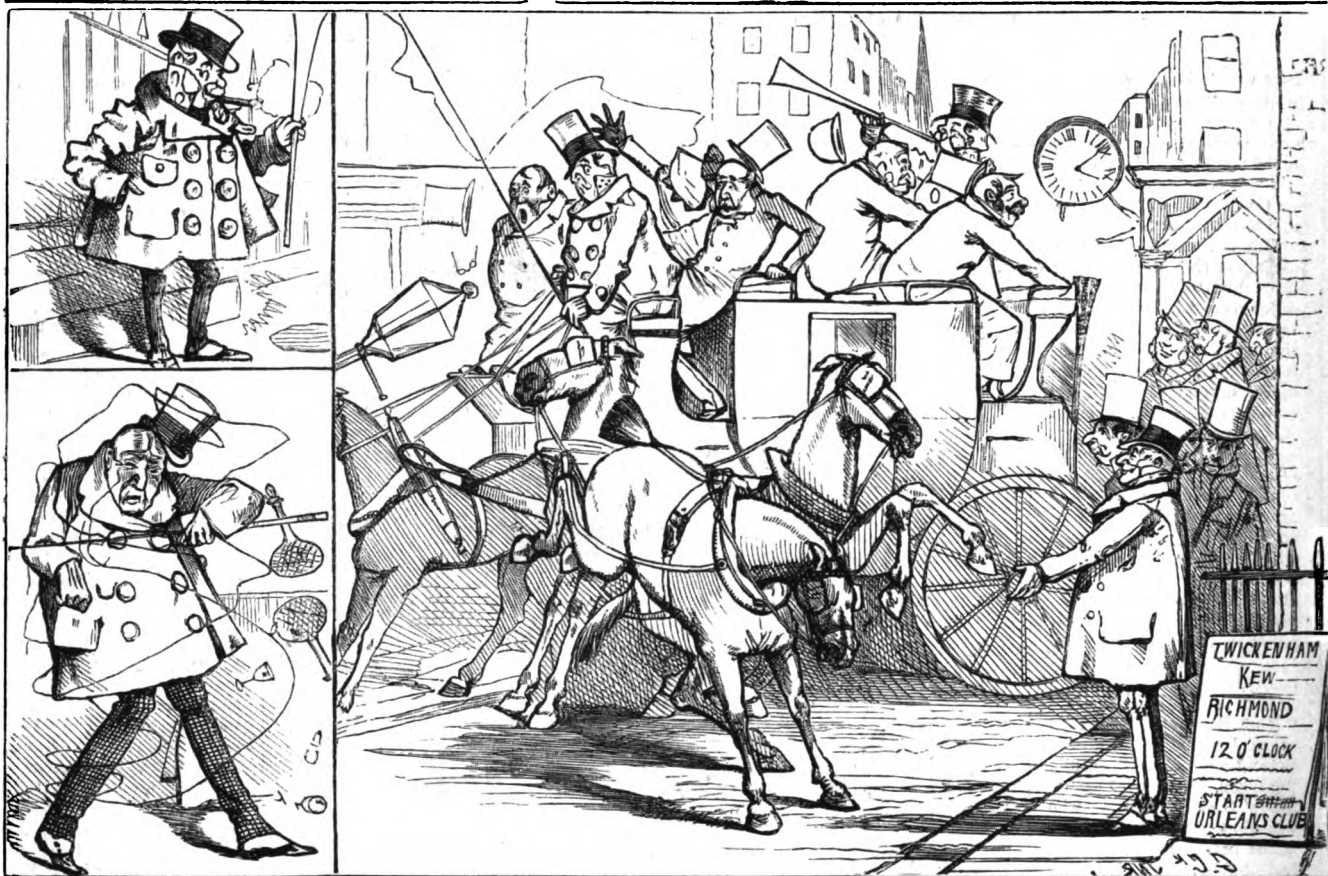


"QUITE ANOTHER THING."

Scotch Beggar Woman (enlisting Tourist's Sympathy). SHE'S HIRLAND, AND SHE'S IN A STRANGE TOON, AND SOMEBODY'S STOLET HER FIDDLE, AND SHE'LL NO KEN HOO TAN MAK' HER BREAD—

Tourist. WELL, MY GOOD WOMAN, I PITY YOUR CASE, BUT—

Old Woman. BURN TA CASE, MON, IT'S TA FIDDLE SHE'S WILD ABOUT!



'ENERY AND 'ARRY; OR, 'INTS ON COACHIN'.

Tut-a-cum-tar! Tut-a-cum-tar! Tut-a-cum-tar! This 'ere's the sort o' Latin 'ENRY and me have been a-go'in' in for afore we commence to blow our own trumpet, as we does the thing on the extreme cheap, but ain't a-go'in' to be out o' the fashion, and as coachin' is the go, 'ere goes.

So we puts this 'ere Latin in the extreme tip of the speaker, and chuck it through the "orn," this 'ere being the kerrest way to learn the "part."

Ketching the whip is also werry important. This 'ere is done in the following way:—First, ketch yer whip, then try to ketch it, and when yer try

to ketch it chuck it away from yer, but take werry good care to pull it up short, and in the agony of the moment yer thong runs up the stick like a charmed snake in convulsions. (*Aside*) 'ENRY will never do the trick—ain't got it in 'is wrist.

When yer starts from the "White Oas," go with a splash; never mind lamp-posts, as nothin' stands agin two ton and a team, and they al takes yer for a awful rich banker or a reckless Lord (I looks like the Lord, 'ENRY looks more like the banker; but he ain't when yer knows 'im intimate).

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

Just exactly the kind of book that ought to sell largely seems to me to be "The Knot Tied: Marriage Ceremonies of all Nations," collected and arranged by Mr. WILLIAM TEEG, F.R.H.S., and I think I may predict with certainty that it will be eagerly read by some thousands of ladies, married and unmarried. The contents are most amusing.

Another work by the same author gives an account of many remarkable customs with articles explanatory of seasons and holidays, and is called "An Hour's Reading,"—not, to my fancy, a very happy title. It contains, however, much that is curious and diverting.

Miss ALICE MUDEN has written a novel, "Strong of Purpose," which she has dedicated to the Rev. H. M. BIRCH. The story is in parts well told and interesting, although I must own I was a little staggered by the description of the heroine. "What a face it was"—says Miss MUDEN—"a face once seen to live in the memory for ever—the face of a high-souled, true woman, with lofty white forehead, set off by the soft bands of brown hair which, just raised above the delicate little ear, fell in graceful ringlets round her well-formed head." (A rather unfashionable style, by the way.) "Then those eyes, with their trusting, honest look—eyes that met yours with a glance of utter fearlessness; yet there was nothing bold about the maiden—the whole face was beautiful, but beautiful according to its own peculiar type, not beautiful according to the conventional pattern. There was character in this beauty—it was of the intellectual order rather than the voluptuous style; a harsh critic might have decided that there was a trifle too much decision in that splendidly chiselled mouth; that the nose gave indication of scorn; but it was a noble scorn—the scorn that repudiates anything base—the scorn that has no assimilation with aught petty." This is rather wild and silly, but it is what most young ladies will occasionally write about *ideal* heroines they have never met. I am too prone to a person perhaps, but I should suspect the owner of that face had a shocking bad figure. We hear so much in young-lady fiction of lovely faces we know do not exist, and nothing at all about figures. Miss MUDEN can write a better book than this if she tries.

SETTLING IT.

SCENE—A Baker's Shop.

Lady Customer. What! bread gone up again? And pray, Mr. DOXY, why is that?

Mr. Doxy. Well, Mum, you see, it's in consequence of the War in the Yeast. Everything is going up. Why, the papers say that even the Caucasses is rising!

[*Lady Customer pays her bill without another word.*]

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.

We are to have yet another distinguished visitor. A live gorilla is on its way to London, and is "as like a little negro boy in the face as a being not absolutely human can be. His hands are almost startlingly human, and many of his childish ways and solemn courtesies are exceedingly similar to those met with in society." It is rumoured that it is intended to nominate our friend as a Home-Rule candidate for the next Irish borough where such an article is in demand, to teach the party good behaviour. In that case, however, the gentleman from Africa would probably not be elected.

WEATHER DIARY FOR LAST MONTH.

MONDAY, fog as thick as yeast;
Tuesday, wind from sharp north-east;
Wednesday, intermittent rain;
Thursday, fearful fog again;
Friday, frost and icy floc;
Saturday, a little snow;
Sunday, all pressed in one day;—
What a merry month of May

CRIMES AND DISASTERS.



THE Reverend Mr. OLDACRES may attribute all his misfortunes to the pernicious habit of buying pills at Nottingham.

It came out the other day, when the question of a new trial in a breach of promise case was gone into by the Queen's Bench Division, that Mr. OLDACRES was obliged to go to Nottingham "at intervals to obtain pills," and at the Nottingham Railway station, twelve years ago,

he met Miss SARAH DEAN. From a copy of the correspondence, Mr. Justice MELLOR said he perceived that the defendant became warmer and warmer in letters making appointments. He began with "Dear Miss," he got on to "Dear Miss SARAH," and he culminated in "Dear SARAH." And this sally of the learned Judge's provoked laughter in court. "Weather permitting," as Mr. OLDACRES never failed to add, with his love, to the epistle, he seems to have met Miss DEAN many times and oft, and on some occasions at the pill-shop, where, however, there is no evidence of her having taken pills. The plaintiff asserted that in the pill-shop parlour the defendant had proposed, and the defendant swore he had not. A private detective, who had been humorously christened by the name of THOMAS JOLLY DEATH, came forward with information received respecting another breach of promise case brought by the lady and subsequently compromised, and in the end the Court made the rule for a new trial absolute, so we may hear more some day, at this court or another, of *new (wo)men and Oldacres*.

At the Warwickshire Assizes, a verdict was given in another breach of promise case against a medical student, and not liking to pay the two hundred pounds damages assessed, he brought the case into the Court of Appeal. The medical gentleman pleaded that he was not of age when he made the promise, but the young lady said that he ratified the promise when he became of age. The gentleman's counsel, Mr. MELLOR, said it was only the ratification of an old promise, but, said Lord JUSTICE BRETT, if he wanted to make a new promise, how would he do it except by saying, "I will marry you." To which Mr. MELLOR added, "And she says, 'I will marry you.'" "Does it require a woman to say 'I will'?" asked the Lord Chief Justice; "I thought that need only be said in church?" and his Lordship went on to ask if the defendant had been called to give evidence. Mr. MELLOR owned that she had not, because in all such cases the jury had a strong feeling in favour of the plaintiff. "Was she very interesting-looking, then?" asked the Lord Chief Justice; but Mr. MELLOR was not to be ensnared that way. He had not been to see the *Trial by Jury* for nothing. "Thank you, my lad." However, the medical gentleman lost the case in the end, and the application was refused with costs.

Mr. WALTER BARBER, on the contrary, kept his promise, and was married at the ripe age of nineteen to a young lady of sixteen, who summoned him the other day before Mr. FLOWERS for "slapping her head till it made her silly." Whether or not the same proceedings had been applied to Mr. BARBER did not appear, but he himself was not overwise. Mrs. BARBER stated that Mr. BARBER had failed to give her any money, and that she pawned her wedding-ring and bought a pot of jam. Mr. BARBER got up early next morning and ate three spoonfuls. Mrs. BARBER objected, and explained that as Mr. BARBER had got the jam in his mouth, she could not get it back. She, however, seized what remained, and took it to her mamma's. When she got back, Mr. BARBER, to use her own graphic language, "whacked her with a shovel." But now Mr. BARBER was invited to tell his story. Mrs. BARBER was always staying with her mother, except at such times as she was playing at battledore and shuttlecock with common vulgar girls in the street. He had been married three months, and he had not led a happy life. Mr. FLOWERS having gone thoroughly into the case, presented both parties with a pot of jam each, and recommended them to go home and live happily ever afterwards. They went and did so.

ALEXANDER'S LAST.



ERY few will be able to refrain from sympathetic tears when they read how the gentle sons of Holy Russia are preparing themselves for pillage and slaughter. Says a correspondent,—

"More than half the officers in the twelve army divisions, and a very large number in the other brigades, have formed a temperance league. At the outbreak of the war they swore not to drink, smoke, nor gamble, and they are keeping their

oath. The Czar exhibited great emotion on hearing this, and declared to the officers that if his ancestors had commanded such an army the whole world would have been theirs."

Such a declaration is extremely touching. But, at the same time, what a good thing it is for us, that in the days of the Czar's ancestors teetotalers were rather scarce! Otherwise the world generally might be sharing the advantages of Russian rule, in the shape of universal knouting and unlimited Siberia.

HUMILIATING CONFESSION.

JUDY feels it is only just to her thousands of subscribers to state that, last week, she engaged a Sporting Prophet, whose prophecy was, as it happened, fortunately squeezed out by other matter. JUDY, however, scorns to take advantage of this circumstance to hide this man's miserable failure. JUDY's Prophet, she unhesitatingly declares, was the one only Derby Prophet on the press who never even alluded to *Silvio* as having the ghost of a chance. There might not have been such a horse, for what JUDY's Prophet knew about it.

THE ONLY JONES.

MR. DIOW BOUGICAULT is the greatest of living stage managers, and I should just like to hear what half his plays would have come out like if some other stage managers I know, and don't know, had managed them. The *Streets of London* is a most amusing piece, but the dwellers in those streets, as here represented, are perhaps rather more of the *London Journal* than of London. I am, however, very pleased to see that melodrama is thought to be worthy of reproduction at a period when the entertainments at the generality of the theatres were fast threatening to become the very reverse of entertaining.

The play is not, on the whole, as well acted now as it was when first produced, but it is, all round, good enough. Mr. EMERY is good. He need not imitate the late Mr. GEORGE VINING, by the way, because Mr. VINING's performance happened to be about the worst in the whole cast. Nor, indeed, need the actor who takes the part of Puffin burlesque the voice of the late Mr. BRITAIN WRIGHT, because Mr. BRITAIN WRIGHT's voice was not his strongest point. Mrs. MELLON is always good, and as she happens to come after DOMINICK MURRAY, as Dan, it is unfair to make comparisons. The fire scene and the charcoal scene are as good as ever. I am not quite sure why Northumberland House and that chemist's shop, long since improved away, should still exist upon the stage; but the scene was very effective, and the got-up row with two little street boys (both of them very clever indeed) went as well as ever.

By the way, be sure not to leave without seeing the MARTINETTI Troupe in the ballet of *Robert Macaire*, and wait till the end. The death of Bertrand is one of the most startling bits of realism I have seen for a long while, and I as nearly as possible went away and missed it.

No one hardly would have expected to have found Mr. RIVIERRE located at the Queen's Theatre, but there he is; and, from first appearances, a great success seems probable. The entertainment is good, and the arrangements for the comfort of the public leave little to be desired.

THE O. J.

NOTICE.—On the 14th of June will be published, "ALL THE WAY, ONE SHILLING," Judy's Book for anywhere and all times, containing some hundreds of Comic Pictures by A. CHASEMORE, with appropriate Letterpress by CHAS. H. ROSS. To be had everywhere.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH



2. And went in pursuit. "Ta-hy-ho!" was the remark the Office Boy made.



1. Could it have been the eminent *littérateur* peeping in round the shop door? Impossible! Is not he at the Seat of War? Of course he is. Yet the Office Boy swore to him,—



3. Also "Yolcks!" Several respectable witnesses swear to it.



4. But though the Office Boy searched high—



5. And low, his search was fruitless. "You're having a nice old game all by yourself, leaving me to mind the shop," said the Ever Young and Lovely.

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

No wonder Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., is popular at Birmingham. It is all very well for him to retire from the greater dignity of a mayor to the lesser dignity of an alderman. Poor Mr. BAKER, mayor elect, is only an official cloak for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, mayor in perpetuity. Poor Mr. BAKER occupies at Birmingham the position occupied by the MARQUIS of HARTINGTON in the House of Commons. He is official chief, but another, when he chooses to exert his influence, is received as leader. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it must at once be confessed, deserves the popularity he has achieved. Like CÆSAR in Rome, he gives his people shows. The Birmingham citizen likes a show, and enjoys a show, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ministers to his appetite with admirable discretion. The latest show was certainly one of the best. Mr. GLADSTONE, the great leader of the Liberal party, and who can speak longest and most eloquently on any subject that could be proposed, was the attraction. Of course it was known beforehand that Mr. GLADSTONE could say nothing he had not already said; but there was Mr. GLADSTONE, and there were the thousands at Birmingham ready for their half-holiday. The result must have been altogether satisfactory to every one of the 30,000 persons present—except, possibly, to Mr. GLADSTONE.

How he can be satisfied I have been trying to see in vain.

He no doubt thought, when he was driven about in a carriage with four horses, unaccustomed to popularity, that he was aiding the liberation of the Bulgarian Christians from Turkish rule. In effect he, the most prominent and eminent member of the Liberal party, was giving sanction to the Federal Association, "formed on the basis of the Birmingham Association," which had been formed just prior to his arrival, and which has objects utterly distasteful to the majority of the party of which he is the most prominent and eminent member.

I quote one passage from Mr. GLADSTONE's speech: "I fully admit that we have a great responsibility in working upon a matter of foreign policy—systematically working as we have done against the Executive Government, and against the sense of the House of Commons. It is a thing that is rarely done, and it is a thing which I hope will rarely have occasion to be done again."

I hope so too.

* * * * *

I forgot to say last week that the *Daily News* has a "Q in the Corner." This "Q in the Corner" lately wrote to that journal to say he did not think Mr. ROXBURGH a gentleman, and that "as cruel as a Turk" is a popular phrase.

The *Daily News*, which believes that the QUEEN is one of the Three Estates of the realm, and that the Antipodes are a place somewhere about Australia, is a wonderful paper.

Q.

CADBURY'S

PURE!

SOLUBLE!!

REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the scene of enrichment, will fortify the feeblest, and is a *sine qua non* to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.

LIEBIG'S TONIC WINE.

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a liquid of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its re-invigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.



TIBBINS in—



And out of Town.

This is Miss BECKY
SOLOMONS at home.And this is the beautiful
REBECCA at Margate.

And this is her Pa!



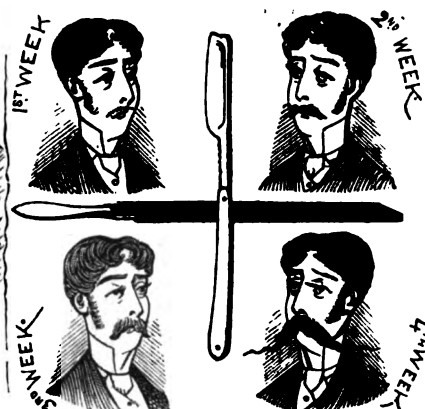
Ditto.



Now, would you think that this fine-looking individual, who might be taken, even by such men of mind as KENALTY or WHALLEY, for a man of noble birth, was—



Our Butcher!

BROWN, of COURTNEY & FLIMSTY'S
Bank—

Goes on the Continent for a month, and it does seem hard, after growing it to such perfection, he must, on his return, shave or resign!

A SUMMER SONNET.

ARGUMENT.—The town-bred Poet, pensively promenading, cometh across an unknown insect, and fondleth the same, imprudently, whilst he sings:—



SECOND Summer followeth
Spring:

The Poet lifts his voice to
sing

In praise of every living
thing;

Or if it sting, or do not sting,
Until the distant echoes ring,

With this, our Poet's carol-
ling.

* * * * *
Stay; methinks the Poet's
dropt it:

'Twas a wops, and he has
"copt" it!

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—Difficult people to turn out of their
homesteads—The Remain-ians.

ONLY TO BE EXPECTED.—That the Author of "GINX'S Baby"
should be rather Dundee-headed.

BY OUR OWN M.P.—An appropriate way to get rid of the
Women's Suffrage Bill—"Talking it out."

SHALL MUSEUMS BE OPENED ON SUNDAYS?

To Judy.

MADAM,—You know that there is a movement which numbers among its supporters some men of position and influence—and it is a great pity to find them in such bad company—who desire to say "Yes" to the above inquiry. Others have already argued the question most ably on its merits, but I should like to call attention to an element in the case which, apparently, has escaped the notice both of those who urge on the movement, and of those who are now actively getting up petitions to the House of Commons to oppose it. Have you ever been to the British Museum, or to the South Kensington Museum, when the working-man, filling up idle time, is paying his occasional visit to either of those institutions? I have seen him often, and have never failed to be struck by an air of unutterable weariness in the face of that working-man; an expression of infinite disgust with the whole business; an appearance of being compelled to "do" the Museum terribly against his own will, for the sake of his wife, or his sister, or some country friend, as weary of the entire performance as he. Finally, I have noticed an evident longing on the part of that working-man for the time when he will be outside the Museum again, free to stimulate his exhausted consciousness with a pint of beer. That is what opening Museums on Sundays, Madam, means—beer; a pint only, perhaps—or, at any rate, some quantity between a pint and a painful. And so I say, Madam, that unless Dean STANLEY and his friends are prepared to advocate the opening of public-houses all day on Sunday, as well as Museums, and to supply gratuitous beer, they will inflict on the unhappy working-man an amount of mental and physical suffering dreadful to contemplate.

I am, dear JUDY, Yours anxiously,

NO HALF MEASURES.

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

(Being Easy Essays with an Easier Moral.)

SIN THE THIRD.—"THE NEW FROCK."

WHAT, I would most dispassionately inquire, what is there really in this wicked world so truly beauteous as Maidenhood?—what so divinely delicious a time as that represented by Sweet Seventeen? What can compare to that sweetly pretty picture by the Poet of "THE MAIDEN".....

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the Brook and River meet,
Womanhood, and Childhood fleet——"

Could that flower-like, simple-looking creature "with the meek

brown eyes," could she, I say, ever do otherwise than what the same great Poet declares of her, so truly beauteously, but "Bear—

"In her heart, the dew of Youth,

On her lips, the smile of Truth!"

Could she? Surely, oh, surely, Nay! Could she ever, as the Moralist so grandly puts it, "Immolates her Youth and Beauty at the shrine of Vanity"? Could she even, forgetting "the dew of Youth," and "the smile of Truth," before mentioned, even for one little minute allow herself to dream of such a piece of vanity as a New Frock? We all well know the story of that Girl of the Period, in the barbarous days of ancient Rome, who, when her poor old pa took her to task for spending such a lot on her frocks as to drive him into the Bankruptcy Court, effectually shut up the poor old gentleman by proving to him that "It was an act of Religion to sacrifice to the Graces." Surely such goings-on as that could only go on in those days—now, thank Goodness, never seen!—of Barbarous Extravagance and Wicked Luxury?

There were, however, once upon a time, not so very long ago, a pair of as pretty and sweet Sweet Seventeen-ers as you would wish to see, and, after the manner of young ladies of that pretty and sweet time of life, their friendship and affection for each other was quite beautiful to gaze upon. I am sure the way they would kiss each other, especially before company, was as tantalizingly touching as was the pretty way in which, clasping each other's slender waists, they would wander forth amid the flower-beds—themselves a perfect posy.

Now it so happened that, though these two little dears—whom I will denominate simply as Miss No. 1 and Miss No. 2 respectively—were "like sisters" in most things, in one particular they differed much. Thus, whilst Miss No. 1 would wickedly run into debt and recklessly squander her last farthing on a Frock, and then beg or borrow the necessary coin for a new one, Miss No. 2 was of a properly thrifty and correctly economical nature, and would spare herself no trouble in "turning," "dyeing," "cleaning," and "dipping" her various articles of finery.

In the neighbourhood where my two heroines dwelt there lived

a certain gallant and good-looking Young Gentleman, who admired both my Sweet Seventeen-ers, having a *penchant*, however, so far, for Miss No. 2, who was, as a matter of fact, *naturally*—and there is much artfulness in this little adjective—the prettier of the two. Each, however, of my Misses secretly, but fondly, believed that she would, in due time, become Mrs. Certain Young Gentleman.

Now, when this Young Gentleman "came of age," his wealthy papa gave a grand ball in honour of the happy occasion, and to which our Misses received special invites. And then, of course, arose the great Question, What shall I wear?

Said Miss No. 1 (to herself),—"I know poor dear old pa can't afford it, and I've no doubt it'll cause him much anxiety and pain, but I'll *coax* him to let me have the money he saved up for the Insurance to get a New Frock with."

Said Miss No. 2 (to herself),—"I know poor dear old pa can't afford it, so I won't have a New Frock; my last silk, dyed and done up, will do for me *famously*."

The Ball was a great success. So was Miss No. 1. "Poor pa's Insurance money" bought the most captivatingly deadly New Frock in the room. Miss No. 2 was absolutely "nowhere" beside it; her "last silk, dyed and done up," *did* "do for her *famously*," but in a slightly different sense to what she, poor good dear, intended. Languishing, a jealous wallflower, she beheld Miss No. 1 dance dance after dance with the Certain Young Gentleman, and who, after supper, finally culminated in offering her "his heart and hand."

Miss No. 1 is now the happy possessor of the C. Y. G.'s "heart and hand." She also has the C. Y. G.'s big cheque-book.

When last I saw Miss No. 2 she was wearing the dress of a Sister of Charity; and her poor disappointed face, as it appeared under the hideous white flapping bonnet of the Order, told its own dismal tale.

And now, dear Young

Ladies all, I beg to make you a present of the great Moral contained in this parable. Take it, dear Girls, take it to your hearts of hearts!

UNCOMMON THINGS.

It is an uncommon thing not to find a crowd outside Judy's Office window.
It is an uncommon thing to find a third-class compartment on the District Railway made to seat ten, that does not contain nearly twice that number.
It is an uncommon thing to find a cabman polite after a shilling fare.
It is not an uncommon thing to find "Cambridge sausages" manufactured in Whitechapel.
It is an uncommon thing to hear a good word said of the golden image on the ALBERT Memorial.
It is not an uncommon thing to hear of people being sold by the sea-serpent.
It is an uncommon thing to get a good cigar at a reasonable price.
It is an uncommon thing to find A. SLOPER out!
It is an uncommon thing to find a lady help, if she can help it!



HARDLY SATISFACTORY.

Rednosed Party. IT'S ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF HINDICKSTON, SIR, TO MAKE THE NOSE RED—AND I SUFFER FROM IT, HAWFUL! (Pause) WILL YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DRINK BEFORE YOU GO!





AND PRESENT.
NOW, ESPECIALLY AGAINST MY OWN COUNTRY.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.



this invention should very speedily make his fortune.

HARDLY FAIR, EITHER.—A discussion is being carried on in a weekly contemporary as to what constitutes a gentleman and what a lady. One of the writers—a lady, doubtless—defines a gentleman as “a human being who possesses a man’s courage and a woman’s tenderness.” As no one, as yet, has been able to define what is a lady, here is a suggestion:—A modern lady is a human being who possesses a woman’s tenderness, and wears a man’s clothes. How will that do?

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.—SHAKESPEARE has been translated into Telugu, one of the languages of Hindustan, by a certain VAVIVLALA VASUDEVA SASTRI, and it is suggested that there is a fine opening for some of our Shaksperian actors to go out to South India and interpret the Bard to the Teluguns. The Shaksperian actors referred to, however, seem at present to be holding back, the prospect apparently being rather Telugubrious.

A NOVELTY which is sure to make a great “hit”—The fish torpedo.

MR. LOWE’S EXTENDED A B C.—At the Spelling Reform Conference held recently in London, a letter was read from Mr. LOWE, M.P., suggesting that fifteen new letters should be added to the English language, as each letter should represent one of the thirty-nine sounds in the language. It would be rather a bad look-out for Young England learning his letters if this were adopted, and would dreadfully confuse nursery instruction. The new A B C is worthy the brilliant author of the Match Tax, who should have more reasonable ideas about orthography, since he often has a “spell” on a bicycle all to himself.

ANOTHER PUSH FOR FAME.—The person named **DE MORGAN**

who assembled in his thousands to overawe the House of Commons, and actually did have a cup of tea in the Tea-Room, is not yet entirely disheartened. He has determined upon one more bold stroke for fame. **MR. DE MORGAN** announces that on June 18th, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, he will hold another demonstration similar to that of the 17th of March. As the occurrences of that day revealed, **MR. DE MORGAN** is too insignificant to raise even a storm in a teacup; and the only thing he has successfully “demonstrated” is his own folly.

SOMETHING TOWARDS IT.—It has been rumoured that the Turkish Government have tried to get Captain **SHAW** over to Constantinople to form and instruct a Fire Brigade. Rumour does not say what was the gallant Captain’s answer, but he would be all right for a title. “**SHAW PACHA**” is rather taking.

SHIP v. SAILOR.—Complaint is made by a naval contemporary, that whatever advance and improvement has been effected of late years in our ships, nothing at all has been done to “elevate the sailor himself.” This is a mistake, surely; what about the torpedo?

TOO TRUE.—A Chinese laundry is being erected in Holland Park, for which the advocates in our newspapers of “Chinese cheap labour” in England hope to secure a large business. It ought to be successful; for in the utterances of these worthy persons there is enough of the wishee-washee to satisfy even the most ardent pro-Celestial.

HIS OLD GAME.—It seems that we shall never hear the last of **MR. GLADSTONE’S Resolutions**. The Editor of the *Highlander*, a paper published at Inverness, has had a letter from the ex-Premier, in which he says:—“I thank you much for your letter and article. They refresh one like a Highland breeze. Allow me to assure you that none of my Resolutions were withdrawn, although only one was put. It would have been less than respectful to propose any other, after the vote to which the House had come against passing any such motion.” What the right hon. gentleman means is, probably, that though but one Resolution was put, they were all rejected, only he does not like to say so.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

My **FLORA** is the sweetest girl!
One would half think she fed on flowers,
Did one not know she put away
Much solid food at vulgar hours.
Her lips are red, and pink her cheeks;
Her sweet young figure’s nicely rounded;
Did you but see her at her lunch,
By Jove, I think you’d be astounded!
Stay, stay; ’tis mean these little things
Thus publicly to be reporting;
There is so much in **FLORA** sweet,
It ought and does take some supporting!

POPPITTS’ LITTLE MISFORTUNE.



POPPITTS has got an Appointment to meet his Beloved on Westminster Bridge.

She is behind time, so he has a sit-down on the parapet.

“Oh, Lor’! He has gone over!”

“Suicide’s yer little game, is it? All right, young man, come along with me.”



CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

Kindly-disposed Little Girl (who has crude notions about the food of the deer tribe). WHY, WHAT A SILLY THING IT IS!—WHY DON'T IT TAKE AND EAT THIS BIT OF BREAD?

Elder Brother (of riper experience). OH, IT CAN SMELL RED CURRANT JAM, AND FEELS TIMID

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

ONE could almost hope, at a time like this, when the foreign relations of the country are of the most delicate nature, that something like a dictatorship could be established among us. Parliamentary government is probably the best that can be devised, but in a crisis it is very undesirable that the Executive should be called upon to answer questions that ought not to be asked, and give explanations that ought not to be sought, simply because Peterborough or Dundee has happened to send Mr. WHALLEY or Mr. JENKINS to the lower House of Parliament. If silence is ever golden, it is now. But this is the moment selected for talking and making talk by fourteenth-rate statesmen, who imagine, or pretend to imagine, that the honour and interests of England would be considerably safer under their direction than in the hands of HER MAJESTY'S advisers.

A question is asked in the House of Commons in reference to, say, the Suez Canal. The leader, while giving the information he thinks necessary, explains that "it is inexpedient to enter more minutely into the question." That is enough. You then see a sight. Certain members, who could be named beforehand, jump up one after the other and put the question in other forms, and insist upon having an answer. These are the men of good manners. Of course, when any city or borough sends as its representative a man distinguished for his good manners, the House of Commons must accept him with as much grace as it can command.

It is strange that the difficulties of any complicated foreign question should be plain to a man of good manners merely because he is a man of good manners. You have only to sit in the House of Commons one night to discover that this is the case.

Take the Suez Canal question. Lord DERBY has explained that the Government have resolved to protect the Canal from obstruction or harm; that they would not interfere with any one's rights except where interference is necessary for the protection

of more general and important rights; and that they do not wish to prescribe the limitations either of the belligerents should place on his rights.

Should not this assurance be satisfactory? To Mr. JENKINS and the other men of good taste, of whom he may be regarded as a type, it was nothing of the sort. They are for asking the consent of all the Powers of Europe. This would be a new way for Englishmen to protect their interests abroad. It is the way, however, which the opponents of the Ministry—at least such of them as may be described as men of good taste—would have us follow.

Why should not Mr. JENKINS be dictator till the end of the present war? Or, failing him, there is Mr. BIGGAR, or Mr. PARNELL, or any one of the dozen members or more who have earned a reputation for statesmanship such as he possesses? There might, perhaps, be some difficulty in arranging this matter, but surely there ought to be no difficulty in prevailing upon the gentlemen named, in view of foreign complications, to leave the direction of foreign affairs to those at present entrusted with it. When their turn comes, I am sure those now in power would show the same consideration for Dictator JENKINS or Dictator BIGGAR as they now claim for themselves.

Q.

A LAMENT.

I've ever found, from hour to hour,
At buffets where I've lounged, alack!
Of barmaids fair, the fairest flower
Was always first to get the sack.
I never taught a dear bar belle
The "mixture" I loved best to know,
But, when she came to brew it well,
The pretty flirt was sure to go!

THE more than Terrible Narrative respecting THOSE BABIES THAT WERE MUCH WORSE THAN HELEN'S, is unavoidably postponed until Next Week. When, however, you hear why—But stay! We anticipate.

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

THIS month, for Goodness' sake, let me get my magazines done with in good and proper time. Now, then, to begin:—

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for June has, as usual, an uninviting exterior and plenty of good things inside. The interest of Mr. JUSTIN M'CAHNEY'S clever novel, "Miss Misanthrope," is well sustained; Mr. SALLA goes on agreeably about "The Grand Turk at Home;" and Mr. PROCTOR gives us some "Marvels in Telegraphy;" but I like best "Some Facts and Fictions in Zoology," by Dr. ANDREW WILSON, which will please you also, Madam, if you read them.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. GRANTHAM in the debate on the Eastern Question, "a more shameful misdeed than the slaughter of the Dyaks by HER MAJESTY'S forces under Sir JAMES BROOKS," and Macmillan says,

"It would be difficult to cite a more striking example of the vitality of persistently repeated falsehoods than the utterance of such words by such a man at such a time." These words that I have quoted occur in an article on "RAJAH BROOKS, the Last of the Vikings," which is well worth reading, although the writer, Mr. SEBASTIAN EVANS, is certainly unnecessarily forbearing in his opening remarks.

In *Temple Bar*, read how VOLTAIRE fell in love in the Netherlands with Mlle. PIMPETTE. (By the way, Messrs. CLOWES & SONS actually abbreviate madame and made-moiselle correctly.) Also read "Cherry Ripe," which is well worth reading. Mrs. EDWARDS' new novel, I see, is to be called "A Blue Stocking." The portion referred to is, I presume, that which is over, not "under the clock."

The title of an article in the *Cornhill* first attracts my attention — "Genius and Vanity." Why this combination? I am not a bit vain. "Is the Moon Dead?" is the catching title of a clever and entertaining paper in the same magazine. I somehow always have my doubts about telescopic topics, but I cannot help reading these *Cornhill* astronomical articles, of which I hear great praise from all quarters.

"A Story of a Garden Party" is a good title for a story in *London Society*, and is tolerably well told. The writer of "Piccadilly Papers," in a short criticism on the WAGNER Festival, says just the right thing, which is a great relief after the vulgar and stupid abuse that has been heaped upon the great composer.

"The First Fan," by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in the *Transatlantic Monthly*, is a little too long, but not a bad specimen of the amusing style of the author. "The Contributor's Club," this month, is more than usually good.

If FRANÇOIS VILLON could only come to life again and read the numerous articles on his life and genius recently published, I take it he would chuckle, and yet feel sad. As he himself said of *les petites vieilles*,

"ces pauvres femmelettes,
Qui vieilles sont et n'ont de quoy,"—

regretted their past beauty, and asked Heaven why they were born so soon. Was VILLON born too soon, I wonder? The article in *Belgravia* is well done.

In *Tinsley's*, Mr. W. H. COMBES'S criticism of the Academy pictures is honest and outspoken. I don't quite know, though, what the artists would say if there were many critics going about who said what they thought and did not care. I, myself, think all the pictures this year all that their painters would like me to think about them—and more.

All the Year Round still holds its own, and has, this month, many

articles which would well bear comparison with those in its earliest numbers.

There is a paper on EUGENE SCRIER in the *Argosy*, which, though not very complete, is good reading as far as it goes.

There are a lot of good things in this month's *Cassell's*. Dr. WILSON'S "Forest of Animals under the Sea," "An Artist's Conversations," and Mr. JOHN CROWDY'S "How to Listen to HAYDN'S Creation," are among the best.

"Our Little Folks' Own Pages" ought to be very popular in *Little Folks*. Some day I shall try and persuade Young SLOPER, aged five and a half, to try his hand at an essay.

It seems to me, though by no means professedly a magazine for boys, the magazine boys must like best is *Once a Week*, which contains some of the most wonderful stories of adventure I have ever come across.

The volume of *Good Things* just concluded has been well filled with instructive and entertaining articles.

QUESTIONS FOR LAW STUDENTS.

I Lincoln's Inn a licensed house, and when its members are called to the bar what drinks do they order?

Is the Master of the Rolls a crusty customer?

Does the Chance-ry Division of the High Court of Justice acquire its title from the uncertainty of its decisions?

Is a maiden-brief a short young lady?

In the case of a maiden as sighs, what does she sigh for, and does she ever get it?

Would the song, "I'm Afloat," be considered equivalent to a notice of motion?

When a Counsel "takes silk," does he execute a deed of conveyance?

When time is the essence of the contract, how much is it a bottle?

When a lawyer pockets his 6s. 8d., is that a fee simple in possession?

Did anybody ever get a rise out of JOHN DOUGH?

When a cook garnishes a dish, is the one a garnisher and the other a garnishee?

Is a Justice of the Common Pleas ever uncommonly pleased?

Is the wife of a Master in Lunacy a Mrs. in ditto?

If a member of the Poor Law Board were to turn lamplighter, would he be a guardian ad lightem?

Is low fee-very fatal to lawyers?

Would it be correct to describe the Siamese Twins as a joinder of issue? Does law-calf make the weal of the profession?

What is the position of ALLY SLOPER under the new JUDY-cature Act?

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Obedience in boys is a virtue, they say;

Of affection in girls there's no failing;

But come to our house on a dreary wet day,

And list to their jarring and railing.

Ten to one that the girls put the boys in a passion,

And the boys slang the girls in most eloquent fashion;

But out of the house there is sighing and mooning,

And the girls and the boys all take pleasure in spooning!

NOTICE.—On Thursday next will be published, "ALL THE WAY, ONE SHILLING," Judy's Book for anywhere and all times, containing some hundreds of Comic Pictures by A. CHASEMORE, with appropriate Letterpress by CHARLES H. ROSS. Post free, 1s. 2½d.

"JUDY" OFFICE, 75, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

What Mrs. ROBINSON says is, that things have got to a pretty pitch when Servants require to be awakened by their Mistresses, and Mr. ROBINSON is heard murmuring (between the blankets) that it is a confounded shame!

THE NEW TOY-TEASERS!

Otherwise
Squeezers;or, Lady
Tormenters.

2. Yet there is a pump in SLOPER's wash'us, than which more filthy and uadrinkable water * * *



4. This is the poor, but good girl, who saved money to buy a new Bonnet.

5. This is the Bonnet after much tormenting.



1. Of course we know SLOPER could not have been at the back of this business, because he is at present at the Seat of War.



3. And if not the Eminent, who else could that have been (in Eastern Costume too, with a home-made Turban) last Derby Day?



6. This is the Tormenter Purveyor, getting the benefit of the unsold remains of his stock-in-trade. All the other Purveyors ought to be served the same, says JUDY.

PERVERSENESS AT DARTMOOR.

ONE of those amiable enthusiasts who are agreed in shutting their eyes very tightly indeed to all that they do not want to see, has given an account of a "Visit to the Claimant," as he is still affectionately called, which is amusing from its very perverseness. Says Mr. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, "We" (Lord RIVERS and himself) "were agreeably surprised to find him looking so well, and much stouter, a convincing proof, if proof were required, that his conscience does not trouble him (!)" This is not bad. His only complaint was that he had been ill-used in prison, but the nature of his grievance Mr. ONSLOW "could not ascertain." Anybody else would have seen at once that it was his unhappy extra stoutness which was the cause of his trouble. "He told us he had petitioned the Home Minister, begging for an investigation into the circumstances," and to demand a reduction of the prison diet, of course. "He also told us," continues Mr. ONSLOW, "that he had increased in weight three stone since my last visit, and that he now weighed fifteen stone. He seemed much more resigned and tranquil, but regretted that no further attempt had been made to apply for summonses against certain of the Crown witnesses for having committed perjury at his trial, and he condemned those who had thwarted the previous application. His replies to my questions about ALFRED SMITH were most satisfac-

tory, and prove beyond a doubt that ARTHUR OATON is discovered, whether he is recognised or not (!). The twenty minutes soon passed away, and Lord RIVERS and myself (*sic*) agreed we had not travelled 500 miles to see an impostor." A certain French monarch used to have a physician constantly stationed by his side while he was at dinner, to wheel His Majesty away from the table when he had had as much as was good for him. Some such course will have to be adopted with the *protégé* of Mr. ONSLOW and Lord RIVERS, at Dartmoor, who persists in getting fatter when, logically, he ought to be getting thinner, and in having a grievance which "could not be ascertained."

THE TRUTH.

THEY say that love is blind,—
'Tis well it should be so;
For who could live contentedly
With some nice girls we know?

IMPORTANT TO POLITICIANS.—In the course of a few days ALLY SLOPER will settle the Eastern Question (in a Sixpenny Pamphlet) entirely to his own satisfaction. Send Early Orders. A Liberal Allowance made to all parties who send early enough.—N.B. This should be attended to. A SLOPER benefits only by the sale of the first half dozen millions. Afterwards, the sale is a matter of indifference to A. SLOPER.

CADBURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

Painless Dentistry.—Artificial Teeth.



MR. C. H. JONES,
SURGEON DENTIST,

57, Great Russell Street, London
(Immediately opposite the British Museum).
Has obtained Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent for his perfectly painless system of adapting Prime Metal (London and Paris).
ARTIFICIAL TEETH BY ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

Pamphlet gratis and Post Free.



WHAT THE SCHOOL BOARD HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Here is the Good Mother writing to ask the Master to excuse her BILLY, who she thinks has lately over-taxed his Brain by his Studies. N.B.—She wants him at home to “fetch” Errands.

BILLY with the over-taxed Brain fetching the Errands aforesaid.

“Q” IN THE CORNER.



ARDLY does it need a wizard to tell us that the Irish Sunday Closing Bill gives some difficulty, not only to the Government, but to the House of Commons itself. For about the first time since ST. PATRICK, Irishmen of every creed, political and religious, are pretty nearly agreed on a point. They desire public-houses to be closed all day on Sunday. Of 103 members, only a dozen were opposed to the Bill, and they are now believed to have abandoned their opposition. The argument in use is this:—Here is the voice of united Ireland praying that the British Parliament would keep the whisky from her lips at least one day a week. Irrespective of the reason-

ableness of the prayer, the Irish members insist that what they ask should be granted because they are agreed. Because Irishmen, representing various interests, and sitting in different parts of the House, have for once laid down their shillalahs and differ to agree, the Imperial Parliament must have no voice in the matter, but comply with the demand so soon as it is made. This would be a most inconvenient practice. No wonder the Government are wary of giving way. To adopt a measure because it is favoured by a majority of Irish representatives, would virtually be to play the game of Mr. BURR and his Home-Rule friends. “If,” they would say, “you agree that, when we agree, we shall have our way, what is the good of giving us the trouble of crossing the Channel? Why not let us sit in College Green, and avoid the perils and pains of the passage between Kingstown and Holyhead? If you pass the Bill because it re-

ceives our almost unanimous support, we shall some night be able to bring in a Home-Rule Bill, which will also receive our almost unanimous support, and then, to be logical, you will have to adopt the measure.”

To pass the Irish Sunday Closing Bill for the reason that the majority of the people of Ireland are in its favour, would be to adopt the principle of the Permissive Bill. If you restrict the operations of the Licensing Bill in a large district called Ireland, because the majority of the people ask it, why should you not apply the same principle to a smaller district called Rutland, if the majority of the people there should ask? If, moreover, you restrict the operations of the Bill for one day, why not for two or for the whole seven?

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who, wise people prophesy, will not live to see his measure of repression favourably received by the country, is not unlikely, after all, to see the principle accepted by the House of Commons next session, if not this.

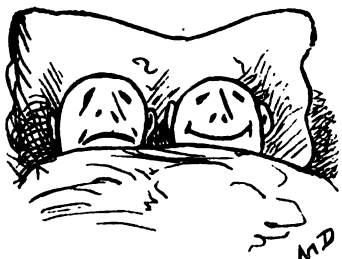
No wonder Sir WILFRID LAWSON described himself as “practical for once,” on the discussion of the Irish Bill. He was ready to give up his Permissive Bill for a discussion of the Sunday Closing Bill, if only the Chancellor of the Exchequer would promise to use his influence to get it carried to the Lords in time for its passing this year.

The Prison Bill has been read a third time. Mr. WADDY deserves the thanks of every rational man, not a criminal, in protesting against the distinction which was drawn between political offenders and ordinary prisoners by the various advocates of the former. If any distinction were to be drawn, he rightly contended that it might not be in favour of the dangerous political rascals. Mr. GOSCHEN, too, had the courage to express his opinion that it would be unwise to apply “kid-glove” treatment to the “great and serious” crime of treason-felony.

Mr. CROSS may be proud of the Bill, as it was read a third time.

Q.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.



I AM Major PENNY, the head of our family. We are four in number, and the others are girls. They are my seniors. I am forty-two.

Originally we were five in number. The fifth (who is now no more) gave us a great deal of trouble. I live in the country, at what some people might call an

out-of-the-way place. The girls live with me, and I manage all business matters connected with our establishment and order the dinners.

The three surviving girls, my seniors, are named respectively BATHSHEBA, CASSANDRA, and URSULA, which to some extent balances the PENNY. As I am universally addressed in the home circle, as elsewhere, as the Major, my own Christian name is immaterial for the purposes of this narrative.

The fifth (who is now no more) was a JEMIMA. It was settled from the first that it would have been unreasonable to expect much of a JEMIMA—and we didn't. If No. 5 has systematically persisted in being a surprise to the rest of her family, it is not her family's fault. The last surprises No. 5 (now no more) has given us are the Twins.

Up to the last moment allowable before going to press we have not got over them; indeed, I may almost go as far as to say that the Twins go on astonishing us more and more, and appear likely to do so.

Relative to previous surprises, and before dealing with the Twin episode, it may not be out of place here to say a few words. No. 5 was the only married member of our family. I am myself a bachelor. During their youth the girls, like other girls, were come after from time to time; but on all occasions I disapproved of the persons who did the coming-aftering, and broke my sentiments on the subject to the girls. "BATHSHEBA, CASSANDRA, or URSULA" (as the case might be), I would observe, "the man is a fool, an idiot, and an ass, and you must be a confounded donkey to care about him."

There is nothing, in a case of this kind, like putting the thing properly. Almost invariably the truth thus put came right home to the girl's mind, and she saw I was right. The truth, in like manner, brought home to the young man was, as a rule, equally efficacious. In the case of hesitation on either side, I boxed the girl's ears, and broke the young man's head, respectively. I have never known this to fail. Try it in your own family circle.

And it would not have failed in the case of No. 5 if it had been tried. For the case of No. 5, however, I was, to a great extent, unprepared. I did not—nor indeed did the other girls, but that matters little—deem it at all probable that there would be any coming-after with regard to No. 5, called JEMIMA (now no more), and when we heard that she had not only been come after with-

out our noticing it, but had been carried right off without our observing it till some time after, we were, for the first time, seriously surprised.

When, presently, we got a letter mentioning the fact in a casual kind of way, amongst other particulars relating to the weather and scenery in the part of the world she and the young man were taking their honeymoon, it staggered us for a while, and then I called for my pistols. The girls, flinging themselves upon me and clinging to me wildly, coupled with the fact that I had no pistols at the time, happily tended to avoid the shedding of blood, and the carrier off of No. 5 still lived—indeed, he does so now.

The next severe surprise was the revelation of the man's name, which we took at first to be a deliberate insult, until BATHSHEBA turned TWOPENNY up in the "Post-Office Directory." The fact established that there were absolutely TWOPENNYS existing, in addition to the PENNYS we were already aware of, we could not help feeling the fact itself was a kind of slur on us, and that JEMIMA, had she changed her name at all, ought not to have changed it to the disparagement of her own family.

We naturally felt that if any change had been necessary, she might have got out of copper coinage and been a Mrs. SILVER, a Mrs. SHILLING, or even a Mrs. POUND; but, as has been already observed, we never expected anything at all satisfactory about JEMIMA.

Within a year the last thing but one anybody expected took place. JEMIMA quarrelled with her husband, left him, and sought shelter with the girls and me. Before we had recovered from the shock which this event occasioned, came the last and most surprising of the surprises—the Twins.

At the present moment the girls and I have the sole care of the Twins, for their mother is no more. At the moment of going to press the Twins are squeaking with all the strength of which they are capable. I am engaged in looking up the word "Infant," after failing to find "Baby," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," for the purpose of ascertaining the best modes of treatment, whilst the girls are discussing the relative merits of beef-tea and calves'-foot jelly.

I myself have doubts whether the Twins are old enough—they were born only this morning—for such treatment. The nurse has left us in a huff, owing to my giving her a bit of my mind; and if the subject is not fully treated in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," I shall feel uneasy.

FINE by Degrees—Freemasons.

STOUT and Bitter—An alderman in a bad temper.

BEST Russian Stocks—Rifle stocks.

SLOPERIAN Quotation on certain Evening Newspaper Posters—Hang out your bangers on the outward walls.

LATEST from the Fowl-house—Left sitting.

A MODEL Ready Reckoner—SLOPER reduced to his last three-penny bit.

How to go into Society—Go out.

A CHILLING Remark—"Ot, ain't it?"

CUTTINGS FROM THE "ERA."



1. Wanted, to support the great Tragedian, PARCY JONES, a Singing Chambermaid;
2. Also, Heavy Gent;
3. First Old Man;
4. Juvenile Gent, well up in the Light Business;
5. A single-handed Singer.



THANK YOU

Dame Bruin (to Master Bull). HERE ARE SOME PRETTY THINGS TO AMUSE YOU, MY LITTLE DEAR.



OR NOTHING.

AND DAY WITH THAT NASTY CANNON!

[THE ROMANCE OF A RACE-GLASS.

An Ascot Story.

Yes, indeed, and without vanity, I flatter myself you won't meet with my equal every day! By the very fairest of fair judges have I been pronounced to be, not only "Quite too awfully sweetly pretty!" but "A perfect love of a glass!" For, not only am I of double extra strong magnifying power, good "focus" and wonderful "range," but so exquisitely "got up" am I, so handsomely "mounted" in ivory and gold as to make me, really and truly, what my erst Bond-Street Proprietor called me, on the ever-memorable occasion when I was—Sold, "A regular A1 gem in Ladies' Race-Glasses, and the very thing that you, sir, require."

Whereupon, then, the would-be customer, a magnificent Young Gentleman of the genus Dandy, taking me up in his immaculate lemon-coloured gloved hands for a closer inspection, carelessly pronounced me to be "All right," and then, equally carelessly, dropping me into the breast-pocket of his light overcoat, lounged out of the shop to his cab which stood waiting for him at the door.

It must have been some couple of hours after the above little transaction when I felt a hand extricate me from my prison, and heard my Master address a few words in a low voice to Somebody he handed me to. Opening my eyes then, I was at once bewildered, dazzled, and delighted at the scene around me, and the position I found myself in. For I was in the Grand Stand at Ascot, and, upheld in a symmetrical pair of pearl-grey hands—"sixes," I could take my affidavit to—was being looked through and through by two as beautiful eyes as any one could wish to be "seen through" with.

"Positively a perfect love!" said the Owner of the pearl-greys and Eyes. "And how kind of you to think of me!" She continued, turning a sweet face all aglow with its rare smile towards my late Master, whom I now saw leaning over the back of her chair. "Ah," he said tenderly, and with that irresistible manner so many before had had occasion to rue—how bitterly!—"ah, if it may be the means of causing you to think of me—just a little, now and then—how amply shall I be rewarded for so trifling a gift!"

"I do not need that," She replied, softly; "surely, surely, you know that much!"

He bent his handsome face till his moustache brushed the pink shell-like little ear. "Say to me," he whispered—"say to me *once more* those words of last night.....after that value..... in the verandah. Then I shall be sure..... Do you remember?"

During this little conversation, so interesting to the two, but not, perhaps, quite so thrilling to a third party, I called to mind what I had heard of my late Master, and it was not much to his credit. For in the Race of Life run so gaily day after day by all the good-looking, "fast," and prodigal Young Gentlemen of Her Majesty's Horse Guards Green, Captain the Honourable RICHARD DAREALL always "stood to win" in a canter. "Dick," protested the Hon. RICHARD's fair apologists, "is not really selfish and heartless—not really such a black sheep as people say; he's only *thoughtless*, dear fellow!" But what *will* not fair women pardon in a Young Gentleman so fascinating in manner, so distinguished in appearance, and with a pair of deep blue eyes, as this Hon. RICHARD!

Now, towards the close of that happy afternoon, I overheard a conversa-

tion between these two, to which, all-important and significant as it was, at the time, I thought little about. It appeared that my new Mistress was coming again on the Cup Day, and, naturally enough, expected my late Master to come also. But at this proposition he seemed embarrassed, ending by declaring his great regret and sorrow, for, on that afternoon, he was "engaged on pressing business with his lawyer," but he "hoped to see her later—in the evening." The matter ended, therefore, that, in that case, she would neither go herself.

When the morning of the Cup Day arrived, however, my Mistress was persuaded by her friends into going. I could not, nevertheless, avoid noticing how listless and *dull* she seemed at his absence. The sun shone brightly; the birds sang sweetly in the leafy lanes as we drove through them; on every face was a smile of glad excitement—on every face but *hers*. Yes, She, I saw but too plainly, was sad and uneasy at his absence.

I was reposing in lazy comfort on the lap of my Mistress, in the Grand Stand, when I saw her listless expression change suddenly to one of intense attention. An old gentleman behind us was talking to his friend.

"A-ha!" he said, with a fat, disagreeable chuckle, "too bad, really, for I'm told DICK DAREALL's engaged, and to be married shortly. See, there he is on the box-seat of that drag, doing the extreme blush to little BLANCROUX, of the Frivolity! He must be jolly sweet there, for he didn't take the slightest notice of the race, and I know he's backed Ratcatcher for a whole pot."

I felt the slender fingers close on me convulsively. But the next moment a bright light came into her eyes, and I heard her murmur to herself, ever so softly, "Oh, it is—it must be a mistake!.....Some one else.....of course.....how could I doubt him!.....Yes, yes; but.....but.....I must look!"

She then began agitating me for the proper focus, whilst I was in a very agony. For I—*I*, who knew my late Master's character so well—I knew there was no mistake.....

In that moment of agony a wonderful miracle occurred. As I lay trembling in her hands, the faculty of speech came to me..... I spoke.

"Dear, dear Mistress," I cried, "do not, I implore you, do not look through me! Believe, oh, believe me, 'twill be for your good!"

But, in her strong excitement, she heard or heeded me not.

She adjusted me carefully.....Then she raised me to her eyes—firmly.The next moment I fell with a crash upon the floor—bruised, maimed for life. And, lying there in the dust, I was conscious of a slight stir and murmur in the aristocratic crowd. Well-bred voices spoke with languid sympathy; Lady CLARA VEE DE VEE made "kind inquiries."

And She—my brave Mistress—was true to the Spartan religion of her Order. "It was nothing—nothing, thanks.....The extreme heat.....a little overcome.....a glass of water.....Thanks, so much—quite right now."

But that all happened many, many Ascot Cup Days ago. My dear Mistress—for She will not part with me, and I well, well know the reason—has long since made "a brilliant match,"—at all events the World says so, and the World, you know, is always right,—and She is, so says this same World, "as happy as the Day is long."

THEATRE ROYAL, SEAT OF WAR.—ENORMOUS ATTRACTION! On the 5th proximo the Eminent Littérateur A. L. SLOPER will make his First Appearance at the ab-ve, and carry all before him (and the remainder in his coat-tail pockets). "This will be a great occasion." A. SLOPER. Books of the Words, profusely illustrated, Sixpence only! N.B.—Book early!



[THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

SCENE—South Belgravia.

Mr. SMITH, after words with the Cabman, gives his name and address, "SMITH, Thames Bank."

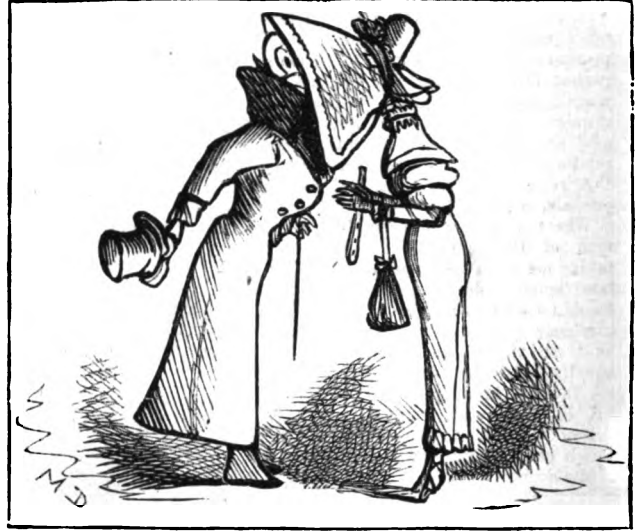
Cabman. THAT WON'T DO, YOU KNOW. IT SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD OF A SMITH AFORE TO-DAY; AND AS TO THAMES BANK, IT REACHES FROM HERE TO THE NORN!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM!

THE SLOPER OF THE PAST AND THE SLOPER OF THE FUTURE.



1. THE SLOPER OF THE FUTURE.—Impossible! Yet, that Stock—those Feet—that Umbrella! 'Tis he! 'Tis he!—and still at his tricks.



2. WHEN THEY REALLY DID WEAR BONNETS.—"Oh, SLOPER! if any one was to see my face! How I am blushing."



3. DURING THE AGE OF REASON.—"Citizen the Marvellous, they say you have killed as many Women as the Guillotine itself."



4. AMONG THE PATCHES.—"In truth, you do look a mighty pretty gentleman; but I feel but half safe in your company."



5. WHEN THEY WORE BUSSET BOOTS.—"Fie, Sir Cavalier! thou hadst best ask permission first of Master FRAISE THE LORD BAREBONES, my lawful spouse."



6. AMONG THE RUFFS.—"O death and gramercy! my gallant Sir; if you do love me, don't crease my collar."

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

NO CHANCE FOR HIM.—It is asserted that a member of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government has his eye upon bicycles for a lift to the Revenue, should he ever get the chance of doing Government work again. The rapidly extending popularity of bicycles would, doubtless, make the taxation of such machines a considerable source of revenue, but the chances are very much against the author of the scheme, though a bicyclist himself, ever again having such power two-wheeled.

WORTH REFLECTING UPON.—How often do we hear it stated, on the authority of Sir WALTER SCOTT, that in these days "old times are changed, old manners gone." But what little thankfulness accompanies the statement, considering what hard times those were, and what bad manners they had who lived in them!

JUST A TRIFLE.—Considerable excitement has been caused by a rumour that one of the attendants in the British Museum was recently frightened into convulsions because he thought an Egyptian mummy, 4,000 years old, spoke to him. The statement wants confirmation, and is likely to want it; for to believe that a person could have anything to say who had been interred so "lengthy" (to use an ARTEMUS-ISM) is a little tomb-much.

VERY PROBABLY.—Our latest distinguished visitor, General GRANT, has caused a great deal of remark by the persistent manner in which he holds his tongue—all he does is to smoke in silence and listen. The Army and Navy Club have made him an honorary member of their club, but even the Army and Navy Club will not get a speech out of him. General GRANT'S sole accomplishment is said to be his skill in poker, a game which only Yankees play well. In this he became an adept doubtless from being, during his early life, so constantly under fire.

THE WAY THEY WENT.—No trace has been found of the shares and bonds stolen from the Calais mail train. One important thing has transpired, however: it is certain that the thieves escaped from the scene of the robbery by means of the black mail.

SOLVING THE MYSTERY.—Mr. PROCTOR, a great authority on geology, says the earth is growing larger day by day. Consequently it is not able to move round so quickly; in which case the months and weeks would lag a little. Perhaps this will explain why everything is behindhand this year, whether it be vegetation or cash payments.

NOT LIKELY TO COME OFF.—It is rumoured in scientific circles that "Dr." SLADE has offered to give Professor LANCASTER and Dr. DONKIN a series of séances, if those gentlemen will take a leaf out of his book, and meet him on the Continent. The Professor is understood to be quite satisfied with the leaf he took out of the "Doctor's" table.

CRIME ACCORDING TO CIRCUMSTANCES.—It is no new thing to say that Irish ideas of crime are peculiar. The gentry and people of Castlereagh, county Mayo, have subscribed a reward fund of above £1,000 for information that may lead to the apprehension of the murderer of Mr. YOUNG, and at a public meeting, at which a Roman Catholic priest, among others, spoke, the murder was denounced as an utterly abominable, as well as an

"unnecessary," crime. What kind of murder, may one ask, is considered by the priesthood to be "necessary" in that part of the country?

KEEPING THEM IN THEIR PLACES.—Ladies' husbands and ladies' dresses are both arranged on the same principle now-a-days. The only method on which they can be said to suit their fair owners, is when they are quite kept back.

ROUBLES AND TROUBLES.—The Russians are trying to raise funds, by means of another loan, to feed their enormous armies. But they have already received a check on the bank of the Danube. Why do not they negotiate that?

THE PROPER TIME TO MARRY.—In a comparison between the condition of the floating population of canal-boats and the workers in factories, a contemporary says:—"It would be interesting to know the time when female operatives usually marry."

The information is easily supplied. Factory operatives, like most other girls, marry just when they can meet with husbands.

ON A
LATE AQUATIC EXPERIMENT.

ONE ROGERS, in the month of May—
So said the morning papers—
Would on the silvery Thames essay
Some very curious capers;
All in a tub, by four geese towed,
Down-stream he'd take his venturous road.

'Twas sad, but somehow things afloat
Went wrong for FELIX ROGERS;
He could not trim his crazy boat,
Remark'd some funny codgers:
The geese could not draw him, 'twas true,
But FELIX did "draw" geese a few!

THE ONLY JONES.

HON'D MA'AM,—I myself have not been to the theatre during the last week or ten days, but a friend of mine, who is rather more of a salamannder, brings me reports which, I think, you may accept as reliable.

English playgoers, seemingly, persist in refusing to have their minds

improved and to enjoy intellectual treats. Mlle. THERESA has done much better than M. FÉVRE at the Gaiety. Years ago, when FINETTE honoured us with a visit, there was some talk of THERESA coming over and singing at the Alhambra. She would draw well at the Alhambra.

Mr. JEFFERSON has for a time let *Rip Van Winkle* sleep undisturbed, and acts farces at the Haymarket. He is, I am told, very good indeed; but, then, a farce is only a farce after all, and it is just possible that Mr. JEFFERSON would have been more appreciated in one farce than two.

The most famous of all the Strand burlesques—*The Maid and Maggie*—has been revived. Mr. W. H. VERNON'S acting in *Mammon* is excellent, and has surprised even his greatest admirers.

After Dark, at the Globe, you must go and see; though why the deuce it should be revived also at the Princess's I can't say.

It was very unfair, I thought, to say, when the *Lyons Mail* was produced at the Lyceum, that the minor characters were ill-played. As it runs now, with one solitary exception, they are all excellently well played.

THE O. J.

CROSS PURPOSES.

(RUSSIA *loquitur*.)

To cross o'er the Danube I'll try,
And efforts make simply convulsive;
Alas! much I fear me that I
Shall find the Turks strongly repulsive.

Post free 1s. 2½d.—"The Best Book for the Seaside Ever Published."

"ALL THE WAY, ONE SHILLING," containing hundreds of Comic Pictures by A. CHASEMORE, with a quantity of Prose and Verse by CHAS. H. ROSS. To be had of all Booksellers and News-agents, at all Railway Bookstalls throughout the United Kingdom, And at "JUDY" OFFICE, 78, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



IT IS AS WELL TO KNOW.

Pleasant Child (to Young Man making his first call). SEE HERE: IF YOU'RE COMING OFTEN, AND GOING TO MAKE UP TO ONE OF MY SISTERS, YOU'D BETTER BE SHARP AND POP THE QUESTION, 'CAUSE I'VE NOTICED, WITH ALL THE OTHER FELLOWS, WHEN IT GOES ON SO LONG IT NEVER COMES TO NOTHING!



HAD HIM THERE!

Young Raspcallion (to Good Little Boy who wants to be at School in time). HELLO! WHY AIN'T YOU GONE UP THE LANE THIS MORNIN', INSTEAD O' COMIN' ROUND HERE?

Good Little Boy: I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. WHAT LANE?

Young Raspcallion (promptly). WHY, THE BRICK-LAYIN', GREENY! YOU'RE GOT THE MORTAR-BOARD ALL READY, AIN'T YER?

THE LAY OF THE TELEPHONE:

A Performance on One String.

"A marvellous performance is to be given at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre. A gentleman will play on the piano in Berlin, and the sounds will be heard in the theatre in London by means of the Telephone."

Oh, have you seen the Telephone,
The greatest modern wonder shown;
Which will transmit from zone to zone
The softest or the loudest tone
That e'er was utter'd, twang'd, or blown?

Have you seen the Telephone?

If you in England are alone,
But in reach of a Telephone;
And in the farthest regions grown
Familiar (telegraphs make known
All lands) — one there should sing or groan,
Near unto a Telephone; —

Or shout or yell, or cough or moan,
Or some barbaric music drone
Like that to which the Scotch are prone;
Such sounds would instantly be thrown
Along the wires, from Telephone
To the other Telephone; —

O'er hill and mountain, peak and cone;
Past craggy heights of rock and stone;
By fields wherein Spring's seed is sown,
Or Autumn's ripen'd sheaves are strown,
Or cold King Winter has his throne,
Flashing to the Telephone; —

Down deep-sea valleys, dark and lone,
Where no sun's rays have ever shone;
All through this wondrous Telephone
Those sounds would, swift as thought, have flown
From foreign shores on to our own.
Have you seen the Telephone?

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

A PUBLIC meeting has just been held at Deal, in compliance with a requisition numerously signed, to take into consideration the best means to provide amusements for visitors during the coming season. Though this is the duty of every watering-place which lives by making itself desirable and agreeable, it is a duty far too generally neglected; and of the great army of holiday-makers which is now beginning to move out of Town, many doubtless, bearing in mind such friendly solitude on their behalf, will make up their minds to "out for Deal."

CADBURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

**LIEBIG'S
LIQUID
EXTRACT OF BEEF.**

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the essence of nourishment, will fortify the feeblest, and is a stimulant to the invalid, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

**LIEBIG'S
TONIC WINE.**

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a liquor of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its re-invigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.; assorted as before on receipt to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post-Office Order for 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers

BUDDLES, THE SAILOR BORN.



Buddles' friends one and all declared if he (BUDDLES) had not been fated to be in the Greengrocery line—



He would ere this have been a second NELSON at least.



When but a boy, how he revelled in SKELT's Nautical Sheets!



And when he came to grief through navigating his mamma's wash-tub in the duck-pond, his ardour cooled not!



To hear him on harmonic evenings, at the "Red Lion," warbling out "Hearts of Oak,"—



Or "Nancy Lee," at the Slocum-Podger Penny Readings, would have driven all doubts from the sceptic mind.



When his friend Spruce induced him to tear himself away for a time from his business and go to Margate, came he not out strong!



And all would have been well, had he not gone for a sail. But Spruce need not have called on BUDDLES, at the next Harmonic Meeting, for the song of, "I never was meant for the Sea."

A SUMMER IDLE.



You used to manage pretty well—
Your share of sleeping

Before they wove their artful net,
(Scarce such a pretty land they'd get,
They thought, I'm thinking.)

Well, naughty coz, pray why should you
Do aught you would not care to do?
That coy-like shrinking—

THE summer flies contented buzz;

And you seem comfortable, coz;
Excuse my peeping!

But Messrs. SKYDEL I might tell,

From anything that sounds like work,
I love to see! Could I but shirk,
Praps I'd delight to.

There must be those who have to toil,
And folks with fingers made to spoil—
And serve 'em right, too!

THINGS WE ARE SURE TO HEAR OF SHORTLY

Without any help from the Telephone.

Of our amiable old friend the sea-serpent, of course. (Has he not already been seen from the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and "reported upon" to the Admiralty?)

Of that dear old bore the Channel Tunnel. (Do not the papers begin to publish statements as to what the French think about him?)

Of our annual friend the enormous gooseberry. The cold spring has kept him back, so that he is not quite ripe yet, but with this sunshine—

Of the opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE on a number of utterly uninteresting subjects.

Of the appearance of the wild man of the Dead Season—not a newspaper editor, but the wild man who usually turns up in a forest in France about this time; he who is asserted once to have climbed up a tree and pulled the tree up after him.

Of the good old excursion railway smash, clearly proved by investigation to be nobody's fault.

And, finally, of the fustiness of seaside lodgings, of the dearness of marine hotels, of the unpunctuality of continental trains, and of the general superiority of the Briton on his travels to everything and everybody.





MORE ABOUT THE TWINS.

It was a common remark with a late illustrious commander-in-chief that I, Major PENNY, was the best man he ever knew at strategic movements with heavy artillery; yet where am I now?

When I mention the fact that I am alone in the house with the twins, and that the twins are on the full howl, I may, perhaps, be more clearly understood and sympathized with should I repeat the question, Where am I now?

Upon the field of battle, whilst temporarily in command, I may have so disposed the men under me as to render highly valuable

service. I will not deny it—and why should I? but here, in strict confidence, I own, in answer to the above interrogatory, I am rather worse than nowhere.

To some extent it may have been my fault that I am placed in the position in which I find myself. I may have been, to a certain extent, wrong in sending USULA in search of What's-her-name's Soothing Syrup, when BATHSHEBA had just gone by my directions for FENNING'S Powders, I having forgotten to add it to CASSANDRA'S list, with the extra feeding-bottle, &cetera, which I had packed her off to fetch in advance of the other two girls.



"IN ARMA."

I have said that the twins are howling—but I anticipate. Let us rather go back a few minutes, and imagine the twins peacefully slumbering side by side.

Just at this instant it is rather difficult to imagine anything approaching it on the part of the twins, but let us try to do so.

The door, then, has just closed (with a bang) behind USULA, and a moment afterwards I become conscious of a twitching in the off eyebrow of the near twin.

I hold my breath and wait. I am in the act of walking at the time: one leg is on the ground and the other isn't, when I become, as it were, frozen into stone, like the flying Mercury of ancient sculpture.

When, at last, I can't stand this way any longer without a fear of tumbling over, I bring down the other foot, and my boot creaks like anything.

On this the near twin puckers up its nose and sniffs. I immediately become transfixed again, and suffer agonies of suspense whilst I watch the puckers straighten out. Then I breathe again, and kick the table.

At the noise the four eyes of the twin division open simultaneously, as though worked on one wire, and rivet themselves on my face, stretched across the table towards them, and wearing an expression of such concentrated agony, rage, and despair, that it is quite too much for the twins, and the lines of their youthful countenances spread out perpendicularly, like the gutta-serena heads you buy at the corner shop in the Lowther, when you pinch them under the chin.

The next moment I am chanting, "Hush-a-bye, baby, have you any wool? father's gone a-hunting on a tree-top" in a persuasive tone of voice, whilst I flip the fingers of my right hand as an accompaniment, and rub my shin with the left.

These must be fools of twins; as far as music is concerned, they don't see it.

I therefore rock them in their little cot, and jolt one twin's head up against the other with a rattling sound, like eggs going at a trot in a basket to market. But even this does not soothe them.

Under these circumstances, I come to the conclusion they will, perhaps, calm down if carried about a bit, but it is a harder



"AHA! THE BOTTLE!"

thing to carry a couple of twins, both together, than any one who has never carried half a twins at a time has any notion of, and the way I hold them gives them an opportunity of pulling and hauling at my whiskers in a way I have been unaccustomed to.

There was a time, during the Crimean war, when a Russian officer, whom I subsequently slew, expressed a desire to take me by the nose, but probably that was not a case in point. As it is, I am now being similarly assaulted, and have also had a dab in either eye. Indeed, the question is, What will happen next? unless—I'll try the feeding-bottle.

Hitherto we have only got one feeding-bottle between the twins—naturally supposing that they would have taken their food turn and turn about—but they won't. When one twin gets the bottle the other howls, and there's no way of choking off the howler but by gagging him with the india-rubber feeder, on which the other fellow pipes up like one o'clock.

It is the case now; but whilst No. 1 twin is wolfing up his share I shake a rattle with all my might in the face of No. 2, which has the effect of stunning him a bit till his turn comes, when I rattle up the other chap till he seems half dazed.

After these proceedings, both twins being temporarily lulled, I get them back into their cot and unbutton my waistcoat, and gasp a while.

They continue quiet. If I could open the window and get a breath of air, I might go on looking up the ills of infancy in the "Encyclopædia" with some degree of calmness.

The twins have closed their eyes. I will.....gently.....That's right.....And now for the "Encyclopædia."

I suppose the girls will be back soon. Really and truly, I am not getting on so very badly; but, after all, tact is what is wanted in these matters—simply tact.....What's that?

A beast of a big, buzzing bluebottle fly has come in through the open window.

I watch him with interest. As I supposed, he goes for the twins.

He settles on the off twin's nose. The off twin lunges out at him, and he beats a retreat.

The twin sinks back into slumber. Heaven be thanked!

The bluebottle returns and settles on the near twin's nose. The near twin lunges, and gives his brother one in the ear. On this, the off twin lunges out and howls.

I oblige with "Cease, rude Boreas," and "The Red, White, and Blue," and peace is restored.

Then I look round for the bluebottle. He is quiet just now, but I'm not going to put up with any of his nonsense. Let him look out. Ah, ha!

He returns and hovers playfully round his victims. Which nose is he on for now? Let him look out!

Whilst I fix my gentleman with my eye, I take out my silk handkerchief, and at a critical moment, I flip.

Merciful powers! what have I done? Have I marked a twin for life? And which was it?

They are both howling at the top of their voices.



STRATEGY!



"SINGULARLY INCOMPLETE, THIS WORK!"

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—A most disgraceful Hoax would appear to have been perpetrated on ALLY FLOPER. Full particulars will be given in the *Pamphlet*. In common justice to the Eminent Littérateur, the public are entreated to refrain from forming any decided opinion until all the circumstances of the case have been made public. Ready July 6.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM!

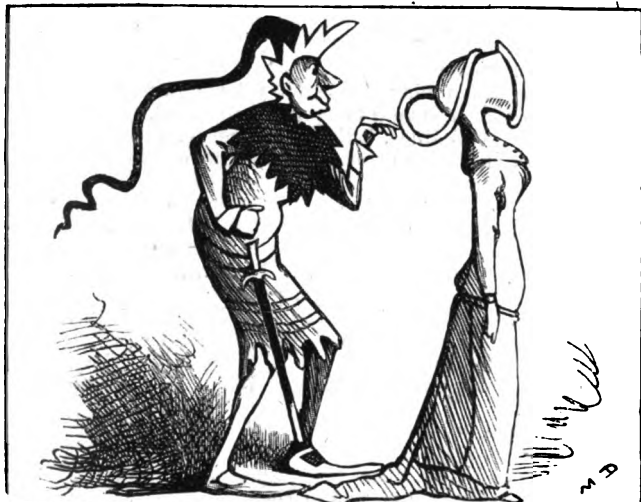
THE SLOPER OF THE PAST AND THE SLOPER OF THE FUTURE



1. THE EARLIEST SLOPERIAN EFFIGY EXTANT.—Probably intended to represent a Dance of the Period.



2. IN THE JOAN OF ARCADIAN PERIOD.—"Nay, 'tis unfair to press thy suit with that helmet on."



3. AMONGST MEDIEVAL MONSTROSITIES.—"Get thee gone, impudent male person! It likes me not, thy forwardness!"



4. WHEN THE HOLY WAR WAS GOING ON.—Did Sloper's ancestors go away with the Crusaders? Not quite.



5. WHEN LITTLE BOYS CARRIED LONG TRAINS.—"Gadzooks, sweet sir, thou hasn't a winning tongue and courtly presence!"



6. WHEN OLD CHINA AND STARCHED COAT-TAILS WERE IN FASHION.—"SLOPER, you are a most dangerous character in your Sabbath-day raiment!"

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

WANTING TO KNOW.—According to the *Times*, the following profound scientific question was sent last week to the Secretary of the Royal Society by a querist, dating from a Sussex watering-place:—"Why do animals pant after running very fast?" The Secretary has been thinking it over, and his conclusion is, that the querist (who seems to be very queer indeed) had better consult a solicitor.

FROM THE LYCEUM.—The Lion's Male—Of course he is; it is the lioness which is of the other sex.

GIVING A REASON.—"Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" is the name of an essay by somebody or other. An Irish newspaper answers the question by saying, "Certainly: only they ought to learn it when they are children."

MELANCHOLY PROSPECT.—There has been, for a whole week, a remarkable quietness in the proceedings of Mr. GLADSTONE. During that time there have been no meetings, no orations, no published postcards, and no absurd letters on trivial subjects to notariety-hungry noodles. It is feared that the Member for Greenwich is writing another pamphlet.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.—Owing to the high temperature which has prevailed this week, ice is now used to cool the air in the House of Commons, and it is announced that by its agency the temperature within the building has been considerably reduced. It has been found necessary, however, to put an extra quantity of cooling material in the neighbourhood of the opposition benches below the gangway, on account of the heated condition of the Home Rule members.

THE FAMILY TORPEDO.—Recent experiments with torpedoes have shown what tremendous effects may be caused by an object which, to look at, appears small and insignificant. But it is a mistake to describe this condition of things as something new. Observation shows that when there is a "blow-up" in the domestic circle, the hubbub is always out of all proportion to the cause of the disturbance.

BEYOND CRITICISM.—Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL, the eminent marine engineer, has raised the question if in future Great Britain will not do well to dispense with monster ironclads, and whether the Admiralty should not at once proceed to build much smaller vessels. The Lords of the Admiralty regard with a watchful eye the interesting incidents now daily occurring; and whatever vessels become superseded, one class of ships we shall never improve upon—their Lord-ships.

ANATOMICAL QUERY.—Is the "comic vein" situated anywhere near the funny-bone?

THE RIGHT COURSE.—The Admiralty have at last agreed with Captain COPPIN about raising the *Vanguard*. He is to pay them £20,000 for the vessel as she lies. It is understood that the money will be immediately paid into the Sinking Fund.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.—It is reported that Mr. CALEB CUSHING will shortly publish a critical study of the TROBORN Case. As far as the British public are concerned, the more "shortly" Mr. CUSHING does his work, the better; but it is far more likely to appear "at length."

MORE OPPRESSION.—The Egyptian Government have pro-

hibited the importation of Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlets on the Eastern Question, the Khedive fearing that they would have a bad effect upon his people. Doubtless His Highness knows best, but in one respect at least such books seem to be quite adapted to the Egyptian character, as they are full of fallah-cies.

ON THE CARDS.—When a game of whist is played in Calcutta, can it be called an India-rubber?

CRIMES AND DISASTERS.

MR. BESLEY, employed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who had summoned Mr. HOPE, of Eaton Square, was pleased to open his address by stating that the Society in question was not actuated by any other feeling than that of furthering the law; and it made no distinction whether the charge was against a costermonger for ill-treating his donkey, or against a rich man for torturing his horse, and the defendant, though holding a high position in society, was as amenable to the same as those in an inferior position in life. After hearing the evidence, Mr. MANSFIELD, the magistrate, entirely exonerated Mr. HOPE from the charge of cruelty and dismissed the summons, and Mr. POLAND thought the reference to the costermonger was entirely out of place. JUDY is of Mr. POLAND's opinion; the vociferation of this and similar claptrap sentiments is better suited for the entertainment of the threepenny gallery of an East-end theatre than a London magistrate during his business hours.

A week or two ago, Mr. A. SLOPER came to grief for selling "Scent Fountains," as they are called by courtesy, in the street; and since then, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL has been charged at Hammersmith with hawking them without a license, and fined five

shillings. Those ladies and gentlemen who have recently been deluged with dirty water, will feel pleased to learn that had Mr. MARSHALL possessed a license, there would have been no harm at all in his selling squirts, and that it is not at all wrong to buy one and discharge its contents into a lady's face.

In the case of the recent Quixotic self-martyrdom of two "publishers," the result has been just exactly what every sensible person must have expected. The only persons who seem not to have quite known what they were talking about were the jury.

THE ONLY JONES.

THERE have been changes in public taste ever since *After Dark* was first played at the Princess's. Then, the singer in the music-hall scene cut but a sorry figure, and was decidedly laughed at, not with. Now the great MACKENZIE and other big talent from the halls are introduced as a genuine entertainment, and evidently entertain.

Mr. EDWARD TERRY appears to have been carrying all before him on his "provincial tour." He is filling the houses wherever he goes, and I hope that he is filling his pockets too. I owe TERRY such lots of laughs and merry evenings that I am exceedingly gratified to find his talents so well appreciated up North. May his success not induce him to prolong his tour!—we want him at home.

On Thursday morning Mr. ANSON's benefit at the Adelphi. A capital bill of fare! Mind you go!

Post free 1s. 2½d.—"The Best Book for the Seaside Ever Published."

"ALL THE WAY, ONE SHILLING," containing hundreds of Comic Pictures by A. CHASEMORE, with a quantity of Prose and Verse by CHAS. H. ROSS. To be had of all Booksellers and Newsagents, at all Railway Bookstalls throughout the United Kingdom, And at "JUDY" OFFICE, 73, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



THE MORAL LESSON.

Mother. IF MRS. JOHNSON COMES, JEMMY, SAY I'M NOT AT HOME.
Jemmy. OH, I DARE SAY! AND THEN YOU'LL GIVE ME A WHACKING FOR TELLING A STORY!



OLD BIRDS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Male Friend of Lady Visitors. IS YOUR SIGHT SO VERY BAD, MY POOR WOMAN? DO YOU THINK, NOW, YOU COULD SEE A SHILLING IF I WERE TO SHOW YOU ONE?

Elderly Party (promptly). THANK YE KINDLY, SIR, I DUNNO' ABOUT A SHILLIN', BUT I'M SURE I COULD SEE HALF-A-CROWN!

[*Male person hands it over directly.*]

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

PARLIAMENTARY questioning has become a nuisance. There are men in the House of Commons whose function is to ask questions on the most frivolous pretence. They ask questions on every imaginable subject. They are to be classified as LINNÆUS classified plants, and some day I may take the trouble to classify them.

At the present moment the most obstreperous questioners derive their inspiration from newspapers. It seems as if they had been engaged by the proprietors of the journals implicated to give a puff oblique to their property.

An attentive reader of the debates will know what I mean.

An honourable member rises and, with the air of one who has something to say, asks the Minister if it is true, as reported in the *Greengrocer's Journal*, that the magistrates at Oozeley-cum-Slughton bit a piece out of the ear of a little girl brought before them for stealing a gooseberry. Another honourable gentleman is anxious to know if the *Daily News* is correct in stating, on the authority of some wonderful special correspondent in its pay at Constantinople, that Mr. LAYARD, in the course of a private interview with the SULTAN, told His Majesty that he was a liar, and that, in consequence, a penny steamboat had been dispatched from Lambeth pier to the Golden Horn. A third, deriving his information from the *Eatanswill Gazette*, is exceed-

ingly desirous, for the public good, to learn whether the report in that paper, that His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES has become proprietor of the hotel at Mudbank-on-the-Sea, is to be relied on.

Of course the Minister concerned replies that the gentlemen who furnished the information, respectively, to the *Greengrocer's Journal*, the *Daily News*, and the *Eatanswill Gazette*, had no foundation in fact for the information they gave their too-confiding readers. But a double purpose has been served. The journals mentioned, have had such advertisements as they could not in any other way have had, and the worthy and honourable members put up to ask the questions have figured before their constituents as people who insist on knowing "the reason why," and who tell the Ministry to their face that they are no better than they ought to be.

But there are men who are greater nuisances than these. These are the hon. gentlemen who are spokesmen for their wives, or daughters, or grandmothers. Hardly a night passes but somebody puts a question on such a matter as the gravel laid down from Hyde Park Corner to Stanhope Gate. In an Imperial Parliament, which has to do with the interests of 280 millions of people, any one who chooses should not be allowed to waste time asking for information upon the most trivial matters.

Q.

CADBURY'S

PURE!

SOLUBLE!!

REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

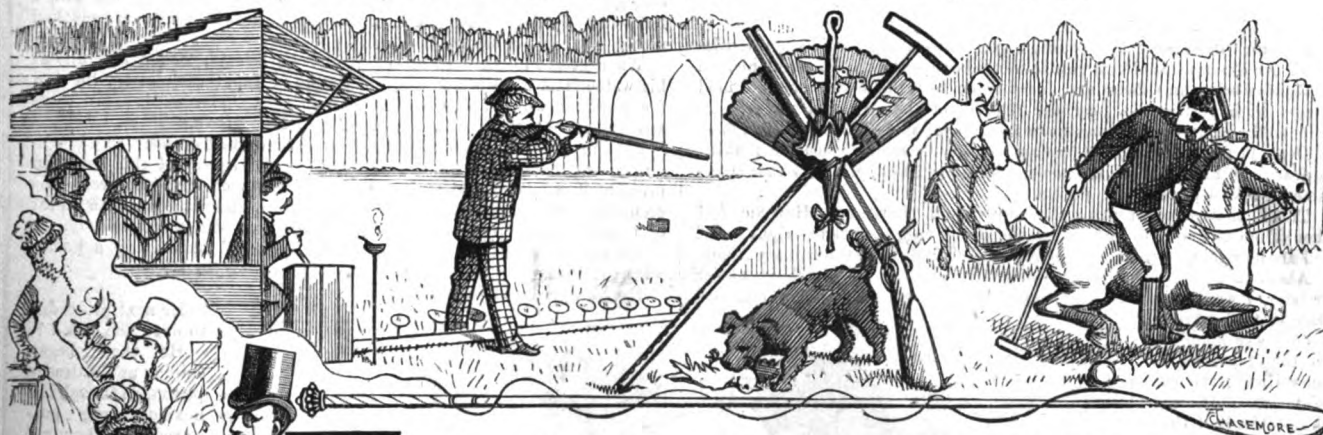
Many cannot take ordinary Cocoas because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S

(few Pens neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. The success of this invention has been so signal, that other firms now offer their pens under similar names. Buy a 6d. Sample Box, which will at once prove the superiority of C. B. & Co.'s Pens.)

A HURLINGHAM HEROINE.



THAT the *Valette* are the most charming of waltzes, I am profoundly convinced, and they will be for ever associated in my mind with pearl-grey satin and pigeon-pie. Not that Mr. PERCY BEAMISH's charming melody has anything in common with pigeon-pie; though, mind you, pigeon-pie properly made, with all the etceteras, is pleasant enough food.

The pearl-grey satin has more soul in it, may be, and more poetry, though I have seen pearl-grey satin with little enough of either—a day or two since on the Victoria platform in an ugly HANDEL rush. And I most particularly noticed, by the way, that the feminine disciples of the composer were almost, to a woman, flat-footed and heelless—a good old notion existing in the gentle breasts of these innocents, that high heels, like many other nice things, are injurious and wrong.

My pearl-grey had no such plebeian prejudices. She was

young and fair, and delightfully décolletée. Her dress fitted her like a glove. Her heels were of the highest, and her train of the longest. She was as cruel as a cat and as pretty as a flower, and I adored her to the music of *La Valette* on a balcony amongst sweet flowers, whilst the other people were dancing.

But that was not at Hurlingham. When next we met, she wore another pearl-grey, and was looking on with an angel's smile whilst the Good Young Men popped off the pigeons.

I adored her still, but at a greater distance, and at first, I am inclined to believe, she scarcely remembered me and the balcony the night before.

* * * * *

I am, on reflection, inclined to look upon a pigeon as but a poor kind of bird, even in a pie, except there is plenty of steak, eggs, and stuffing introduced.

There came a time—next day, indeed—when we met a third time. I was fool enough to call at her mother's house next day, and a worse fool to call just as they were sitting down to lunch.

An odour of pigeon-pie pervaded the premises. "Some of the victims!" I said to myself with a bitter smile, and went in to eat of them.

I was a fool, as I began by saying. I ought to have known that she would not like to be stared at whilst feeding.

"It's one's only chance," I have since heard she said when describing the unhappy visit.

There are times, I think, when one's heart feels too full to pile pigeon-pie around it, and I don't care if I never see the dish again.

NOT "CASE"-HARDENED.

He was pale, he was thin, he was sad,
Though he'd not quite the air of a dreamer;
And the roll of his eye was as bad
As the roll of the Newhaven steamer.
And they offered him beer by the pot;
He accepted each measure, and drank it,
But remarked after each, it did not
Raise his spirits, nor had he to thank it!

Then they plied him with humour and wit
Of all kinds—Whitechapel and Attic;
Till he said, "He should just have a fit
If they tried to be epigrammatic."
It revived all the terrible pain
That made thinking a frightful exertion;
And, to show the weak state of his brain,
He said nothing to back that assertion!

They gathered around him, they cried,
Using handkerchiefs largely, "Poor fellow!
What was it, come say, that has dyed
Your skin that unusual yellow!"
Then he groaned in articulate croaks,
That for years after haunted their slumbers,
"I'm the being who makes all the jokes
You see in the Holiday Numbers."

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

SIGNS of Summer! Where are we to look for them? Not always in the sky—there's too much uncertainty in that. But there are ways of finding out when Summer ought to have arrived, even if it has not. Here, for instance, is the Holiday Number of *London Society*—a capital number, expressly manufactured for the amusement of holiday-makers, and complete in itself.

That all the world has bought, or is going to buy, Judy's new Summer book, "All the Way," I take for granted, because that is a thing that must be done, and you cannot help yourself, even if you cared to do so!

What a many boys and girls have been spoilt for the want of the outlay of that one additional penny we have heard so much of, and been turned out without manners! In Mr. WILLIAM TEEG's latest volume, called "The Salutations, Obediences, and Courtesies of all Nations," he has not endeavoured so much to show you how to behave, as to show how other people do so all the world over. It is worth while learning to "boo," and you may learn much from this amusing and instructive little book.

"The Russian Wolf and his Sacred Mission, by an Englishman Thirty-six Years Acquainted with Russia," is the title of a pamphlet in which are recorded a long and ugly list of atrocities committed by Christian Russia, and is startling enough. Whether, however, any decided opinion should be formed upon any subject connected with the War in the East before ALBY SLOPER publishes his pamphlet, is an open question. In this work, which should have appeared on the 5th instant, we have SLOPER's assurance that some astounding disclosures may be expected. SLOPER's encounters with the Russian Rooster, and his attempted abduction of POLINSKI's Pig, ought alone to afford horrors enough for anybody's sixpence. Only why could not SLOPER send his copy in time? He swears it will be all right on the 12th.

AN AFFAIR EXTRAORDINARY.

(In Strict Confidence.)

I AM a Celebrated Personage, and my name is SMTH.

I am an Officer, and, being such, I need not observe that I am a Gentleman. An observation of that nature would be superfluous. It would, indeed. Besides being an Officer, and in addition to being a Gentleman, I hold a very high position—a position, in fact, of strength and power. To come to the point—which is my custom when available—I am in—The Force.

Don't be alarmed. Unless you are a guilty Criminal, you have nothing to fear from me. There are people, I have been told, who say that sometimes I Take Up the wrong people.

This is another observation of a superfluous character. How am I, I should like to know, to know when the wrong ones are not the right ones!

I am now going to make a plain statement of a most Extraordinary Affair.

About this time yesterday afternoon—it may have been an hour sooner or later, I won't swear to that positively—but about this very identical

time yesterday afternoon I was standing on the platform of the railway station at Waterloo. It was the platform of the line which goes to Kew, Richmond, Barnes, Mordlake, etcetera. I was in plain clothes, but my Commanding Person being, of course, recognized by the Ticket Collector, he had let me through the wicket with the crowd of travellers, and on to the platform before and above mentioned.

Whilst standing on this platform, on the look-out for Somebody to Take Up, my attention was directed to an elderly stout gentleman in a blue frock-coat and white waistcoat, wearing a choice camellia in his buttonhole, and carrying an umbrella, which was, to all appearance, fabricated of common cotton. This gentleman, who, in nearly every respect but the umbrella, seemed to bear the appearance of being respectable and harmless, though evidently of a nervous and highly excitable temperament, was behaving in such a strange and unaccountable manner as to cause me to watch him with my lynx-like eye.

For, walking from one end of the train to the other, and peering into every carriage, he was muttering audibly to himself!

Following him closely, I detected some words of such dreadful significance as caused me to follow him more closely. These were the dreadful words:—"If I can only," he muttered anxiously, "find a compartment all to myself I might take it then and there quite comfortably."

At the extreme end, and just as the train was starting, he did find an empty compartment, into which he got with a chuckle of awful congratulation. I had just time, as the train started, to jump on to the step. I then looked cautiously in at the window.....'Twas just as I thought!

Gazing first carefully on every side, he put his right hand into the breast-pocket of his frock-coat, from which he extracted a small phial, labelled—Poison! He surveyed this critically; then, uncorking it, he sniffed it with the air of a connoisseur.....He was then about to raise it to his lips when he caught sight of Me. My lynx-like eye appeared to disconcert his plans, for, turning almost purple in the face, he replaced the fatal bottle in its lair. I then entered the compartment, and nothing further occurred till we got to Barnes Station, where we stopped some minutes.

Here he got out quickly, and went through the same business as at Waterloo, I following him at a discreet distance.

At last he found an empty compartment, into which he got. I repeated my tactics as before, and again disturbed him in his nefarious deed. This

time he got more purple, and glared at me in angry disappointment. Nothing then further occurred till we reached Richmond. Here he got out, gave up his ticket, and walked out of the station up the hill, I following stealthily on his track, and concealing myself, whenever he looked round, in shops, or behind corners.

When he got to the head of the Bridge he paused, looked carefully at his watch, and made what was, apparently, a rapid calculation, the last few words of which I was just in time to hear. The words were these awful ones:—"So, if I take it by 6.30, it'll do nicely."

Nothing further then occurred till he reached The Terrace.

Arriving here he made a rapid but careful survey of this beautiful promenade. Scarcely a soul was there. Most of the seats were unoccupied. He selected the most secluded one, and sat down with an air of triumph.....I crept up cautiously behind, and—bided my time!

Presently he spoke. "No one can see me," he said in a hoarse whisper, "and now is the time! Now then—now for it!"

He then produced the fatal phial!

He next proceeded to draw the cork!!

He then began sniffing at the deadly poison, as though the noxious drug possessed the bouquet of a delicate wine, whilst a smile—positively a smile, as of anticipated pleasure—crossed his fine open countenance.

He then, placing the neck of the phial between his lips, and leaning back his head gradually, proceeded to absorb the deadly draught into his system.

Now, then, was my chance—now to take him in the very act!

I flashed upon him like lightning, and brought one hand down upon him with a clap as of thunder, whilst with the other I seized the deadly phial, in which a half of the liquid still remained.

"Caught in the very act!" I cried. "I saw you do it! I am Detective SMTH! I arrest you for ATTEMPTED SUICIDE! Come along!"

And, spite his cries, expostulations, and entreaties, I dragged him off to the Police Station, where he was looked up securely for the night, whilst the deadly phial, recorked and carefully sealed, was also locked up for the necessary medical analysis.

I then went home—a proud man; my fortune, I felt, was indeed made. That night I dreamed a truly sweet dream, in which I saw myself receiving the "Thanks of the Bench," etcetera, etcetera.

The next morning a most astounding circumstance happened.

It actually appeared—according to the Defendant's Solicitor—that the Miserable Suicide had positively no intention of behaving as such; that, on the contrary—according to the same (so-called) evidence—the M. S. was a highly respected City Alderman, and well-known gourmet; that he was on his way to a choice Dinner at the "Star and Garter;" that, with a view to properly appetite the banquet, he had brought with him a glass of his "own particular dry sherry and bitters," which, for appearance' sake, he had put in an old medicine bottle!

And I am now, actually and positively, threatened with an action for false imprisonment, with damages for the loss of the Dinner!

Literary Intelligence.

It is rumoured, in literary circles, that Mr. GLADSTONE is engaged on a new article for the forthcoming number of the *Nineteenth Century*, to be entitled "The Social and Domestic Virtues of the Brigands of Sicily and Calabria; or, Brigandage in its Moral Aspects."



A SUBJECT FOR INQUIRY.

SCENE—A Workhouse. TIME—An Hour before Dinner.

Old Lady, not so clear as she might be (to Visitor). SIR, I'VE A SERIOUS COMPLAINT TO MAKE. I'VE HAD NO DINNER SINCE YESTERDAY, AND TO-MORROW WILL BE THE THIRD DAY!!!



NOT ALTOGETHER



B

ER UNLIKELY.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

THE reader of retentive memory may possibly remember that I left those twins the last thing last week both howling at the top of their voices.

They are at it still. * * *

It may here be casually mentioned that I (Major PENNY), during the Indian Revolt, was the first person to whom the notion of blowing Sepoys from the mouths of guns first occurred. Others may have gone about taking the credit, but it was I (Major PENNY) who said right off before anybody, "Blow 'em to smithereens! The only way to quell the Mutiny is to blow them to smithereens."

I do not exactly quote the above as a case in point; it is more with a view to showing that when a mutiny is in question, and you want a queller, you might do worse than send for yours obediently.

They are still at it. * * * To begin with, I am naturally anxious to ascertain whether I really did flick a bit off one of the twins' noses when aiming at the bluebottle, but a careful investigation proves this impression to have been erroneous. On the whole, I am not sorry that it is not so, not only on the twins' account,



RAGE AND FURY.

but because it would have been deuced awkward to have satisfactorily accounted for the circumstance on the return of the girls.

Without going lengthily into detail, I may observe that the circumstance might have tended to lower my system of quelling in the girls' eyes.

As it is, seeing that I expect either BATHSEBA, CASSANDRA, OR URSULA to return immediately, it is necessary that the twins should be silenced at once, and the only question that remains to be answered is, How?

I observe that inordinate gluttony is the possessing sin of both alike, and, once more, I deem it advisable to allow them an opportunity, as Mr. CRUIKSHANK would say, to "console themselves with the bottle."

The fact that there is but one bottle between them, acts prejudicially in this instance, and whilst the lucky one pulls away



DESTRUCTION.

suspicion of foul play by substituting my thumb in the place of the sucker, at which, thinking no guile, he wires in for a period, and is perfectly contented.

Whilst occupied by this strategic movement, it occurs to me that my position, viewed by an unsympathetic stranger, might appear somewhat undignified.

"Major PENNY," I mentally ejaculate, "you who have led men to action—you have stormed giddy heights amidst blinding fire, and have hacked your way through forests of deadly steel, to what occupation have you come at last! Major PENNY, if any one should catch a glimpse of you under present circumstances, he would smile."

But, on second thoughts, how poor and paltry would be his triumph! Did not the great ALFRED unbend to bake cakes and burn them? Did not.....

No. 1 Twin is beginning to notice a want of something in the substitute I have provided. He had better have the bottle again, and his brother take a pull at the other thumb.

So! The exchange has been swiftly effected. General joy at present prevails. Both twins are peaceful now. Sleep, sweet sleep, steals gently o'er their senses. I'm getting the cramp with stooping, but no matter. * * *

I have done it. I have withdrawn my thumb with a slow and cautious movement, leaving a round hole open where it has been, but the unconscious twin slumbers placidly.

After all, there are many kinds of victories. There is the victory of the diplomatist. There is the— That confounded bluebottle come back again!

I thought so! Would you? No, you don't!

He is making straight for the noses of my young friends, but I am too quick for him.

He retreats, and I follow on his trail, like Mr. FENIMORE COOPER'S Chingaghook (whose name, I trust, I am spelling properly).

He makes a tour of the room, on finding that he cannot effect his purpose, and lodges on the mantelpiece. I do the Chingaghook business.

He is in my power! Aha!

I've missed him.

He makes another tour of the apartment, pretending he doesn't know I'm in it. Let him beware! This trifling is ill-timed.

Here he is alighting on a side-table. I repeat the Chingaghookery.

With bated breath I take a deadly aim!

He's up again, and I am following in hot pursuit.

Crash!!!

I had not noticed another side-table whilst urging on my wild career—a table littered over with BATHSEBA'S confounded old china cups and saucers.

I bear down on them like an avalanche, and in another moment fell destruction has been wrought, and I am sprawling amongst the ruins.

I get up and gaze upon the field of battle. I collect scraps and hold them together, hoping they will stick by magic, whilst I reflect on the state of mind BATHSEBA will be in when she finds out what has happened, and the trouble I shall have to give a dignified explanation of the business, unless—

No, that were unmanly; and, besides, I don't think it would be believed. I cannot lay it on the twins.

The twins, it may be mentioned, have been awakened by the noise, and are now howling again as hard as ever.

Meanwhile the brute of a bluebottle is buzzing away joyously, and—

Rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!

A knock at the door! The girls returned, no doubt. Which? Probably BATHSEBA; and, as yet, I have not a word ready in the way of explanation.

Supposing, to gain time, I pocket the bits.

I have. Now for it!



MEDITATION.



DECEPTION.

* Commenced in No. 503.



ATHIRST.

Small Girl. PLEASE, MUM, WILL YOU GIVE US THE HISTORY OF JOB OVER AGAIN—HIM AMONG THE ASHES!!

DOG DAYS.



I'VE often heard wise persons say,
Every dog will have its day;
Though, p'raps, mine may not seem to
me,
As jolly as it ought to be.

Lamentation were in vain
When other dogs do not complain:
After all, luck is precarious,
Of sorts of dog-days they're various.

The wild dog in his day acts wildly,
The dull dog takes his day out mildly;
To say what's right, one would be
puzzled,
There are some dogs who're happier
muzzled!

SOMETHING ON YOUR PLATE.

THERE seems some chance, nowadays, of one's really getting, sometimes, out at dinner, something more upon one's plate than the rather indifferent apology for dessert usually served up. At the Second Annual Exhibition of Paintings on China, at Messrs. HOWELL & JAMES'S Art Pottery Galleries, in Regent Street, under the patronage of the Princess Royal, prizes were awarded for admirable designs to many clever ladies, amongst whom were Lady AUGUSTA CADOGAN, Lady RAWLINSON, LA COMTESSE DE VILLEMONT, Mrs. GEORGE STAPLETON, Miss CHRISTINA M. SHEPHERD, Miss LILKIN WATT, and Mrs. MALLAM. The exhibition is very interesting, and I strongly advise you, Madam, to pay it an early visit.

AN UNCOMMON PROTECTION LEAGUE:

"IN the name of the Prophet, Figs!" Things are really coming to a pretty pass. Here is a Mr. DE MORGAN and also a Mr. KIMBER trying their hardest to get up a sensation, and nobody will take any notice. AJAX defies the lightning, but the lightning flashes just as before. Fido runs out of doors and barks at the moon, but the moon goes on shining just as if Fido had not uttered a yelp. The Plumstead Common Protection League—which ought rather to be called the Uncommon Protection League, from the unique character of its communications—threatens the Government with all sorts of dreadful things, but the Government persists in leaving to their own insignificance the terrible agitators who have sent the following manifesto to the Crown agents:—

"DEAR SIRS,—Having been advised by several counsel that the arrest of the two defendants, COWING and DEADMAN, is utterly illegal, I beg to give you notice that on Tuesday next, at seven o'clock in the evening, in Beresford Square, Woolwich, the other defendant, ROBERT WILKIN, will surrender himself for arrest, when and where such arrest will be resisted by force. And as the Commons Protection League look upon the whole proceedings of the Government, relating to Plumstead Common, as nothing but an opposition of lawless, oligarchical, and bureaucratic tyranny and oppression, they will, with all the aid they can command, resist such arrest, so that if you wish to effect it Her Majesty's Government may find it more than necessary to call in the aid of all the available police in the Metropolis, backed by all the artillery in Woolwich. In the meantime, application will be made to the Court for the immediate release of the other defendants, who will hold you and the sheriff personally responsible in damages for their illegal arrest and imprisonment.—Yours truly, R. KIMBER."

If, after this, the Government still do nothing, they must be callous indeed. Surely they will not defy the Plumstead uncommon Society any longer? Leaving the Eastern Question, and the war, and other such unimportant matters to take care of themselves, they will, no doubt, at once call out the whole British army, and send for all the ironclad ships to come home, to arrest the daring Mr. WILKIN, who, with folded arms and heroic mien, confronts things generally in Beresford Square, Woolwich.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY.—From Paris comes a report that the Sultan is desirous of selling to England his right of ownership in the land on either side of the Suez Canal. Certainly the purchase of that suzerainty would be the best possible guarantee that our road to India would not be menaced. The sum required as an equivalent is not mentioned, but it would certainly be large enough to make "our highway to India" the very dearest buy-way England ever owned.

REMARKABLE FACT.—"Nothing," says one of the high-class weakies, of whose essays at essays the reading public is perhaps now getting a trifle weary, "nothing preaches so eloquently as experience." True; and there is not a preacher in London who has so small a congregation.

PROMISING WELL.—In a ladies' school near Frome, the pupils are allowed to play cricket. They have a special dress for the purpose, and the best cricketers are said to be the best scholars. As to the disposition of the game, the fair cricketers take to fielding best; and it is astonishing what a number are already able to make a "good catch."

ANOTHER INFLECTION.—We are to have another speech—an "extra parliamentary utterance"—from Mr. GLADSTONE on July 12, when a meeting is to be held, on behalf of the Bosnian refugees, at Willis's Rooms, at which Lord SHAFTESBURY is to preside, and Mr. GLADSTONE is to be the chief speaker. Let us hope this will be the last of the Bulgarian Horror-tory, of which we have had more than enough.

NEEDLESS ASSURANCE.—DON CARLOS goes to the Danube to watch the Russian operations there. "He does not," we are gravely informed, "propose to take any part in the fighting." After what happened in Spain, this last statement was quite unnecessary.

MORE UNFAIRNESS.—An advocate of the Women's Disabilities Bill says that ladies are perfectly ready to take upon themselves all the duties performed by men, and demanded of them by the law. "They are willing to fight on sea and land, to be constables, and to serve as special and common jury-women. In fact, there is nothing men can do which cannot be equally well done by women." This person is a misguided enthusiast. Women certainly ought to have votes; but it can hardly be denied that at sawing wood or singing bass, for instance, men have still the advantage.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?—In some names, a good lot; for instance, the great rifle meeting of the "Scherpschuttersvereniging Oranje Nassau" at the Hague this month, to which English

"Scherpschutters" were courteously invited, has, we are informed, been postponed till next year. A twelvemonth is rather a long time for an invitation to stand over, but the time will not be all lost, for it will take the English volunteers some little time to learn to pronounce the name of their hosts.

GOING TO THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.—A gentleman has written to Mr. GLADSTONE, asking his views on the subject of gas. This applicant evidently knows what he is about, and where to go to for information.

THE FINISHING STROKE.—A Berlin inventor has produced a machine for turning the leaves of music by a movement of the performer's foot. Now, if some other benefactor to his kind will invent a plan (bathos to the operator) which will allow of a bad musician being turned over by another movement of the foot, we shall be able to go to a concert prepared even for the music of the future.

INTERESTING TO M.P.s.—Are there any statues in the Parliamentary recess?

SCANT RECOMPENSE.—The Birmingham Watch Committee have unanimously resolved "That a day's pay extra be given to every officer of the Borough force, in recognition of the ability and intelligence shown by the police upon the visit of Mr. GLADSTONE to Birmingham." Considering what they must have suffered, who were compelled to listen to all the speeches of the Member for Greenwich, the allowance seems little enough.

WORTH THINKING OVER.—He who sets his heart on some beauteous creature, only to be rejected, may find his disappointment cost him a good deal; but the fellow who really finds out what a beauteous creature costs, is the one who marries her. They who have "loved and lost" will



ENVY.

First Rejected Swell Artist. AND THEY'VE HUNG THAT FELLOW ON THE LINE!
Second Ditto. OUGHT TO HAVE IRONED HIM AFTERWARDS, AND TAKEN OUT THE CREASES.

find that there is consolation in this.

EXPLAINING IT AWAY.—According to the Registrar of North Yell, an island of the Shetland group, not a single marriage has taken place there during several successive quarters—"a state of affairs all the more remarkable when it is considered that there is a population of upwards of 500 in the district." Not at all remarkable, Mr. Registrar—"a single marriage" is a contradiction in terms; to contract matrimony it takes two persons, at least.

READY JULY 12th.

ALLY SLOPER TACKLES the EASTERN QUESTION.

Seventy New and Original Illustrations, by MARIE DUVAL; numerous Maps of the War, by A. SLOPER himself, and a short Account of certain Singular Circumstances, by CHARLES H. ROSS. The whole bound in a Coloured Wrapper. Price 6d. Post-free, 7d.

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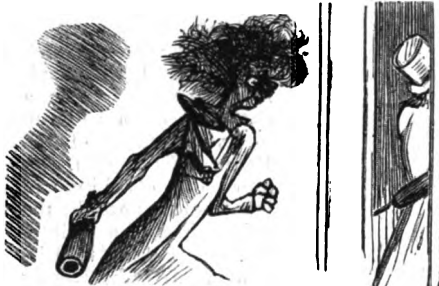
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THE FAMOUS ONE
SHILLING
DINNER

2. To the "Famous Shilling Dinner" came that day a hungry-looking Stranger, who spoke no known tongue, but he made the Proprietor understand he wanted the Fixed Dinner at One Shilling.



4. "Pon my soul!" the expression of the silent Stranger's face seemed to say, "this really and truly is a Cheap Dinner for a Shilling!"



6. But the Silent Man wouldn't pay more than a shilling for his dinner, or give more than a penny for the service.

A DEUCE OF A DINNER.



1. 'Twas the first day of ANATOLE, the new Waiter, and lightning speed did not describe the celerity of ANATOLE'S "service."



3. "Cr-r-ré nom d'un nom!" screamed ANATOLE; "I've given him a two-shilling filet aux truffes which was meant for a private dinner up stairs—and he's eaten it!"



5. "Malheureux!" yelled ANATOLE, "I have made yet another mistake, and he has wolfed up a half-crown omelette soufflée intended for upstairs."



7. "Voyons, animal!" said the Proprietor to ANATOLE, "don't you chuck about the bottles and break the plate-glass window. Get out of this! I've had enough of you!"

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

It is a pity the man and woman convicted by a jury of publishing an obscene book could not have seen their way to accept the verdict as that of the country. It is a very jolly thing for an enterprising man to achieve as much notoriety as if he had saved a life or invented a new pleasure. Had he written the obscene book, or even started the notion on which the work is based, he might have reason to think he had done something. All he has done is deliberately to break the law of decency by publishing an obscene book written—by somebody else, and to get himself punished for it. I suppose the time will never come when morbid vanity will not make opportunities for displaying itself.

There is a Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the Cattle Plague. It will be amusing for anybody, that knows anything of the subject, to attend the sittings. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT is on the Committee. Of course, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, coming from a purely agricultural district knows all about cattle. You must see him and hear him ask questions of the witnesses! If the witness is a butcher, he is requested to give the Committee his valuable opinion on the tone of feeling among the farmers as to the importation of live stock. If he is a farmer, he is asked his view of some scientific aspect

of the question. A man of scientific knowledge, like Professor GAMGEE, is, it is true, permitted to explain that the Professional Chief of the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council is not an authority; but even Professor GAMGEE is asked to explain matters with which he could not possibly be acquainted. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. ANDERSON, two other agricultural members, are also on the Committee. It is worth visiting the room wherein the Select Committee carries on its investigations. Q.

STRANGE DOINGS AT MARGATE.

THINGS seem (already) to be a little mixed at Margate. According to the *Telegraph* of Thursday the following occurrences actually took place there all of a heap:—"Whilst waiting at the South-Eastern Railway Station to-day, a woman gave birth to twins (!)—The steamboat service has commenced (!)—As a gentleman and his wife were being conveyed to the bathing-machines to-day, the cart was overturned (!!)—[Beautiful weather; thermometer 70 in shade.](!!!)—What does it matter that the Russians are crossing the Danube, that SLOPEZ is settling the Eastern Question, and BISMARCK is waiting round the corner? They sink into insignificance beside the thrilling occurrences which are taking place at Margate!

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PURE!

SOLUBLE!!

REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocoa because they are mixed with starch. CADDURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of those Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

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In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the acme of nourishment, will fortify the feeble, and is a sine qua non to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.

LIEBIG'S TONIC WINE.

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a liquid of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its re-invigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.; secured as triple cert to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post Office Order for 3s.



HINT TO SEASIDE BANDS.

Be sure and have a Good-looking Money Collector. It makes a great Difference in the Takings.

THE AMAZONS.



And perhaps things *are* best as they are;
Leave men the hard work in life:
Let all men obey their general,
And the general—his wife!

Another Caxton Memorial.

I AM a printer, but my name does not happen to be CAXTON. It would be unjust to blame me on this account. I would as soon have been called that as what I happen to be called, which, however, is of no consequence.

I should like to get on a little more. I have set up a lot in

THEY say an army
of Amazons
At Wimbledon we
may see;
And why shouldn't
pretty girls be
in arms?
'Tis just where
they ought to be.

My dears, I'm sure
if you're called
to the front,
You'll show your
courage then;
Only just now, for
your own sake,
don't
Quite massacre *all*
the men!

my time, but I haven't been able to set up a carriage. I am not a Society's man, but I have no objection to society in the singular. I have acted on the square as far as possible, and taken the lean with the fat without grumbling. Half my time I have been more like a galley-slave than anything else, and yet, I dare say, when the time arrives for me to cut my stick, I shall be spoken of as out of form. Ah! when one is gone, how soon one is deleted and distributed!

The late CAXTON, it would appear, was unlike me in several small particulars, and in one large one. He was not married, AND I AM. (I should like that set in Caps.)

Mrs. PYE (PYE is my name, if you must know) entertains, if anything, rather a mean opinion of CAXTON, founded, I believe, upon a specimen of his work which has come under her notice. She says "both printing and paper are disgraceful."

I, on the contrary, am proud of the man and honour his memory. At this period, then, you may judge of the gratification I felt upon accidentally becoming possessed of a Caxtonian relic—a chair, in point of fact—warranted by the second-hand dealer from whom I purchased it as a chair in which the great printer had repeatedly sat.

That chair is at this moment.....but I anticipate.

It came home. It was brought into our parlour. We had friends to tea. They gazed on it reverently, and I sank into its quaintly carved arms with a sigh.

What burning thoughts filled my brain at this moment! I gently closed my eyes, and presently slumbered.

When I awoke my guests were leaving. They found it dull, I think. The window was open, and a gnat must have come in and bitten me in the neck.

It wasn't a gnat. I am told the case is not unusual with furniture bought of brokers.

The CAXTON Memorial is outside in the back yard. We're going to do something desperate to it to-morrow with petroleum.

GLORVINA!

More Communications ["Private" and "Confidential!"] by her Husband.
COMMUNICATION II.—GLORVINA "Goes On"—I Go Off—THE
MEETING—THE FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

THE Dear Girl has—lost her temper!

And, with GLORVINA, let me tell you, this is rather a serious matter.

It was just in this way:—I have called GLORVINA's last thing in Pets, the New Dog, "a Beast!" and the Dear Girl has resented that epithet with an acrimony which, in any one but the one who had promised "to Love, Honour, and Obey," &c., would be really quite surprising.

As a matter of honest truth, I don't believe that there ever was such an Al beast of a brute of a dog on the face of the entire globe as this confounded brute of a beast of GLORVINA's; but as the Dear Girl seems to take the comparatively mild and positively just epithet so much to heart, I produce my Dictionary and strive to convince her that the obnoxious word is rendered by WALKER-WEBSTER quite harmlessly, thus:—"BEAST, noun, One of the lower animals."

But if you knew GLORVINA, you would also know that, when she had made up her mind to feel "injured," not all the Dictionaries in the British Museum would turn her from her fell design.

"Oh!" cries the Dear Girl at this, with the sniff and upward jerk of the sniffing organ I, alas! by this time know the meaning of so well.—"Oh, indeed! 'One of the lower animals,' is he? Well, Mr. TOPPER, all I can say is, then, that I only wish one or two—one, I say, or two—who shall be nameless, of the superior animals possessed a quarter of his intelligence—his affectionate disposition, and were as free—as free, Mr. TOPPER—from vices as 'One of the lower animals'!"

GLORVINA then sniffs again more defiantly, folds her arms majestically, and, sitting well back in her chair, stares stonily at the ceiling of our drawing-room, whither, after dinner, I have been summoned to "look at the Dog."

Now, knowing, from bitter experience, only but too well the dread significance of that aggressive sniff, and that combative attitude, I prudently reply never a word, but pretend to gaze admiringly upon the confounded brute, the subject-matter of our—i.e., GLORVINA's—quarrel; who is now sprawling at full length in front of me.

But the Dear Girl gives another preparatory sniff, and advances in full marching order to the onslaught.

"And talking of vices, Mr. TOPPER," she says icily, "now that you are on the subject—"

But this is rather too good, when I hadn't said even a solitary word.

"Come, now," I interrupt, "that's a little too funny, my dear. Why, I've not even mentioned such a—ahem!—very unpleasant subject."

The Dear Girl is down upon me at once; metaphorically speaking, greased lightning would be nothing to the manner in which she flashes upon me.

"No!" she cries, with withering triumph,—"no, indeed! that is just what I complain of, Mr. T., you commit the vices, and haven't the pluck to own to them."

This, upon my honour, is really, you know, really rather too much—even for me.

"Well, GLORVINA," I say, in my quietly sarcastic way, "I can't pretend to know so much about vices as you seem to know, but I do know that I don't have some or other members of my family stopping with me all the year round, eating and drinking me out of house and home. Now,

do you, or do you not, happen to know how many dozens of my best after-dinner sherry your mamma polished off during the last 'little visit' she honoured my humble abode by paying?"

As I thought, this has done it. GLORVINA bounces up from her chair as though a hot coal were there, and begins pacing our drawing-room at the deuce of a rate, her head thrown well back, her long train rustling and swirling with ominous significance, whilst other symptoms of the approaching storm become more palpable at every turn.

"Oh!" she cries, spasmodically and brokenly, whilst the crash of falling chairs, or overturned little bric-a-brac tables, forms a running accompaniment, "Oh, that I should come to this!.....Oh, that I should live to hear this!.....Oh, that I should have my Family—my poor lul—lul—loving Mother thrown in my teeth, and by—my own HUSBAND!.....That every paltry glass of wine my own m—mother is ordered—obliged, even, by her medical adviser to take to me—sustain the f—failing

powers of her lul—last days, should be watched, and grudged, and.....and afterwards thrown in the face of her p—poor daughter, and by her pup—p—poor daughter's Hub—Hub—Husband!.....Oh, that I should have ever come to this!.....Oh!.....OH!!.....OH!!! I wish I was dead!! I do! I do!! I DO!!!"

And at this thrilling climax the poor suffering angel sinks sobbingly on the sofa, and culminates comfortably in a flood of tears, and strong hysterics.

Now, from experience (again), I know that in these cases the Dear Girl recovers in a far shorter space of time when I do not "console" her; so, ringing the bell for her maid, and telling her to look after her mistress, I put on my hat, and, opening the front door of our Victoria-Street top Flat, I go out, and grope my way in the fast-gathering twilight down to a landing below where is a little bench placed for tired climbers to the higher regions. Upon this I seat myself, feeling jolly miserable.

"And this," I murmur bitterly,—"this is the Con-nubial Bliss there used to be so much talk about."

I have been here some twenty minutes or so, when I hear footsteps, and behold a SHADOWY FORM descending the staircase.

The SHADOWY FORM turns out to be none other than my old friend JACK FLIPPER, who was married on the very

same day as myself, and has now come to live in an adjacent Flat.

FLIPPER, too, seems so jolly miserable that my heart warms to him. I look at him interrogatively; then I point my finger upwards, solemnly.

He nods with a mournful resignation quite touching. "At it again!" he groans. Then, looking at me, he adds, "And yours too, eh?"

It is now my turn to nod mournfully; also to groan.

He thereupon gives me his hand. I rise to take it; then I press it in silent sympathy.

We then both sit down on the little bench, side by side, in the gloom, and sigh heavily.

ALLY SLOPER'S WAR CRY

MAY be expected without fail on Thursday. Extraordinary excitement prevails everywhere.

Fleet Street is up!

In spite of all this, however, the price of the great pamphlet, in which the eminent *littérateur* tackles the Eastern Question, will still remain Sixpence only.

N.B.—People even now are beginning to ask why SLOPER did not tackle the question years ago. What a difference it might have made to SLOPER!



WAR RUMOURS.

Artful Assistant. YES, MUM, THESE ARE REAL TURKISH TOWELS; CAN'T GET ANY MORE WHEN THESE ARE SOLD, MUM. ALL THE TOWEL-MAKERS HAVE BEEN CALLED OUT NOW MUM, TO FIGHT THE RUSSIANS!





P R E Y.

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

To begin at this time of day to doubt whether Mr. WILKIN COLLINS ever really constructed a thorough good plot, seems like opening an argument which may prove somewhat long-winded. Yet, undoubtedly, the question will be asked some of these days by some critic or other who reads one of Mr. WILKIN COLLINS's stories *right through*. He may then find serious objection with the elaborate brick-and-mortar climax to *Armadale*, the sleep-walking "flukes" at the end of *The Moonstone*, and the suicidal "sell" concluding *The Law and the Lady*. There is, in truth, no living author who can begin as well as Mr. COLLINS, but the "sells" and the "flukes" (if I may be pardoned such expressions) that he uses when he gets towards the conclusion, and rather beyond himself, I have never yet seen properly dealt with in print. Here really is a chance for some clever young smart rising gentleman who does not mind a little trouble.

The Extra Summer Number of *All the Year Round* is a very happy idea of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS's, whose journal, conducted with unabated energy, thoroughly maintains its old reputation. To the Extra Number Mr. WILKIN COLLINS contributes a novelette, which exhibits most of his merits and his faults; and there are good stories by Mrs. CASHIEL HONEY, Mr. FRANCILLON, Mr. DUTTON COOK, Mr. GIFT, and the Authors of "Ready - Money Mortiboy."

In *Temple Bar*, this month, there is an article on "The Royal Commission and the Stock Exchange," which will probably attract some attention. A paper on "VICTOR HUGO" is very readable. Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE's novel, "The American Senator," comes to an end in this number, and next month we are promised a new serial, by Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS, called "A Blue Stocking."

Belgravia for July is not quite as happy as usual, perhaps, in its shorter papers, but Mrs. LYNN LINCOLN's story is very good indeed.

The author of an article in the *Gentleman's* on "Asparagus," seems to think it vulgar to call the vegetable he alludes to grass, or sparrowgrass, but otherwise he has something to say worth hearing. Mr. PROCTOR continues his "Marvels of Telegraphy," which are very curious and

interesting; and Mr. H. B. BAKER's "Representative Lady of the Last Century" you should read.

In the *Cornhill* there is a pleasant paper entitled "Laws Philistia" well worth reading, and an apology for idlers, which will do the hearts of idlers good.

In *Macmillan*, Mrs. OLIPHANT's novel, "Young Musgrave," goes on well. The Rev. F. G. FLEAY contributes a paper on the text of *Romeo and Juliet*, which may, perhaps, be a trifle over-learned; and there is a good dog tale, by Mr. T. K. WILLIAMS, called "Cap."

It is a long while since I saw a number of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The photographs in its "Portrait Gallery" appear to be as good as ever. There is what promises to be an interesting collection of fairy mythology in Ireland, by Lady WILDE; and a bright set of verses by the late Mr. MORTIMER COLLINS, rather spoiled by a little mistake, which would hardly have occurred had the poet still been alive and able to correct his proof.

In *Tinsley*, "Our Company," including sketches of the Leading Man, Low Comedian, Utility People, etc., is smartly written and amusing, and, I should imagine, the work of an actor. "Summer's Golden Days" is a pleasing story by BEATRICE DUNPHY.

The contents of *London Society* are light and entertaining, and two papers—"Ten Days in Brittany," and "On the Nearest French Coast"—will be read with pleasure just now, when people begin to talk of going out of town.

In the *Argosy*, the lady authors are in the majority, and the number is necessarily a fair one.

Good Things this month begins a new volume with a new story of adventure by JULES VERNE.

A comic serial, called the "Domestic Confessions of Mrs. Chignal," begins in this month's part of *Once a Week*.

In the *Atlantic*

Monthly, English readers will gladly welcome the opening chapters of a new story by Mr. ALDRICH.

To *Cassell's* Mr. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN contributes an interesting paper, called "Workers by Night," and Mr. EDWARD OXFENFORD one on a "Voyage on the Thames."

The fashions in this month's *Follet* are pretty.



SLYNESS.—Scene: Outside Papa's Study.

First Little Girl. PAPA WON'T LET ME IN. I'VE KNOCKED TWO TIMES.

Second Ditto. PAPA LET ME YESTERDAY. I KNOCKED ONE TIME AND PAPA SAID, "WHO'S THERE?" AND I SAID, "IT'S MAMMA!" WASN'T THAT SLY OF ME?

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

It is within the limits of possibility, and probably in some measure excusable, should a pressure of contemporary events—wars, conflagrations, floods, etcetera—have temporarily banished from your mind the position in which I, Major PENNY, was placed at the moment of going to press.

These lines, however, will, I trust, suffice to call to your recollection the fact that I, Major PENNY, whilst left by the females of the house in charge of the twins, broke an old china teapot belonging to a beloved if irritable sister, whilst chasing a



HALLO!

bluebottle, intent upon worrying the twins aforesaid, and was surprised in the act of concealing the fragments by a loud double knock.

* * * Good gracious!

It is not my sister BATHSEBA, as I at first supposed, or one of the other girls. It is neither more nor less than Lady TAL-TORKINGTON, of Taltorkington Towers, one of the leading qualities of the neighbourhood, whose carriage stands without, and whose footman has knocked till he was tired, when Lady TAL-TORKINGTON herself has taken her turn, and has the knocker in her hand when I drag the door open suddenly, and as nearly as possible throw her on her nose in the passage.

Next moment I am apologizing profusely, and trying to hide the feeding-bottle with one hand, whilst I offer the other to her ladyship to shake.

Her ladyship seems a little taken aback, on the whole, but yet smiles sweetly and asks after the girls, on which, to carry off the detail of the bottle, the indiarubber tubing to which persists in wagging to and fro, behind me, like the pendulum of a clock, I rush into uncalled-for particulars and give a history of the girls' ailments, for the last month or two.

I also beg and entreat of her to come in, as though it were a matter of life or death to me that she should, praying in my heart all the while that she won't. It is needless to say she does, and settles into a seat, as though for years.

By a sleight-of-hand trick, which I honestly believe to be superior to anything ever attempted by Dr. LYNN, I get the bottle away behind a workbox on the top of CASSANDRA's new piano

she is buying on the hire system, and glide gracefully into a chair opposite her ladyship.

Crack!

* * *

Instinctively I should have known by the sound even, if not by other sensations, of not too pleasurable a nature, that the teapot was continuing to come to sorrow in consequence of



"SO GLAD!"

my sitting on it; but it will perhaps call attention unnecessarily to the circumstances if I alter my position.

Crack!

It has gone off again of its own accord, without any additional movement on my part, but I continue to dilate on URSULA's toothache without a pause.

Her ladyship does not appear to follow me. She, on the contrary, looks as though the noise puzzled her.

She says—

"Whatever was that?"

I say, "What was that?" as naturally as possible, and break a little more china turning. Then, thinking it best at this juncture to appear to look as though I were trying to hear something, although I had heard nothing hitherto, I add—

"Hush! what can it be?"

A deathlike silence of one moment ensues, as all the china breakable has been broken by this time, and then next moment another sound of a most mysterious character is audible.

On hearing it, Lady TAL-TORKINGTON appears to prick up her ears, and I, too, am singularly interested. It is, in fact, a sound as of the dripping of water blended with subdued music, partaking of the nature of the Æolian harp.

When I thoroughly realize that it is the contents of the twins' feeding-bottle dripping steadily down among the machinery of CASSANDRA's piano on the hire system, I writhe covertly, and use (inaudible) bad language.

With a mental effort equal to several TAL-LYRANDS under high pressure, I observe, "The rain on the roof of the conservatory."

Her ladyship shakes her head dubiously.

"I don't hear it now at all," she says.

Thank goodness! Who wanted her to? Suddenly, however, she starts.

"It's just like a baby!" she exclaims. "How extraordinary!"

As she speaks, I for the first time become conscious of the piping (bagpiping rather) music peculiar to those ghastly twins, for one of whom, probably, the bluebottle is just now making it warm, without fear of interference.

But how is it possible to tell the truth to her ladyship without telling the humiliating story in its entirety of that unhappy woman TWOPENNY's injudicious marriage and ill-advised twin legacy?

I therefore dissemble. I say—

"Baby! Good gracious! What an idea!"

Immediately on making this observation the other twin joins in the harmony, and the two pleasant young voices swell the chorus.

Once, however, having strayed from the path of strict veracity, I find myself engulfed in a vortex of untruthfulness, as it were, and plunge wildly into the weather, and talk of yesterday's glorious sunshine as something wholly unprecedented in the experience of man.

In the course of time, finding I have worked out the sunshine topic, which, after all, as a topic, has not been much of a success, I am turning over in my mind whether CASSANDRA's nettle rash last autumn, or the atrocities in Bulgaria, would go best as a follower, when a loud bump on the floor of the next room brings me to a full stop.

Hullo!

What has happened now? The twins can't have got up, and by their united efforts upset another table?

A deathlike silence follows the bump in the next room. It is the sort of silence which holds you spellbound when you are sitting for your photograph; during which you think over all the incidents of your early life, as people say a man does who is on the point of drowning.

There is a deathlike silence in this room also, broken but by one faint sound—the steady drip from the twins' bottle into the interior of the hire system.

This suspense is terrible. What is going to happen next?



THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.



"IT'S JUST LIKE A BABY!"

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

A WONDERFUL BUILDING.—A correspondent writes that a gigantic lodging-house is to be erected on the east side of the Albert Hall. "In height it would emulate the Tower of Babel; in shape it will resemble a grand pianoforte." It might further be added that in cost it will go to a very pretty tune.

STILL THEY COME.—A new social club is being opened in King Street, St. James's. It is called the Ottoman Club. The name has been chosen probably in the expectation that the new club will prove to be a fashionable "lounge."

FEAT OF ENDURANCE.—General GRANT has been invited to go to the next Welsh Eisteddfod. The General is a man of great courage, which shrinks from nothing. He has promised to go.

SETTING THINGS RIGHT.—It is rumoured that when (?) the London School Board have remodelled English spelling, they will turn their attention to English grammar, with a view of improving it. The genders will receive special attention. For instance, it is thought that the noun "suffrage" should not be of the masculine gender, because, one of these days, there will be female suffrage.

FAR MORE LIKELY.—A contemporary says that it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it became a lady's dress. So far the contemporary is right; but, if one may believe one's eyes, it is much more interesting to follow it after it has become a lady's dress—especially when it has a lady in it.

A SAD CASE.—Somebody advertises for sale a quantity of weekly house property, on the ground that he cannot "collect himself." The property is not situated at Colney Hatch.

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.—From a return just issued, it appears that a number of public statues within the Metropolitan Police District have been given in charge of the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings, under the provisions of 17 & 18 Vict., c. 33, s. 7. It is admitted all round that our public statues are bad enough, but it seems nevertheless rather a high-handed proceeding to give them into custody.

AN INSTITUTION CARRIED TO PERFECTION IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—The Military mess.

CHOPPING AND CHANGING.—The Admiralty has directed that all ships now fitting out be supplied with a steam-cutter "to act as a guard against torpedo attacks." There is possibly some difference between a steam-cutter and a cheese-cutter; but a steam-cutter must be a peculiar piece of mechanism, because

torpedoes have to be specially dealt with. Still, a steam-cutter would be most useful, one would think, in a chopping sea.

TOO BAD.—A fashionable contemporary, referring to the fact that a leading member of Society is now on the Continent, and will visit many places before her return, says naively, "The length of her ladyship's stays, however, is not at present known." (!) This, surely, is a little beyond the bounds of propriety.

RELIGIOUS LENGTH AND BREADTH.—There is "fashion" in religion as in all other matters. Ritualism is going out, it appears, and the views of the Broad Church school are becoming more popular. It is a matter for rejoicing that over a score of London churches, occupied by Broad Churchmen, beginning with

DEAN STANLEY and Westminster Abbey, are now filled to suffocation every week, which five or ten years ago had only very small congregations. Broader even Ritualists may become with advantage; but Lord REDESDALE has quite demonstrated that the public will not endure them any longer.

WORTH HAVING.—The Jubilee gifts presented to the Pope have been valued at a total of 14 million francs, or £560,000 sterling. His Holiness intends to have another Jubilee at the very earliest opportunity.

CLEVER IDEA.—Some genius has discovered a remedy for destroying the Colorado beetle. It is to hunt up every individual insect, and, as each is found, to explode a torpedo under him. This, says the inventor, if persevered with, is certain to succeed.

If the Colorado beetle is wise, he will give England a wide berth.

MORE GOINGS-ON AT MARGATE.

OCCURRENCES at this "favourite seaside resort" continue to urge on their headlong career. According to the latest telegrams of Thursday last, "JAMES THOMAS ROWE was indicted at Margate for attempting to commit suicide, but, an emetic having been instantly administered, he speedily recovered, and was now liberated." After which, "EDWIN SETTERFIELD and ALFRED HUGHES were charged with stealing lath nails belonging to Mr. WIGMORE, but acquitted." Finally, "The undaunted (*sic*) steam-boat yesterday made her first trip to Calais and back this season, and was well patronized." On the whole, things at Margate really are getting exciting.

READY ON THURSDAY NEXT.

ALLY SLOPER TACKLES the EASTERN QUESTION.

Seventy New and Original Illustrations, by MARIE DUVAL; numerous Maps of the War, by A. SLOPER himself, and a short Account of certain Singular Circumstances, by CHARLES H. ROSS. The whole bound in a Coloured Wrapper. Price 6d. Post-free, 7d.

"JUDY" OFFICE, 73, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.
And all Booksellers and Newsagents at Home and Abroad.



RATHER A SELL!

SCENE—Fish Street Hill.

Foreigner (to Hansom Cabby). Hi! STOP, PLEASE.
Hansom Cabby (pulling up reluctantly, with intention of saying he is going to the Stable if he doesn't care for the job). WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO, SIR?
Foreigner. CAN YOU TELL ME MY SHORTEST WAY TO LONDON BRIDGE?
[Then, if you please, Cabby wanted him to jump in, but he wouldn't.]



'ENERY AND 'ARRY; OR, 'INTS ON COACHIN'.

"Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY, where is your 'ands?" is a question as might a-been asked my pal, when in a binnercent moment of belief in 'ENERY's driving, I give 'im up the reins to convey a select party down to 'appy 'Ampton Races. He did convey them down, with a vengeance, but the spot on which they was conveyed was anything but a 'appy one. When the folks was down and

mixed up with the grub they looked werry numerous, and 'ow I ever sorted 'em agin I never knowed. All I knows is, I been in bed ever sence, with both blinkers spotted, and my maulers carefully packed up.

P.S.—I shall be hup, and fresh painted, papered, and renovated in time for "Goodwood." 'ENERY is out of Town—staying at 'Olloway Castle.

IRONCLAD VERSUS TORPEDO: A New Version of an Old Song.

Air—"HEARTS OF OAK."

"THE recent attacks upon ironclads by torpedoes in the Black Sea and the Danube are said to have caused an uneasy feeling among the Jack Tars who man our ironclad fleet. Though the sailors fear no enemy that can be seen and fought, they yet dialike very much the notion of being blown to smithereens by the contents of an iron box dropped under a big ship's hull in the dark by some sneaking torpedo-boat."—*Naval Paper.*

Come, cheer up, my lads! still to glory we steer!
No risk of torpedoes shall cause us to fear;
Such bogies may frighten a nation of slaves,
But still free Britannia shall rule o'er the waves!

Iron-sides are our ships;
Iron-hearts are our men;
Whate'er foe is ready
Will find our Tars steady,

To face any foe, and to conquer again!

They think to attack us, some half-hearted foes,
Who talk of torpedoes, but daren't come to blows!
But they have forgotten, who boast in this way,
The game of "Torpedo" is one two can play!

For our torpedo-boats
We have true gallant men;
We have volunteers ready,
Bold, tried, and steady,

Brave sons of their sires; and we'll conquer again!

We ne'er see a foe, but we give him his due;
And why should we count a torpedo or two?
If they come, why what matters? we've faced danger oft,
So trust to the cherub that sits up aloft!

We've the right sort of ships,
And the right sort of men,
In danger most steady,
Who always are ready

To face any foe; and we'll conquer again!

The fleets of Britannia shall still sweep the sea;
Her motto is "Onward!" her watchword "Be free!"
Then cheer up, my lads! we will let it be seen,
We'll fight for our homesteads, our country, and QUEEN!

Iron-sides are our ships,
Iron-hearts are our men;
Whate'er foe is ready
Will find our Tars steady,

To face any foe, and to conquer again!

CADDURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADDURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

Painless Dentistry.—Artificial Teeth.

MR. C. H. JONES,

SURGEON DENTIST,

57, Great Russell Street, London

(Immediately opposite the British Museum).

Has obtained Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent

for his perfectly painless system of adapting Prime

Medal (London and Paris)

ARTIFICIAL TEETH BY ATMOSPHERIC

PRESSURE.

Pamphlet gratis and Post Free.





A SUGGESTION.

We all know what a success the "Husband's Boat" has been. Why not start a "Bachelor's Boat"? This is the sort of thing we might expect to see at the Pier on its arrival.

THE ALI BARBARIAN QUESTION.

From an Ali Sloperian Point of View.



ROBABLY very few events—perhaps none—have created the sensation which has succeeded the publication of THE PAMPHLET.

Hitherto Turkish atrocities, even with the kind permission of the Hon. W. E. G., have been nothing to this. People go about shuddering when they hear this Pamphlet mentioned.

Persons who have seen W. E. G. fell trees allow that he is a good feller, and SLOPER allows this too; so that no one, however liberal, need refrain from investing sixpence in the purchase of SLOPER's Pamphlet.

Strange, but true; the more liberal, the less inclination to expend sixpence.

N.B.—This Pamphlet is worded so as to offend neither party.

TIGER-HUNTING BY STEAM.

THIS is the age of progress. We who live in the nineteenth century know a great deal more than our fathers did, and enjoy many blessings of which they never dreamed, including School Boards, torpedoes, Home Rule Members of Parliament, ironclad war-ships, and the Colorado belle. Everything is improved, even tiger-hunting. The monarch of the jungle, as it is the

fashion to call him—though his striped Majesty is really a crawling sneak with as little of the king about him as an area-thief—is no longer attacked on his own ground by some Anglo-Indian, armed with a muzzle-loader and hungry for "sport." The modern tiger-hunter carries a breech-loader, and chases his quarry mounted on a steam locomotive. The following is condensed from the *Standard* of Wednesday last:—

"The somewhat novel mode of hunting a tiger with a railway engine was witnessed near Rugby yesterday. A tigress was despatched from London to Liverpool by the 9.45 P.M. train on Monday *via* the London and North-Western Railway. On the train passing Wolverton the truck in which the animal was confined was observed to be all right, but on the train arriving at Rugby the truck had been broken open, and the tigress had made its escape. The station-master at Weedon communicated with Lieutenant DOUGLAS and Surgeon-Major EDGE, of the 106th Regiment, stationed at Weedon Barracks, who are old Indian officers, and a firing party, under the command of the first-named officer, was procured from the barracks, and conveyed down the line on a pilot engine. On nearing a place known as Buckby Bank the tigress was observed some distance off in a field, and several shots at long ranges were fired at her. These had the effect of driving the beast into a corner of the field, and on its putting its head through the hedge, Serjeant FRANCOIS fired at it from the engine and caused the brute to bound several feet into the air, and it then fell to the ground, where it began to growl furiously. The ammunition of the firing party had now failed, when a Mr. JUDKINS, who lives close at hand, came out with his rifle, and several more shots were fired at the beast, one of which at last took effect in its throat. The carcass was then removed to Weedon Station on the engine, and was subsequently sent to Euston;

—where, doubtless, it was received with all the honours. The distinguished part in this incident played by the pilot engine should not be overlooked; and it is not on every railway company's line that such a thing could be done. Some companies which could be named run their engines—especially when they have passenger carriages behind them—at a pace which would not overtake a tortoise, much more a tigress.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

I REPEAT the question I asked the last thing before going to press. What is going to happen next? I also repeat the observation accompanying it,—This suspense is terrible! When I casually mention that I, Major PENNY, have in my time wallowed knee-deep in the gore of battle-fields, it may surprise you to hear that I at this moment find myself almost unnerved.

Whilst rushing to the breach amidst showers of deadly lead, I own I have occasionally asked myself with some curiosity what might be waiting for me within. In heading a forlorn hope indeed, the idea not unfrequently suggests itself, yet, I repeat, that suspense is nothing to the suspense now.

This may possibly be accounted for to some extent by the novelty of the situation. At the call of duty, in foreign parts, I have in my

time made away with a lot of blacks, without noticing that the exercise in any way interfered with my appetite or my sleep; but if anything has happened to one or both of those twins, I don't quite know what I shall do.

Extraordinary to relate, her ladyship appears not to notice my agitation. It is true that this may be owing to the fact of the twins having subsided into silence.

And this does not at first occur to me. To me the twins' silence is wholly unaccountable. If they are alive and awake, they ought to be on full pipe. I must and will know the worst.

I am rising to my feet with this intention, when her ladyship, laying her hand upon my arm, arrests my progress. She says,—“I see, Major, you agree with me, and I may rely on your support.”

It would appear from this observation that her ladyship has been talking for some time past without my noticing the circumstance.

I have already told you, I believe, that Lady TALTOCKINGTON is one of the leading qualities of our neighbourhood. I may also add that it has been our one aim and object for years past to cultivate her acquaintance, to which statement I may also add that this is her first visit to our humble dwelling.

I wonder whether she will ever come again? Meanwhile, although I haven't a notion what the deuce she has been talking about, perhaps I had better say something. I therefore smile cheerfully, and respond,—

“If my support is of any value, your ladyship may depend on me—to the utmost.” “I was sure I could, Major PENNY,” she says with warmth, as she produces a note-book. “What shall we say?” I don't quite follow this. It begins to look deucedly like a subscription.

I try to arouse myself, but am incapable of any mental effort, and instead listen intently for the slightest noise in the next room.

All is silence there. Her ladyship goes on tackling me.

“Come, Major,” she says, “you mean to surprise us all, I can see. Three figures, eh?”



“HERE'S A GO!”



TO THE RESCUE!

By all that's horrible, it is a subscription she is on to! And three figures! I like that.

I make a desperate effort to save myself, and say, “Let me understand, now, what is the exact nature of the—the proposition, as it stands.”

Her ladyship looks surprised and slightly offended. “I thought I had fully explained,” she says.

“Oh, perfectly,” I hasten to reply. “I was only thinking whether, owing to certain circumstances, which it would fatigue you to go into, I should be altogether justified in—entering into the matter as I could wish, did I—I only consult my own inclinations.”

Considering that I have not the remotest notion what she has been talking about, I rather fancy this sentence is nicely turned.

“My dear Major,” she says, “you astonish me. I had indeed relied upon your aid on the platform.”

She wants to get me on a platform now. Next it will be a tight-rope, I suppose.

“Since, however, you will not take a personal part, I must, I presume, be content with your subscription. What shall I say?”

It is a subscription; that is quite plain now.

“I have so many calls upon me just at this moment; but if a guinea is of any service—”

“A guinea, Major!” she exclaims. “Oh, I had hoped for so much more!”

Confound her hopes! I think I'm sufficiently victimized as it is.

“But,” she continues, “it is to be considered as a quarterly payment, of course. Shall I take it now?”

This is highway robbery, but I can't see my way out of it on easy terms, and I would do anything almost, just at this moment, to get rid of her.

The silence in the next room is tomb-like.

* * * * *

Whew! She has gone, and my one pound one with her. Though the subject is a painful one, I can scarcely refrain from a smile when I reflect on the way in which I bestow my charity. There is an open-handed vagueness about it that really is refreshing from its novelty. But hush! How about those twins?

I hold my breath as I turn the handle of the door, and glare affrightedly around.

It is as I half suspected. The worst has happened.

The cradle is lying wrong side up, and the twins are underneath.

In deadly terror I remove the cradle, the blankets, the pillows, etcetera, and arrive at last at the twins. They are lying on their little noses, motionless.

As I stretch forth my hand and seize them, I hear a footfall in the passage. The girls returned, perhaps. Well, they had better know all—The deuce!

* * * * *

It wasn't the girls. It is that confounded woman come back again.

“Major!”

“Unhand me!” I shriek, and rushing back fling myself against the door.

By the way, I trust she won't think I'm mad!



“UNHAND ME!”



NEVER!



THE COMMON

John Bull to Austria

SO YOU AT THE DARDANELLES

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WON ENEMY.

THE PASSING OBSERVER.

BAD LOOK-OUT FOR TOBACCO-SMOKERS.—Scientific men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from too much smoking of tobacco will cause death. There can be no doubt about this. And it is a lingering death too. An old man died in the workhouse, a few days ago, aged 97, who suffered from this complaint. He had begun smoking when he was 17, and it took 80 years to kill him. This shows what a dreadful disorder it is.

PROVIDING FOR A RAINY DAY.—It is stated that a large portion of the 3,000,000*l.* which the Pope has already received from pilgrims, has been remitted to London, and deposited in a house of business here, to provide against the needs of the Holy See. This cautious prevision shows that the Holy See is the outcome of very keen eyesight; and that Pius IX. has a sharp eye to contingencies.

AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE—intimately connected with the Eastern Question—Besika Bey.

ONE TO US.—Attention has been called to the fact that, apart from Queen ANNIE and other royal ladies, no woman in England has ever had a public statue. Thus, we do not treat the fair sex so badly after all. Whatever wrongs women may suffer, they have not this to complain of, at any rate.

FASHIONABLE ITEM.—According to a Parisian authority, ladies' costumes are to be cut closer than ever. This is highly satisfactory news for husbands of limited means.

ANOTHER DESIDERATUM.—EHRBAR, the well-known pianoforte maker at Vienna, has, it appears, invented a mechanism rendering it possible to prolong the sound of each note of the piano. If EHRBAR could manage to hit upon a plan by which to shorten the sound of some pianos, or to stop their sound altogether unless they are played upon properly, he would do something to be proud of.

FROM THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Light diet—A Feast of Lanterns.

TAKEN AS RED.—A good suggestion has been made, namely, that in all public vehicles, the figures showing the driver's number should be red. Under these circumstances, when it becomes necessary to take a cabby's number, it will, of course, be reddily got at.

HANG IT!—A new scheme of connection threatens to usurp the place of the Channel Tunnel plan. M. ST. HUNZ, a distinguished French engineer, proposes to build a bridge between England and France, the length of which would be about 21 miles. The line which it would take would be between Folkestone and Cape Grisnez. The structure would be a suspension bridge,

of course; but the distance is so great from shore to shore, that the bridge at present is nothing more than a stretch of imagination.

MUSICAL MEM.—Miss ROBERTSON, the new soprano, is said to be a niece of the Astronomer Royal. There are thus fair probabilities of the young lady becoming an operatic star.

ANOTHER PROSPECTIVE FAILURE.—Mysterious hints are going about that in August or September an attempt will be made at a resuscitation, on a new basis, of the Whig party by a young politician of great talents. It is easy to predict that this scheme will not work. Whiggism is dead beyond recall; for wigs, in both senses of the word, went out with pigtailed and hairpowder.

A CASE FOR THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—An insect, supposed by some to be the Colorado beetle, has made its appearance at Prestwick, and has caused considerable havoc. It has eaten the rosebushes, and, it is rumoured, was hardly to be restrained from swallowing a five-barred gate. Curiously, too, other insects, also asserted by a sanguine lodging-house keeper to be Colorado beetles, have made their appearance at Margate and Ramsgate. The existence of these insects is, it appears, wholly inexplicable to the natives, who say, "Never see sich a thing before, mum—must ha' brought 'em with you." Some distinguished naturalist is to be consulted at once. The insects are not ladybirds, though very similar.

"CHRISTIAN" ATROCITIES.

JUDY's readers will recollect that hers was the first journal which denounced and exposed the fictitious character of the Russian agitation got up among us about what were called "Bulgarian Atrocities," most of which were invented for the occasion. We then referred to the patriotic tone adopted by a large majority of the respectable organs of public opinion; and it is gratifying to those who are resolved to uphold British interests to see that the same spirit continues to animate the press. The *Telegraph*, a few days since, administered the following stinging reproof to the English Russians who were so bitter against the Infidel Turks, but have not a word to say with regard to the fiendish atrocities daily perpetrated by the "Christian Russians":—

"We invite those who instruct humanity from the pages of 'Lessons in Massacre,' to give us their opinion upon the extremely promising Christianity displayed by the Bulgarians at Sistova, who wrecked and plundered the houses of their fugitive Moslem neighbours, flung little Turkish children out of the windows, and beat to death with sticks eight Ottoman soldiers, who had been handed over to their tender mercies by the Russians. We shall probably be answered, 'It is sad, but natural. Such irregularities are the result of long oppression and always accompany a war—even one waged for the most holy ends.' Yet no such extenuation was admitted for the Muslims at Batak and Philippopolis, when the insurrection was commenced against them by the Christians with the cold-blooded murder of upwards of two hundred fellow-countrymen."



THE SAME OLD GAME.

SCENE—Ramsgate.

First Truant Husband. WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE BY YOURSELF?
 Second Ditto. TRYING TO FIND SOME LODGINGS FOR THE WIFE AND CHILDREN,
 BUT I CAN'T—BEEN AT IT THREE DAYS!
 First Ditto. SO HAVE I, FOR A WEEK; AND DONE MARGATE AND HASTINGS,
 AND DOVER AS WELL!

THE JOLLY DAY.



PROLOGUE.—BROWN has invited SMITH to come to his little place down the line.

1. "Come on," he said. "Don't let's lose the train this end; it's all right afterwards."



2. "My trap will meet us at the other end," he said. "We shall spend a jolly day, old man; but of course we must help the horse a bit going up hill."



3. "When we get over the hill there will be no difficulty: going [down it will be all right, of course."



4. AT LUNCH.—"You can't think how jolly it is when you get there. The way the dogs welcome you ought to make you feel at home!"



5. "None of your Thames water, old man! We draw ours from a pond of our own in the meadow at the back of the house. You shall bathe in it, if you like, the first thing in the morning." "Thank you! How about the leeches?"



6. Then the *al fresco* dinner. "What's the matter? Ants? Never mind them!"

7. And they called him a sneak because he would catch the last train.

THAT BOX AT THE OPERA.

THE TORRINGTON-GOWERS are the nicest people you ever knew in your life, and live in Hyde Park Gardens.

The BULSTRODE-MANGOLDS are not quite so nice, but they are more jolly, perhaps, and they have a lovely place in the country—all gable ends and ivy (and earwigs)—to which the TORRINGTON-GOWERS are annually invited, and go down to spend a month or so, if nothing better offers. It is, therefore, worth the TORRINGTON-GOWERS's while to show some attention to the BULSTRODE-MANGOLDS when the latter come to town.

The CHICKEN-WORZELLS scarcely belong to the same set as the BULSTRODE-MANGOLDS, but they are near neighbours, and it is good policy in the country to be on reasonably friendly terms with people whose land is only divided from yours by a low hedge or a narrow ditch; so the elder male MANGOLD nods and good-mornings WORZELL paternal; and when the MANGOLDS give one of their big parties, the WORZELLS are asked; but it is an understood thing that the younger branches of the MANGOLD family are not to entwine too longingly with the WORZELL tribe, who would be scarcely desirable as connections.

The worst of it is, however, in this, as in many other cases, young MANGOLD and young WORZELL are great chums, and BESSIE WORZELL is rather pretty, and young MANGOLD thinks so.

This season the TORRINGTON-GOWERS, by some ill fate, have not been able to show much politeness to the BULSTRODE-MANGOLDS. The T.-G.'s garden party came off the day before their friends arrived in town. On the night of that grand amateur dramatic and musical performance (at which there was, you will remember, a *real* ballet, danced by *real* ladies—dressed with discretion), the unhappy MANGOLDS were unfortunately engaged to something heavy and serious in Russell Square. It almost seems Mrs. TORRINGTON-GOWER protested, as though it were done on purpose. The season would be at an end directly, and the MANGOLDS left with a sense of injury. Bother the stupid people! What could be done for them?

A happy chance! On one of the last PARTI nights Lady POLOLO sent the TORRINGTON-GOWERS her box. Excitement prevailed; then bitter disappointment. They were engaged for dinner, and could not possibly use it. What should be done?

As by inspiration, somebody thought of the MANGOLDS. The girls are presentable, the old people passable, and how delighted they would be; but there was no time to be lost. It was past six already.

By all that was provoking, when the TORRINGTON-GOWERS's scented note (paper as thick as the cover of an ordinary railway volume) arrived, papa and mamma had already started for the Adelphi, in time for the opening farce, taking the two girls with them.

Young MANGOLD opened the note, seeing it marked immediate, and was hardly delighted. He had contemplated Cromorne with young WORZELL. However, such a chance ought not to be thrown away. Better make a sacrifice. He therefore hurried off to the WORZELLS, who were up in town too, and staying at the "Langham," but they had invited some friends to dinner.

The friends were the CLAVERING-BODGERS. I had not mentioned them before, not caring to load my story with vulgar details. There were three of the BODGER persons, and four WORZELLS, in all eight, including young MANGOLD. To squeeze eight into the box was out of the question, but six might go, it was decided—"Four first, and two to follow, so as not to make such a crowd," young WORZELL suggested, and he and MANGOLD decided on going to the pit.

"Upon my word, my dear," said Mamma WORZELL, "I don't believe I've anything fit to go in."

If you had been there to see you might, perhaps, better have understood how it was that, when JACK POLOLO, who had dropped into his stall rather late, looked up to see whether the "old lady" had come, and saw the occupants of the box and told his mother afterwards—you might, I say, have perhaps better understood why Lady POLOLO then and there struck the TORRINGTON-GOWERS off her visiting list.

You might also have understood how the TORRINGTON-GOWERS writhed when they heard a faithful record from a third person of Mrs. WORZELL's red opera cloak and wreath of poppies, and how the whole party kept nodding their heads like so many mandarins to young MANGOLD and young WORZELL in the pit. Probably the worst bit was when they dropped two of their books on to the heads of some persons in the stalls. They had bought a book each. "You're nowhere if you don't follow the words," said old WORZELL; and young BODGER said, "Let's have a whack of 'em, then. Is there any reduction if you take half a dozen?" he facetiously inquired of the itinerant bookseller running by the cab-side.

No wonder there is now a certain coldness all round among the T.-G.'s, B.-M.'s, and C.-W.'s.

THE ONLY JONES.

PEOPLE are now not only talking about going out of town, but many really are going, and some are actually gone.

Last nights are announced right and left, and among theatres already closed is the Court.

The play, which has had a long and successful run with us, is now on its way to the country, and to thousands of our good cousins will come, for the first time, a bright vision of a graceful woman, looking fresh and charming in her pretty white frock, amongst the quaint old-fashioned furniture—a stage picture, not easily forgotten. You must not, therefore, my good cousins, neglect to go and see *New Men and Old Acres*, when it reaches your part of the world. Although not a very good play itself,

it is in all parts well, in one part admirably, acted. You will be mightily well pleased with Mr. KILLER's bluff manly bearing, and Mr. ANSON's racy humour, and a wonderfully lifelike picture of a fat German; but you will be delighted with Miss TERRY, or I am very much mistaken.

The long-promised *Zoe* is a very wonderful production, and ought to prove a great draw, added to the other attractions of Messrs. MASKELYNE & COOK's clever entertainment. I have found out how it is done, I may mention, but I won't tell, of course.

By the way, I never knew a lady so good at figures. She is quite equal in that respect to the most successful modiste. THE O. J.

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

A RAILWAY book with a pretty cover and a pretty title is, "For the Old Love's Sake," by ISA DUFFUS HARDY, and the story itself is well told and amusing.

The *St. James's* starts a new volume with much spirit, and offers the opening chapters of a novel by Captain HAWLEY SMART, told in the style that has made him so popular.

In *Charing Cross*, Mr. HARRON's story is continued with spirit.

NOW READY.

ALLY SLOPER TACKLES the EASTERN QUESTION. *Seventy New and Original Illustrations*, by MARIE DUVAL; numerous Maps of the War, by A. SLOPER himself, and a short Account of certain Singular Circumstances, by CHARLES H. ROSS. The whole bound in a Coloured Wrapper. Price 6d. Post-free, 7d.

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And all Booksellers and Newsagents at Home and Abroad.



ANOTHER TREASURE OF A WIFE.

Husband. HERE, MY LOVE, SOMETHING FOR YOU—A NEW BONNET!
Wife. OH, EDWARD, YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO EXTRAVAGANT! IT'S ONLY ABOUT SIX MONTHS SINCE YOU BOUGHT THE LAST ONE.



THE DAY OF REST.

His Reverence. (Time, Sunday Morning.) TIM, YOU DON'T MARE TO SAY YOUR MASTER IS GOING TO WORK THE POOR BASTE TO-DAY?

Tim. OH, NO, YIR RIVERENCE! YIR SEE, HE'S BEEN HARD TO WORK ALL THE WEEK, SO THE MASTER THOUGHT HE'D TAKE HIM OUT TO-DAY FOR A BIT OF A HOLIDAY!

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

THE Irish Sunday Closing Bill must be numbered among the Innocents. I, for one, am glad. Had the Government taken upon themselves the responsibility of putting the Bill through, as the supporters of the measure profess to believe they had, I, for one, would have been sorry. As I pointed out in this column, the reasons assigned for the passing of the Bill are more than insufficient. Had the Bill received support from the Government because, for once, the Irish members were agreed, it would have been an acknowledgment of the principle of the "Home-Rule" doctrine. Had Ministers supported it on the plea that the majority of the people of Ireland were in its favour, they would have accepted the principle of the "Permissive Bill."

Fortunately, the Ministry have declined to become followers of Mr. BUTT or of Sir WILFRID LAWSON. As a consequence, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill is to be numbered with the Innocents. The Permissive Bill Baronet has threatened that, "when the House of Commons came to discuss the whole policy of the Government, this matter would occupy a very prominent place." But—no matter. Mr. SULLIVAN insists that the Government have assumed "a certain responsibility" in respect of this Bill. Mr. O'SULLIVAN, on the contrary, insists that they have not. He added, with truth, that the question had arisen since the

general election, and contended that a majority of the Irish people were opposed to the Bill.

Whether the SULLIVAN or the O'SULLIVAN is right, it would be absurd for the Government to recognize either the principle of Home Rule or of the Permissive Bill; and we have reason to be thankful that the Bill is numbered amongst the Innocents.

* * * * *

The House of Commons has not sat lately till a quarter past seven in the morning, but Sir WILFRID LAWSON evidently thinks that, to spend a happy day, members should go home just at the time when the two milkmen make Parliament Square hideous with their shouts and the clanking of their pails. He ridiculed the Chancellor of the Exchequer for saying the Government had given a day to the Bill. They had, in fact, given only half a day, "which," exclaimed the Permissive Baronet, "makes all the difference, as they knew by experience that, with a whole working day, they could sit till seven in the morning."

It could be wished, whenever the Irish obstructive party were bent on "diversion," that the Irish Sunday Closing Bill could be introduced, so as to enable them to talk till the milk hour on that measure, and not when more serious business is before the House.

CADBURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

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EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the acme of nourishment, will fortify the feeblest, and is a sine qua non to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

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By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a liqueur of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its re-invigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.; assorted sample case sent to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post Office Order for 3s.

Dores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.



SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Emily. Oh, isn't this beautiful, ALFRED! I DO FEEL SO HAPPY.
Alfred (fond of tantalizing). THAT'S RIGHT. BY THE BY, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I AM GOING OUT TO-NIGHT AND SHAN'T BE HOME TILL LATE. HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
Emily. MUCH HAPPIER. *Alfred.* WHY? *Emily.* BECAUSE I SHALL NOW BE ABLE TO GO TO GAY SPANKIE'S AT HOME, AND YOU NEED NOT SACRIFICE YOURSELF DEAR! *Alfred.* Oh!—

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY:

A Lay with a Moral.

"THE Astronomer-Royal reports that the duration of registered sunshine last week was 40.5 hours out of 118.6 hours during which the sun was above the horizon. This gloomy weather is the more noticeable, as we had some exceedingly hot days in the early part of the summer."



ONG ere the summer-time was due,

SOL gave us warm days, not a few—

All clouds were put to rout of him!

But now that time is getting on,
 And summer soon will all be gone,

The shine seems taken out of him!

Alas! this is a lazy age,
 When shortened hours and higher wage

Are what each one relies on;
 And now e'en old King SOL, it seems,

Would fain denude us of his beams:

For SOL's above—th' horizon!

But he at JUDY's door who knocks,
 Or, trembling, to her letter-box
 Confides his jokelets meekly:
 He takes no heed of cloud or sun,
 In joy for what he's "been and done;"
 But scans her columns weekly.

So, each and all may, if they will,
 In cloud or sun—'mid good and ill—
 Find sunshine sempiternal.
 Keep this in view—that whether SOL
 Shine but an hour, or not at all,
 You still have JUDY's journal!

[Moral: Twopence only.]

Interesting Experiment.

A CONTEMPORARY says, in a recent article, "If you wish to know whether a man is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you." A fellow tried this plan, a few days since, upon a well-dressed man he met at a railway station. The well-dressed man took the parcel, and the other was satisfied that he *was* superior to the prejudices of society—but he has not seen the parcel since.

The Latest Thing in Warfare.

A SWANSEA gentleman, with the best intentions, of, course, has invented a new engine of warfare. It is an 8-inch ball that will carry a sword 14 feet in length 600 yards, literally mowing down every human obstacle in its path. In peaceful times it would do to cut down trees with, of course. Why does not the inventor write to Mr. GLADSTONE for a testimonial?

Cause and Effect.

GREAT indignation, it is reported, has been caused in the province of Assam, owing to an order issued by a native high priest that there is to be no more breeding of fowls. All who, in disobedience of this order, persist in rearing fowls, are threatened with eternal perdition. This seems rather extreme punishment; but in order to comprehend how that native high priest came to fix upon the penalty, one has only to listen to a Cochinchina rooster crowing. Then the reason immediately becomes obvious.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*



HERE is no doubt about it.

She does think I am mad—probably dangerous. She has flown from the house, and, looking after her, I see her gesticulating wildly to the coachman, and, seemingly, telling him of her narrow escape from the raging maniac!

Stay, though! Perhaps she knows the truth, and is on her way to the police-station. In a short time the myimids of the law may be here asking for explanations relative to the smothered babe—
Good gracious!

There's nothing at all smothered in that now welcome sound. They were actually only asleep, then, all the time. And twins can, seemingly, slumber wrong side up and extinguished by a cradle. There is yet something to learn in this world, even for a Major who has commanded on the ensanguined field of battle.

Pipe up, my merry men! Don't mind how much row you make—pipe up!

Meanwhile, before the girls come back, let me try to set things a little bit straight. At present, our usually orderly apartments wear something of the aspect of the stage of a theatre during the pantomime season after a pelting scene. The first thing is to make sure there are no fragments of broken china lying about—or, stay, let me first look at the piano.

Confound this bottle! it is spoiling something else now. Inadvertently I have placed it on the top of one of URSULA's water-colour sketches. The deuce!

Evidently I have adopted a wrong system in trying to wipe it with my pocket-handkerchief. Here are half a forest and the top of a mountain come off, and the sea has run over the margin. There'll be a row about this.

There is a row about it going on at this moment, and some other rows about other little matters. The girls have come back in a body, and the first thing BATHERBA's eye lit upon was a bit of her teapot, half hidden under the leg of the table. Meanwhile URSULA is weeping over her water-colours, and CASSANDRA, with tears in her eyes, is polishing the top of her piano. Luckily, she does not know that anything has happened to the inside.

We are interrupted at this moment by a knock. Perhaps it is the new nurse whom URSULA went to inquire about, and who is to come on immediately, and high time it is she did.

This is awkward! It is not the nurse. It is a young man come to tune the piano.

I dissemble whilst he raises the lid. But when I hear him say, "Hallo!" it occurs to me I might as well go for a stroll, and I go.

I must confess, as I continue my walk, and the humble peasants I encounter by the way move on one side and respectfully salute me—I must confess I cannot refrain from asking myself whether I, Major PENNY, who has led HER MAJESTY's forces (or, at any rate, a portion of them) to action, has not recently been placed in a somewhat undignified position.

It cannot be denied that the business of nursing (particularly

in the case of twins) more naturally devolves upon a member of the other sex, whom it doesn't seem to worry quite so much, or, anyhow, they don't own to it.

I have been perusing this morning, with much pleasure, an account of the reading of a paper by Mrs. W. E. GLADSTONE, at the Domestic Economy Congress at Birmingham, in which the writer urged strongly that the elementary principles of nursing should be added to the subjects already taught in schools, so that they might become part of the regular instruction of young girls. A child might be so taught to nurse as to give her what was really a high and holy aim.

These are my sentiments, too, and it is to be regretted that the girls — BATHERBA, CASSANDRA, and URSULA—were not thus instructed when young.

The ribald scoffer might perchance suggest that, hitherto, they have not stood in any particular need of such knowledge, and that, in the ordinary course of events, they were by no means likely to do so now.

But a truce to scoffers. Afflicted as we are by twins requiring an abnormal amount of nursing, an experienced competent nurse is a *sine qua non*; and, from what I can learn, Mrs. TOOTSY is the nurse of all nurses for us!

Indeed, from what has reached me, it would appear that Mrs. TOOTSY would have been equal to triplets, and is reported to have said that she had been in a family with whom twins were a mere matter of periodical recurrence.

With the aid of so valuable a person, I feel that I can manage the two TWOPENNYS without trouble.

As I approach the house on my return, all is calm. I let myself in quietly and look around. In the passage is a bandbox, bearing the name of TOOTSY.

Impelled by natural curiosity, I raise the lid, and discover a large black bottle, doubtless containing soothing cordial for the twins. I will taste it.

I have. It's gin! At that moment the rustle of a skirt behind me attracts my attention, and a strange voice exclaims,—

"What! you're at it again, are you?"

It is Mrs. TOOTSY, who evidently does not know who I am.

Distinction Thrown Away.

"INDOLENCE and tranquillity," says a writer who evidently means to be precise, "are two very different states of being; one is a torpor of the faculties, the other the solace of the passions." But young HAWHAW says he does not mind the difference; either of the two is good enough for him.

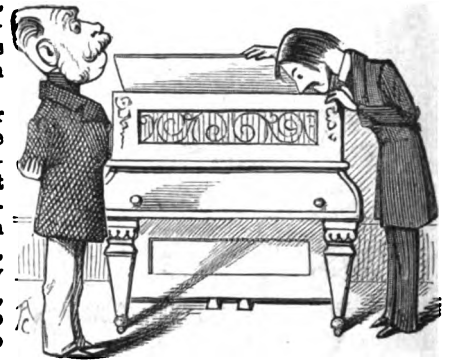
Very Considerate.

At the instance of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a large number of benches have been placed in the gardens which now adorn the Thames Embankment, for the accommodation of the public. This thoughtful act is supposed to be due to Sir JOHN HOGG, who enjoys his own seat in the House of Commons.

ANOTHER CHANCE.—A. SLOPER has recently observed an advertisement in a daily journal thus worded:—"To Gunpowder Manufacturers. Wanted an experienced Manager, competent to undertake the management of extensive Mills." Field-Marshal SLOPER, late of Russo-Turkish Campaign, is certainly the man they want, and he has written in. Meanwhile the world-famed Pamphlet is selling for the small charge of Sixpence.



AWAY—AWAY!



"HALLOO!"



AT IT AGAIN!



MORE MISCHIEF!





THE LIBERATOR.

ITHE FINAL FINISH.



There was a Boy who went to school and was finished.



"It's time the fellow went into coats," said the fellow's father.



When he was in coats, he was!



"Here's a nice girl; I'll offer to carry that parcel."



"Thank you, I should be much obliged."



"Ain't it a weight, though!"



"You've carried it a long way too. Here's a penny for your trouble!"

A LESSON FOR THE RUSSOPHILES.

THE fanatics who believe the CZAR's pious assertions, and cried "Perish India!" might (if they would condescend to learn anything) take a hint from Lord KINTORE, who, presiding at the annual dinner of the Strathbogie Farmers' Club, at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, proposed the toast of "HER MAJESTY'S Ministers," and, in doing so, said that though "he differed from the present Government on general topics, no one could look to Lord DERBY and fail to come to the conclusion that he was one of those who, with his friend JOHN BRIGHT, would not run this country into war if it could be possibly avoided. He deprecated unseemly and unnecessary agitation, and urged confidence in Lord DERBY, who, while striving to preserve peace, would not neglect to maintain the interests of the Empire." But this is far too sensible advice for those St. James's Hall politicians who, though they resemble Lord KINTORE in this, that they can talk, can do nothing else but talk, and are unable to trust anybody.

Shakespeare Improved.

THE project, once so much in favour, of constructing a line of railway on the pneumatic principle from South Kensington to the Albert Hall, is again being talked of. The idea is to have a large pipe or tube sunk in the ground, and to drive carriages through it by atmospheric pressure. The question now is, "Tube be, or not tube be?"

Covering the Whole Ground.

A RESOLUTION has been passed by the amiable enthusiasts who call themselves the Good Templars of Scotland, in favour of a bill being introduced into Parliament entirely prohibiting the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors. Even the organ of the Good Templars calls this a "sweeping proposal." Anyhow, it is one which will "becom" time before it is carried out.

DISINTERESTED LOVE.

Oh, hear me, sweet lady,
Oh, hear me, I pray;
Nay, turn not that fair face
In anger away;—
If the love that I offer
Suffice not to win,
Consider, oh, scoffer,
Consider my tin!
My heart is as true
As cheap steel—and as tough;
It never can love you,
I feel, half enough.

But, still, hearts are trash,
As I've often been told
That the only thing lasting
Is gold—gold—gold!
Oh, listen, my darling,
I'd weep if I could,
But you're not sentimental,
And tears are no good;—
Only give me your hand,
And I'll give my gold,
And if you'll sell yourself, I
Don't mind if I'm sold!

Parliamentary Vagrants.

A BOY was charged at the Thames Police Court the other day with the mysterious crime of being "found wandering." If this be an offence against the law, some Members of Parliament—especially those Home Rulers who have been obstructing the debates—are in imminent danger, and should be prosecuted at once.

Only to be Expected.

IT is announced that a ladies' rowing club has been formed at Surbiton, and it is expected that several lovely eights will grace the upper reaches of the Thames during the season. Nearly all the fair oarswomen are said to show a natural preference for rowing in pairs.

A DIFFICULT Passage for the Russians to Construe—The passage of the Balkans.

A TOWN which seems Not Unlikely to change Hands—Tirnova.
THE Wrong Box—The confession box at St. James's, Hatcham.
DECIDEDLY A Bad Country to Reside In—A state of anxiety.

NURSERY MORALS. No. 15.—THE SINFUL FOOLISHNESS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

We have, nowadays, most of us, got to be so plump and prosaic, that that affair of young JONES seems like the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" to look back upon.

When I tell you that there was a period in the life of the present writer when he went about thirsting for the blood of poor young JONES, you who know me now but as a bland, bald-headed philosopher, who, perhaps, rather dines too well, as a rule, and sleeps too soundly afterwards, will hardly believe that it can be true.

Yet nothing could be truer—and to think that I was one night, twenty years ago, upon the very point of polishing off poor young JONES, and all about LEONORA!

But you have no idea what LEONORA was like twenty years ago, and when I was young and slim I was a very desperate, not to say blood-thirsty, person.

It was a wild and stormy night, and I was walking home from a certain party at which there had been ostensibly going on—the tea, and the little music, and the negus, and the plates of sandwiches, and penny tarts from the pastrycook's, handed round afterwards—all this on the surface, with much pleasant smiling and a covert yawn or two, scarcely worth mentioning; but beneath, hidden from the knowledge of the giddy throng, rage and fury, gnawing jealousy, and vows of vengeance, registered 'twixt clenched teeth, out in the passage on the parlour door-mat.

For within, poor young JONES (then "that wretch," "that villain," "that miscreant") was carrying on with LEONORA, and she with him, and everybody was noticing it—I most of all, glowering darkly in the background, biding my time.

But presently came the breaking-up, and he it was who fetched the cab and held the opera cloak, and so on, and said last words through the cab window, with his head very much inside.

It was a wild and stormy night, as I mentioned before, and I was walking home with a tempest raging in my heart, when I overtook young JONES upon Waterloo Bridge.

It was late, and the bad weather had driven most wanderers home. The lights on the deserted wharves below glimmered fitfully. The wind sighed dismally through the arches. The bridge above was quite deserted.

There wasn't much of JONES. Clutched suddenly from behind—!

It seemed to me, at that moment, that this ought to be done to JONES; and then, for my own part, I might as well throw myself in after him.

What else was there particularly worth living for, since LEONORA was so false and heartless?

I have several times since asked myself how it was I did not polish off poor young JONES that evening. Why did I spare him?

It seemed to me at the time that a few JONESs more or less could not have been of much moment, and I have since seen no reason to alter my opinion.

But I spared him.

On recognising his insignificant back view (he had always a mean look from the rear), I dropped behind a few paces, and let him go on. He went, unconscious of the peril he had run, and bade the toll-keeper cheerily good night.

This raised my wrath again, but it was too late now, and I did nothing. I muttered, "Let him go!" contemptuously, and he went.

Ten days later he was a dead man.

It would appear that, after all, LEONORA had only been flirting with poor young JONES, but he had taken it all in solemn earnest, on the top of which he took something of a composing character, and was found with a sweet smile and his spring-side boots on him by his affectionate landlady, very dead indeed.

The reflections arising from the contemplation of the way in which LEONORA bore JONES's unhappy fate left me more pleased than otherwise that I had no hand in it, and I was particularly pleased to think I did not jump into the water myself.

The subject of the accompanying illustration you will readily recognize.

If you come to that, who among you, who have lounged happy years away among the green valleys of the Taunus Mountains—amidst the crumbling ruins of Königstein, Hohenstein, and Sonnenburg, do not remember the piteous legend of the soft-spoken LUDWIG

and the only too credulous GISELA?

Did he, or did he not, promise much and march away afterwards? He did. Did she, or did she not, believe in him ever so much too much? She did of course.

What a world this is, when you come to think of it, and how dead and gone women were quite as pretty and loveable as any of you unborn ones will ever be, when he who writes this shall be among the dustiest of dust!

He came back did that LUDWIG as per promise—as per usual—a few months after date, and she had drowned herself.

For a few wretched little odds and ends—more like shankless buttons than aught else—they will point out to you the lake into which she, brokeg-



hearted, threw herself, and where he, returning all over cicatrices and glory, plunged in after her, like a second MILES HA BOUGROULT, without the run.

And if I did not know for a fact that this is all a wicked story, and that that LUDWIG fellow, you see, never *felo de se'd* himself a bit, but dreadfully exceeded the regulation in his measurement for new waistcoats ever afterwards, I would feel improved.

Yet they do say that his and her ghosts haunt that lake—probably in company with the geese's ghosts who swam on it at the time of the occurrence.

What says the Graf von Joneumbiohn upon the subject? Ah! what!

ANOTHER EVENTFUL DAY

In the Private Life of an Undecided Gentleman.

HALLOO!.....Hal—loo!.....Eh!.....What!.....Speak up!.....Eh!

Oh, it's you, Mrs. DUBBLECHIN! And it's time to get up, is it? All right!

Reflection (comfortably tucked up in Bed, the room pitch dark, and "Solemn Silence reigning round").

—Wonder whether it is all right, though?

Wonder what's the time?

Wonder what, in Goodness' name, is "up"?

Mem.—One thing is jolly certain, I ain't.

N.B.—No, no, Mrs. DUBBLECHIN, and don't mean to be.

Reflection (after beating up pillow, and turning round luxuriously).—But, seriously, don't you know, I should really like to be told why I'm told "it's time to get up." Could I have told Mrs. D. last night to tell me? Could—I? Jove! how jolly sleepy I am, to be sure!—can't think of anything!

N.B.—Then—don't. *Mem.*—I won't.

Reflection.—Wonder, if I just have forty winks, whether I shall recollect why I told Mrs. DUBBLECHIN to tell me "it's time to get up"?

N.B.—Let's try.....Good.....I will!

Eh!.....Why, bless me, must have been having "forty winks" lots of times over!

Jove! how jolly quiet this street is, to be sure! "Quiet as the country," says Mrs. DUBBLECHIN; and that just shows what she knows of the country!.....

'Pon my word, too, this Bed is something like a Bed! It seems, really, almost a positive sin to leave it; as that Poet fellow says,—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I love my Bed—my Feather Bed!"

Reflection (on turning round again).—Wonder what is the time, though? Quite dark still. Wonder whether that was Mrs. D. a-knocking at the door, or whether I only dreamed it after all! I seem to have had a good lot of snoozing, and yet—hang it all! I could do a whole lot more, I do believe.....I—I am sleepy, to be sure! I—I—

Hal—loo! Why, confound it! I do believe I actually dropped off again.....Why, it's dark still.....What's that? A clock striking. Let's listen.....One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight!.....NINE!.....TEN!!! Bless and save us! what's the meaning of this?

Reflection (sitting up, and peering about).—Good Gracious me! Of course! Why, I forgot Mrs. D. had put up those new dark curtains she's been talking so much about. 'Pon my soul, you know, it's really too bad going on like this to people without letting people know, don't

you know! Why, hang it all, why I might have gone on stopping in bed for ever!

Reflections (on getting into bath).—Ugh! Booh! How jolly cold the water is this morning! There's my thermometer outside the window broken, too. Now I should just like to know how I'm to know what quality what-d'ye-call-ems I ought to put on if I don't know what the registered temperature outside is? What a world this is—no end to one's troubles! 'Pon my word, there's "always a Something," as WHATEVERNAME says.

Reflection (in sitting-room, whilst ringing for landlady).—Now what, in Goodness' name, shall I have for breakfast this morning?.....Don't seem to fancy anything.....Sausage! Bah! Savoury omelette! Pah! Fried sole! Worse! Broiled ham and poached eggs! Worsen!

N.B.—Kidneys on an anchovy toast!

Good! The very thing! I could eat that!.....

Eh! What, Mrs. DUBBLECHIN,—WHAT, the butcher "hasn't got such a thing as a kidney about him"! Then why, Mrs. D.—I say, Why the Deuce hasn't he? Who ever heard of a butcher without kidneys, I should like to know! What's the good of a butcher without kidneys, I should be glad to hear!.....Confound it! this is just always the way! When I have, at last, made up my mind, somebody comes and unmakes it! Daah it! Hang it all!! BOTHER!!

Reflections (two hours later, in sitting-room, as before).—How confoundedly cold I am! That just comes of having clumsy servants, who break one's thermometers!.....Then I did put on the wrong quality what-d'ye-may-call-ems!.....Halloo! Two o'clock! Here's a pretty go!—lunch-time, begad! Now I should just like to know how I'm to get down my lunch when I've scarcely yet got down my breakfast!.....Why, if I do have up a chop. I shan't be able to get it down; if I put it off for another hour, I shall have to put off DINNER, which I've ordered for 6.30; and if I have only a glass of sherry and a biscuit (which I hate!), I'm certain sure to get quite faint before dinner-time.....Upon my sacred word of honour, the way I'm worried from morning till night, first by one thing and then by another thing, is something positively awful!

And this is all really Mrs. D.'s fault entirely, through putting up those confounded curtains—CONFOUND HER!

NEW ENDING TO AN OLD MAXIM.—"Time is money," says the proverb. Doubtless this is true; for do not many persons take it—and a good lot of it too—to pay their debts?

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WHAT WE MAY ALL COME TO.

Miserable-looking little Party in chair (to Nephew). NEVER GO WITHOUT YOUR MEALS, MY BOY; DEPEND UPON IT, IT'S A MISTAKE. THROUGHOUT MY LIFE I'VE ALWAYS MADE A PRACTICE OF HAVING A GOOD DINNER.

THE HARDWORK OF PLEASURE.



1. Here's the Young Man who spends his Holidays seeing up all the Picture Galleries.



2. Here's one who has not time to get through them any other way.



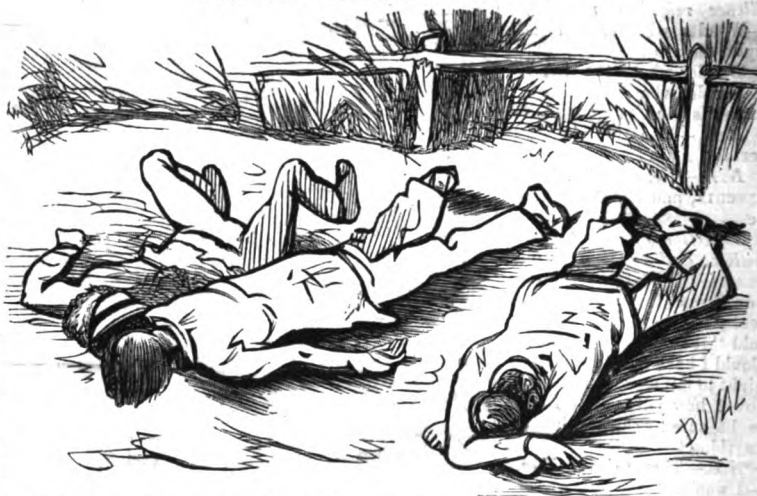
3. "What! another room full! Hang it all, it's impossible!"



4. "This is a relief!"



5. SMITH can afford to go out of town. Imagine him there. "What, in the name of Goodness, are we to do with ourselves to-day?"



6. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON can't afford to go; but when they do find a bit of grass anywhere in the suburbs, they occupy a space on it!

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

THE House of Commons, above any assembly in the world, like a "scandal." A "personal" question fills the House when a debate on the Indian Empire and the interests of 240 millions of people serves only to empty it. Well, there was, last week, a personal question which amounted to the dimensions of a "scandal," and hon. members, as was expected, filled the benches. There was no sitting-room, hardly standing-room. It was known that the Controllorship of the Stationery Office, vacant by the resignation of Mr. GARE, had been filled by the Prime Minister by the appointment of Mr. PIGOTT, of the War Office. The war between Russia and Turkey was at once less interesting to hon. members. It had been discovered that Mr. PIGOTT was a personal friend and protégé of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and that Mr. PIGOTT's father was vicar of Hughenden, and was a tremendous supporter of the Prime Minister in his local political aspirations. This was enough. Such favouritism was unparalleled. The Whigs, who never were guilty of nepotism, were intensely angered; the supporters of the late Administration forgot all about the COLLIER scandal and the Ewelme Rectory scandal, and were shocked at the appointment of Mr. PIGOTT; many even of the Conservatives, with pure notions of patronage, felt that it

was a disgrace to the party that Mr. PIGOTT should have been named Controller, especially as the Select Committee on Public Offices appointed in 1874 had recommended that, on the next vacancy, the post should be filled by a person of competent technical knowledge.

Accordingly, Mr. HOLMES moved a resolution tantamount to a vote of censure on Lord BEACONSFIELD, that the appointment was a very wicked specimen of favouritism. And the resolution was carried by a majority of four. So, by a majority of four, Lord BEACONSFIELD was proved to be a very wicked Minister.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, however, does not always care to be regarded as a very wicked Minister. He took the trouble to go down to the House of Lords and explain he had never seen Mr. PIGOTT; that Mr. PIGOTT's father, it is true, was, years and years ago, a parson in Buckinghamshire, but that, so far from being a partisan of his Lordship, the parson had given his vote and interest against him.

Thereupon the people who had censured the Prime Minister, discovered that Mr. PIGOTT was admitted to be a first-class man, and fully competent to undertake the duties of Controller, only—Lord BEACONSFIELD should have explained in time, so as to have prevented the House stultifying itself, as it undoubtedly has.

Q.

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AT THE SEASIDE.

THE Spring is charming, all agree :
When Nature wakes from sleeping,
And tiny buds from bush and tree
Like verdant stars are peeping ;
When Earth casts off her russet dress,
A brighter garb assuming ;—
For though so modest, none the less
She takes to "Spring Costume"-ing!

The Autumn's beauties should be told,
When winds are soft and mellow ;
When copses flame with red and gold,
And leaves are tint' with yellow ;
When cornfields show the banded sheaves ;
—Such scenes, who has not sought
'em?

Ah, yes! despite the falling leaves,
There is a grace in Autumn!

Then Winter-time is not so bad:
In-doors 'tis warm and grateful ;
And there's the ice, when, fitly clad,
One may be feeling "skateful"!
The air is piercing cold, perhaps—
The frost is beyond measure ;
Yet all admit (with ample wraps)
That Winter has its pleasure!

But Summer is the time for me,
When skies are bright and glowing!
Sweet Summer, by the shining sea,
So restless—ebbing, flowing!

Where we know nought of "bu's"
and "ifs,"
And care is to the deuce sent ;
Where sunbeams dance upon the cliffs,
And make the waves translucent!

The freshness of the bracing breeze ;
The music of the surges ;
The unrestraint, the careless ease,—
These chant our troubles' dirges!
While stronger frame and clearer brain
Spell plainly "R-e-c-r-e-a-t-i-o-n,"
And once again show "might" and "main"
In true association!

It may be true that nothing new
Bestirs the gladdened senses ;
No foreign marvel greets the view,
Which travel recompenses!
But when, 'mid floods of rosy light,
The sun sets in his glory,
The scene is ever fresh and bright,
Though 'tis "an old, old story"!

Yes, Summer is the time for me,
When skies are bright and glowing!
Sweet Summer, by the shining sea,
So changeable—ebbing, flowing ;
When waves are dashing up their spray,
And on the sands are breaking,
And, blithe and gay, in seeming play
Are merry music making!

A SCARBOROUGH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—"HIS FIRST SEASON—THE DREAM."

"YA—AS, dear boy, to a certain extent I agree with you; but then, you see, you haven't seen so much of it yet as this child has. To quote your own words, 'How beautiful is this Scarborough!' Ya—AS, I say, oh, ya—AS! 'How health-giving are its breezes!' Ya—AS, 'specially when they're in the shape of a nice rasping lung-congesting North-easter. 'How invigorating its sea-bathing!' Again, ya—AS, when you can get enough of it to cover you up to—say, your knees. 'How truly refreshing is the air on its Spa, and the grace in its ball-rooms!' Once more, ya—AS; but how much more awfully quite too much so are the airs and graces of the same places."

"The Cynic now, as ever, JACK, even in this Earthly Paradise.....Yes, I do mean what I say; since I have been here—since I have had the rapture, the infinite Bliss, JACK, of knowing Her, it is, and ever will be to me, an Earthly Paradise.....Ah me, those walks on the Spa—those little visits to SAKONY'S—those whispered soul-communications at the *table-d'hôte*, under cover of the general gay converse—those delicious dances afterwards— and then, that last stroll by the sea under the moonlit sky—the tender Good-night—the tenderer meeting at breakfast again next morning—the—Ah! JACK, but you can never have felt what real love is!.....What say you, 'You don't know anything of her beyond that she's stopping at the same Hotel—Boarding-house?' Cynic again when I have but to look in those glorious orbs to find there her Truth and—and all that. And why fall foul of the admirable system of the Hotels here? Why, should I ever have known Her had it not been through the medium of this most charming system!"

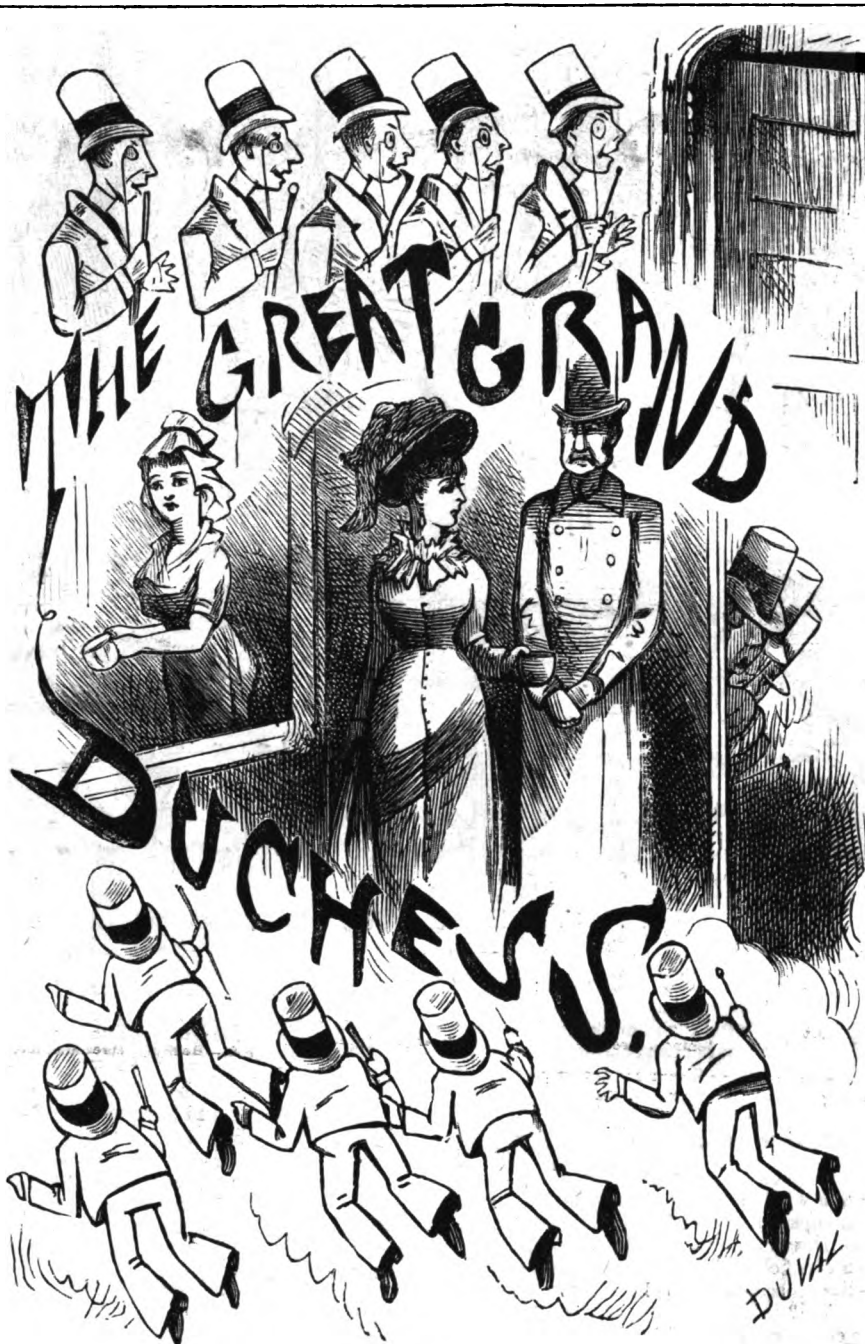
CHAPTER II.—"THE WAKING."

"HALLO, JACK, what, you here, of all people in the world?"

"Only just passing through, on my way to Scotland. But how long

have you been here, and do you still keep up your enthusiasm for these Hotel—Boarding-houses, etcetera?"

"Well—er—er—well, to tell you the truth, JACK, I believe I must have been rather a donkey in those days. By the way, it was only this time last year, yet I seem any number of twelve months older.... She took all romance out of me, JACK; and yet, I believed then in her Truth, and—and all that sort of thing, you know, as much as I believed in her complexion, and—and all that, you know.....Well, you see, she brought an action for *Breach of Promise*!.....No, I do not like the 'system' now—terribly mixed mob, aren't they! Set next to fat dreadful old party at breakfast yesterday, who asked me to give her 'a'elp of 'am'; but then, to make up for this, the two young ladies of the Hebrew persuasion, who sat opposite me, and whose 'pa' kept a flourishing greengrocer's shop at the West-end, used to wear four different dresses per diem..... Yes, I'm off to-morrow morning when my 'week' is 'up.'"



—the Great Grand Duchess of Wusserunbadwasser of course—and she came down herself this year to drink at the Springs, and, oh! didn't the Golden Youths rush down after her, intending to pay any price to drink out of the same cup her Highness' lips had touched. * * * Her Highness took one little sip: "Yah!" said her Highness. Then, turning to the man-servant in attendance, she added, "Finish this for me, my good Frite"—and he did.

THE ONLY JONES
More theatres closing. The *Lyons Mail* has started for the country. After the "Mathias," this is, I think, the best thing Mr. JAVINS has done, and I hope to see him in the same piece again, when he returns to London. In a few days the Prince of Wales's will close, so if you have not yet seen the admirable performance there of *London Assurance*, go at once.

The Vaudeville goes on as usual: its fortunes, *Boyed* up as they are, are not likely to go down for some time to come.

As for the future, they are going to have *Brass* at the Haymarket, and a *Moonstone* at the Olympic. Both sound like money.

A SHAM SLOPER.

UNTIL such time as it may appear advisable to introduce ALLY SLOPER otherwise than he has been presented for the past ten years, Mr. C. H. Ross wishes to caution the public against a spurious imitation.

Any genuine appearance of ALLY SLOPER before the public will be duly announced in these pages.

THE PHOTO' FIEND.



1. Mrs. BIRRY has sent him down for a blow at the seaside. But poor old Biry doesn't know what to do now he is there.

2. At last, however, he meets a kind gentleman, who politely invites him inside his establishment.

3. Carried on by the impetuosity of the kind gentleman, old B. assumes attitudes foreign to his nature.

4. "This beautiful picture, sar! One Shilling, sar!!" Mr. B. illustrates the fact that he hasn't got a shilling.



5. After a little of this sort of kindness—

6. Old Biry hurriedly retires behind a screen.

7. Having a natural horror of blows, he offers (with a heart-pang) his best church-gear to appease the fiend.

8. He departs quickly hence, a sadder and a wiser man.

(P.S.—He'll be a sorer one, too, when Mrs. B. gets to know it.)

ANOTHER OF SIMPSON'S.

"But, really and truly, this is the only one!"



STAND and think upon the brink, And still am not decided; Some might have been so deeply loved, Some couldn't be abided.

This world to me's a desert isle, Washed by a sea of trouble; Had mine not been a single heart, Inow should have been double.

That's CARRIE, there—how nice she looks! (She looks as though she knew it.)

She's half a mind to take a plunge, And half, too, not to do it. Her SIMPSON, with a telescope, Feels mingled joy and sorrow, He'll take the plunge this very day—

No—stop a bit—To-morrow!

MORAL, FOR THE BENEFIT OF PLUNGERS.—Where are you when you're over head and ears? What's the good of asking another party (a pretty female one, I mean) for her hand if there's a chance of losing both your own feet afterwards? And how dear everything is getting!

Giving him Rope Enough.

A RADICAL contemporary comments upon the fact, that during Mr. GLADSTONE's visit to Exeter, the high sheriff of the county, a staunch Conservative, willingly gave no his rooms at the hotel to enable the address to be delivered. But it is not wise for the Radical contemporary to rejoice too much over this. No Conservative could more effectually discredit his political opponents, than by giving Mr. GLADSTONE an opportunity of making a speech.

The Real Difficulty.

A book has recently been published, entitled, "How to Live Within Your Income." The advice is good, but if some benefactor of his kind would kindly tell people how to live without it, he would confer a boon on thousands.

* But how about the other thirty in Judy's new book "All the Way." —Judy.

THE MAN WITH THE CONSCIENCE.

I AM a railway guard above bribery.

If you don't believe me, try it on.

Eh? I didn't mean—Oh, I see. Thank you! Smoke where you like, sir. That's all right enough.

* * * * *

But I was alluding to that young gent who wanted to have his dog with him in the carriage.

"Look here, sir, this won't do," I said. "Have you got a dog-ticket?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well," I said, "he can't ride along of you in the carriage,

at any rate. It's right against every rule and regulation ever made."

"Well," he said, "the worst of this dog is, I don't believe he'll ride anywhere else. But you can try him."

"You don't catch me laying hold of the dog," said I. I knew a trick worth two of that. "You bring him out, sir, and put him in my van. You won't travel this way, that I'll take my oath to."

What does that young gent do, then, but ups with his dog and carries it to my van, chucks it in, bangs to the door, and jumps into his carriage just in time.

The delay had put us behind, and the engine-driver started at full speed. Though used to the thing, it was just about all I could do to jump on to the step, catching hold by only the door-handle. But when I went to open the door, that brute of a dog flew at me from the inside with the ferocity of a tiger.

We were express for three-quarters of an hour, and there were two long tunnels. I had a time of it hanging on to that step, with that brute snarling and snapping, and making jumps at the window.

I learnt afterwards his name was Captain, but if he'd been a colonel he couldn't have gone on worse. The directors ought to take this here dog question in hand.

SOME SEASIDE SENTIMENTS.

(From Several Different Points of View.)

(1.) From Materfamilias DE ROBINSON'S Point of View.

* * * * * Yes, my dear, this annual "outing" to the Seaside is very trying, but—how can we poor mothers help it? Look at the house—that must be whitewashed and painted;—and then—look at the Dear Girls! Ah, my dear, I thought you would feel the force of that *argumentum ad hominem*, as ROBINSON calls it. Now there's my eldest, ANGELICA, past her nine-and-twentieth; and still on my hands; and, of course, you know, it won't do for FLORENCE and CLARA to be pushed too forward till she is off. So I've made up my mind to try and get off ANGELICA this season at Boulogne, or Trouville, or Dieppe. She's a wonderful one in the water—swims like a duck, goes dear—and has now arrived Trouville

bathing-dress sets her off really most successfully.....Yes, as I said before, the Seaside is most trying. I'm always as bilious as bilious can be; but then, as a mother, how can I help myself? * * * * *

(2.) What Miss ANGELICA DE ROBINSON thought about it.

* * * * * HIGH-BO! At last, at last, and by "The Sea, the Sea, the ever Free," shall I meet him—alone!.....Dear, dearest PLANTAGENET, once more I press to these lips this beloved note, which tells me you will follow me to Trouville, "regardless of expense"—noble, oh, noble PLANTAGENET!—"and there, by the Sad Sea Wave"—ever, as always, so truly poetical!—"when 'The Silvery Moon is'—what is this, "winking"—a slip of the pen, no doubt—"we can"—what is this—"have a good talk"!.....Of course, dear, dear PLANTAGENET, of course you are right; it would, nay, it must, indeed, be "good"! N.B.—As, however,

I shan't have any time to waste, I must ascertain, at once, about his property, and—how much! * * * * *

(3.) What PLANTAGENET POTTS, Esq., had to say.

* * * * * JEWS! Doodid sorry, now, I wrote that letter to ANGELICA. Yes, doodidly doodid! 'Pon my soul, if it wouldn't be a shabby sort of thing to do, I'd—I'd just forget all about it, and go quietly down to Broadstairs on the cheap. Why, I never could satisfy the pa's little "wantings to know.".....Shabby! Well, but people do go in for shabbiness at the Seaside! Yes, I'll think better of the air at Trouville, and see if I can pick up an heiress at Broadstairs. * * * * *

(4.) Materfamilias DE ROBINSON'S Sentiments on the Subject.

CONFOUND it all! Why, they seem to think I'm made of money! Wants to go to Trouville—most expensive place in Europe!—wants four new "costumes" for ANGELICA, three dresses herself, and no end of "things" for the other girls. No, no, Mrs. R., no Trouvilles for you at this rate!.....Let's see, now.....Broadstairs! Yes, Broadstairs is a nice, very quiet, and healthy place, tolerably cheap, and—they say: wear out their old clothes there! * * * * *

Distance Lending Enchantment.

MR. VARLEY, the inventor of the Telephone, says

that a singer's voice may be heard afar off, while the instrument on which that voice is accompanied, may be within sight of the audience. This certainly would be an advantage in many cases; for there are some vocalists who, the farther away they sing, the better they are liked.

Alarming News from the Coast.

GREAT consternation has been occasioned in a very genteel seaside town, where every thing is of the very properest and most select description, by an announcement to the effect that "WILKIN'S Blue-eyed Maid will leave the Fisherman's Arms every morning at half-past eight o'clock precisely, and will run direct to Shrimpton without stopping." Propriety was soon satisfied, however, by it being presently discovered that "The Blue-eyed Maid" was merely the name of a coach, and the "Fisherman's Arms" only the sign of a local hotel. Some alteration of these names is contemplated before next season.



MUTE DEVOTION.

Young Beginner (sol.) THIS IS GETTING DEUCED ABSURD! I'VE SQUEEZED HER HAND AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, AND TALKED ABOUT MAN'S LONELINESS, AND DRIFTING DOWN THE STREAM OF LIFE TOGETHER, AND THAT SORT OF THING; I WONDER WHAT ON EARTH A FELLOW'S EXPECTED TO DO NEXT!

[And it never occurred to him that perhaps he had been scarcely sufficiently explicit.]



MISCHIEF

Miss Bell (to the children) YES, DEARS, ENJOY YOURSELVES!



BREWING.

IT BECOMES THE DUTY OF THE STATE TO HAVE A GOOD BREWERY FOR THE

Interesting Case.

A GENTLEMAN writes to *Land and Water* about two tame carrion crows, one of which he grieves to say has entirely lost its croak; and he anxiously asks, "Can this be a cold, and if so, what is the remedy?" What does the gentleman say to putting Mr. Crow's feet in hot water, and the application of a mustard poultice? Only he must be quick about it, as the very mention of croaking suggests extremities.

Popular Misapprehension.

COLOURED lithographs representing the Colorado beetle in the different stages of its development are now placarded about the streets of London. They are popularly supposed to represent the characters in a new burlesque at one of the theatres. So blind are people to the efforts of their best instructors.

Something on Account.

THE contractors have now completed the repavement of the carriage-way of Fleet Street with wood from Ludgate Circus up to Bouverie Street, being a superficial area of 8,400 square yards of paving. About 120,000 blocks of wood, it is announced, and 85 tons of asphalt have been used in this pavement. It was probably too much to hope that the



Excitement of SMITH, who went to Margate because BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON said they never went there; and here they all are in the first Visitors' List he takes up.

City Commissioners would relay the whole thoroughfare right off—for even an Alderman does not eat a whole turtle all at once; but now that they have got the street half done, we may hope they have paved the way for the remainder.

Quite Another Thing.

THE Russian Commander-in-Chief in Asia has issued a proclamation declaring that he is resolved to put down the revolt in the Caucasus with a strong hand. Yet it is difficult to see what he has to complain of; for the Russian mode of treating all the nations they have conquered—Circassians, Poles, and others—has always been simply revolting!

Awkward for Him.

BROWNJONES, who is a bit of a tyrant in his own home, was declaring very loudly the other morning, in the hearing of his wife, when he could not find something he wanted in a hurry, that there was a place for all things. "Ah," said Mrs. B. softly, "if there really is a place for all things, then I wonder where you keep all your late hours?" BROWNJONES left suddenly

to catch his train, and, oddly enough, the question remains unanswered to this very day.

"Q" AT THE SEASIDE.



HE golden sand at Tenby is a delightful change from the heat and dust of London pavements. The plashing of waves, at this season at least, is preferable to the din of Piccadilly, and it is more pleasant to be able, every morning, to look right across the Bristol Channel, and espy white houses on the Devonshire coast, than it is to see your opposite neighbour—shaving himself!

Tenby is a delightful place. It is in Wales, at the extremity of Wales, and yet it is not in Wales. It is in "Little England beyond Wales." Traces of the Norman, the Dane, and the prehistoric races cover the land.

No watering-place existing has so many objects of interest in the immediate neighbourhood. There is Pembroke Castle, the cradle of the Tudors; Manorbier Castle, where that most famous of mediæval writers, GERALD DE BARBI, best known as GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, first saw light; and Carew Castle, which ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex, left to figure at the English Court as the finest gentleman in England. The district in which

are situate Lydstep, St. Govan's, the Huntsman's Leap, and the Stack Rocks, is as picturesque as any in Britain. Not far away is St. David's Cathedral—a "restored" memento of the time when its bishop was a rival of him who occupied the see of Canterbury.

Tenby itself, surrounded by walls strengthened at the time of the Spanish Armada, is a place where anybody whose wishes are bounded by moderation can enjoy himself. There is no railway within a distance of fifteen miles. Cockney visitors of the unmistakable type are consequently few. For myself, no place can be more pleasant. After a dip in the sea from a machine belonging to "MARY, the bathing-woman," with whom I am a great favourite, I take a walk with the Mayor, Mr. JOHN BOWERS. When I pass "The Lion," the band strikes up the tune that pleases me most. When it is rough, and a ship is in distress in the Roads, I go out in the lifeboat with Captain JESSÉ. On Sunday I sit in the "Corporation seat," made comfortable with red leather and brass tacks, and within view of eyes that talk in language not spoken. I am having a delightful outing.

Dear Reader, don't believe a word I am saying! There is a railway running right into Tenby. The mediæval walls have been broken down for the town to extend itself. Mr. JOHN BOWERS has long since gone whither he is not expected to perform magisterial functions. Captain JESSÉ knows Tenby no more. "MARY, the bathing-woman," has been succeeded by a company. The "Corporation pew" has been improved away, and equality seats now fill the church. The quiet castle of Manorbier is let to a speculator, to whom visitors have to pay so much a head. From Lydstep, and the other quiet places, the railway whistle is to be heard. All things have changed, for it is at least seventeen years since I was at Tenby. "Mason's Guide to Tenby" has recalled those old days. Q.

ANOTHER OF FLORRY'S LITTLE WALKS.

(See No. 489.)



1. "Good bye darling
be sure you don't catch cold."



2. Parents fall asleep with the
remark:— "Sensible girl— gone for a
walk with Brummagem Jones—
good match &c. &c."



4. "How dare you kiss my daughter sir?
but it wasn't her after all but her maid
with one of her mistress's cast-off dresses."



3. "That's certainly not Brummagem
Jones— but I could swear that's my
daughter Florry's dress—"



5. Florrys papa thinks there's no
occasion to mention any thing
at home.



MISPLACED ENERGY.

"Why! Well, you see, although he always did praise her rowing, it is just now occurring to him that she has been hard at it for nearly a couple of hours, and does not seem a bit tired. "Upon my word, you know, really—eh? And then, if we ever did have a row —"

[And she was expecting he would propose that very day.

THROWN AWAY.

A Recollection by a Seaside Nobleman.
(The Peer at Ramsgate.)



HUS all alone—too much alone—

And some said she was haughty:

She never spoke to no young men;

I think she thought it naughty.

There was but one who knew the truth—

Him! I invoke a curse on;

Born was she to adorn a Peer,

And now she's wed a—person!

From Bad to Worse.

There is not quite so much talk as there used to be about Liberal economy, as, indeed, there well might not be, for nothing that has been done recently by any member of the Liberal party can, by whatever stretch of imagination, be called "reasonable."

The Blessings of Freedom.

It is asserted, on the most unimpeachable authority, that for three whole days in one week, lately, there was not a single birth in Naples, out of a population of 500,000 souls. Nothing of this kind would ever be allowed in England. If by chance any approach to such a state of affairs were to take place, a bill would immediately be introduced into Parliament to put matters right.

'Hitting the Right Nail.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet to the Trinity House, Sir GARNER WOLSELEY made some very telling remarks about the British Army. "He had," he said, "taken the trouble to thoroughly investigate the statements recently made about the efficiency of the army, and he had satisfied himself that they were thoroughly incorrect. Eastern Europe was now disturbed by one of the most fearful and horrible wars ever inflicted upon any people; and when a neighbour's house was on fire it was high time for every careful householder to look to his engine. England's fire-engines were her army and navy, and, speaking in the name of his profession, he had no hesitation in saying that at no previous period was the army more efficient." Quite right, Sir GARNER; to look after the national fire-engines is a duty which every man of position "hose" to his country.

MR. WARD HUNT.

THE public will receive, with surprise and regret, the announcement of the death, at Homburg, on Sunday, July 29th, of Mr. WARD HUNT, the First Lord of the Admiralty. This is not the place for panegyric; no doubt a life marked by so much that is admirable will have its fitting record at the proper time.

THE LATEST FROM SLOCUM PODGER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

You will be glad to know we are all here. Indeed, we have been very much here since you heard from us. All we want now is the season to begin, and a visitor or two to come down.

I regret to say my bow-window room is empty. Unfortunately, I lost a chance the other day. Having given up all hope, I was sitting at the window in my shirt-sleeves, smoking, when two maiden ladies drove up to the door with their luggage, and, seeing my pipe, drove on again. They've got them at No. 2 on The Terrace. They get every one there!

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

A man with a bag—a stranger—has just arrived by rail.

The entire juvenile population have turned out, and are offering to carry the bag.

He won't have it carried. Intense excitement prevails, and we are focussing him with our field-glasses.

A public meeting has just been held at the "Royal," and it has been decided, by a large majority, that he must be a visitor intending to stay for at least a week, and is now taking notes of the town and its attractions. The question is, is he of a lively or a serious turn? If the former, it is to be regretted that the Slocum Podger subscription brass band has not yet been organized this year.

If, however, our valued townsman, Mr. Brown of the grocery stores, were to oblige with a trombone solo on the Cliff? It might be a lowering thing to do, as a general rule, but, on this occasion, when the well-being of the whole community is at stake—

Brown says he will see the whole community blown first. A vote of censure has been passed on Brown, and it has been decided he is no gentleman.

STILL LATER INTELLIGENCE.

A FRIGHTFUL discovery has taken place.

The man with the bag has no intention of stopping here, and what refreshment he takes he has brought with him in a bottle.

This, however, horrible as it is, is not all! Worse remains to be told.

It has now been ascertained, without doubt, that the man with the bag is interested in the London sewage, and is looking for a

spot where he can bring the main sewer up to from the place where it is now, and he wants to empty the sewage here.

The town is up in arms.

It will be lucky for the man with the bag if he gets away again alive.

A dark rumour is current relative to the contents of the bag itself, which, however, it would be unsafe to particularize in the absence of corroborative evidence.



A LITTLE STORY

Unaccountably omitted from all the Guides to all the Watering-places).

"YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, MISS PENTONVILLE."

"NO. THE SEASIDE DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME; I STOP AS LONG AS EVER I CAN, AND THEN GO BACK TO TOWN TO GET WELL."

and it is fairly well told. The second book is called "Brother Billy, Dorry Baker, and Bobby Shert," a title in favour of which I can say little, except that most likely it will sell the book, and I should think middle-class women would be the principal purchasers.

Messrs. HARDWICK & BOGUN have just published the first part of what promises to be a valuable work—*Industrial Art*. I shall be glad to note its progress on future occasions.

With a bright and clever cover by FAUSTIN, has been published by Mr. W. REEVES an amusing account of a trip to America, translated from the French of M. JACQUES OFFENBACH, the author of the "Grand Duchess."

A volume of lectures, political, social, and religious, by JOSEPH SIDNEY TOMKINS, Citizen and Loriner (Charing Cross Publishing Company), is a work of considerable merit, but hardly one to be noticed at length in the columns of a comic paper.

☛ The "TWO PENNY TWINS" again next week.

CADBURY'S

PURE!

SOLUBLE!!!
REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the essence of nourishment, will fortify the feeble, and is a fine quinine to travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 2s.

LIEBIG'S TONIC WINE.

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so ingeniously blended as to form a beverage of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its reinvigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 2s.; or, on receipt of a stamp on a card to any Retailer in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post Office Order for 2s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.



ANOTHER BREACH OF CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

SCENE—Country Church.

Parson. "VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, THERE MUST BE——"

Clerk (to late Comer, with Heavy Boots, ascending Gallery Stairs). SILENCE IN THE GALLERY!

A LONG NIGHT.

(1st August, 1877.)

"In the Strangers' Gallery two persons remained throughout the entire debate—that is to say, from early on Tuesday evening to the afternoon of yesterday."—*Daily Telegraph*.



TWENTY-SIX hours we sat on a bench,

Twenty-six hours we sat ;

We yawn'd a bit, and we ached a bit,

But we didn't care for that.

Men went out and men came back,

And said things wise and clever ;

Some went to bed and got up again,

But we sat on for ever.

Two were we—ay, only two,

But with ears enough for six ;

We'd ask'd for the seats—we'd got the seats,

And to things that we gets we sticks.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

AFTER the holidays—The Colorado Beetle will really and truly put in an appearance.

After the holidays—The House of Commons will be shut up, and so will Mr. PARNELL.

After the holidays—We shall have a few more pious proclamations from the Czar.

After the holidays—BROWN is going to pay that fiver he owes to ROBINSON.

After the holidays—The JENKINEONS are positively going to reduce their expenses.

After the holidays—The boys will go back to school, thank Goodness !

After the holidays—A lot of London tradesmen will be waiting for their money.]

After the holidays—A great many young clerks will be longing for screw-day.

After the holidays—Seaside prices will go down a hundred per cent.

And, finally, after the holidays—Everybody will be very glad to get home once more.

GOOD Advice—Good singers should always retain their notes.

OCCUPATION of Turkey—War.

OCCUPATION of Russia—Conversion.

THE Real Parliamentary Blocks—Those on the shoulders of the Home-Rule Obstructives.

SHOCKING Music—The Electrical Instrument, the Telephone.

THE Cattle Plague—Flies.

LEGAL MEM.—It is quite proper that a person who has been abused should seek his remedy in a Civil Court.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

I HAVE serious doubts with regard to the woman Tootsy.

To a certain extent I am willing to allow the woman Tootsy might have been justified in addressing an unknown person she found sipping out of her gin bottle, with some amount of abruptness.

The words, "You're at it again, are you?" although they might be taken to imply a foreknowledge on her part of my being in the habit of being at it whenever an occasion offered, did not, however, necessarily mean quite as much. Considered as a mere ordinary figure of speech, the observation loses something of its offensiveness, yet, I repeat, I have serious doubts with regard to the woman Tootsy.

Does, or does not, the woman Tootsy look up to and respect me, as a person in her position ought to look up to and respect her employer?

I don't think it.

With all the sternness I can call into my features at a moment's notice, the spirits having taken a little of my breath away, I turn upon Tootsy, at the same time replacing the cork in the bottle, and ask whether the bottle is hers.

"It ain't yours, anyhow," says Tootsy.

There is truth in this, though it be blended with a certain amount of disrespect. I therefore say, with quiet dignity, "I do not dispute the fact, but I ask for further information."

"You hand it over, will you?" says Mrs. Tootsy. "I don't know how long you've been at it, but there's a third of it gone!"

"If you intend to insinuate that I have taken——" I begin with what I trust is pardonable warmth, but she breaks in upon me.

She says, "Well, of all the bare-faced! Why, I saw you with my own eyes!"

"I feel I am losing dignity if this goes on much longer, and must at once put matters on their proper footing. I therefore say,—

"You do not appear to be aware, Mrs. Tootsy, that you are addressing the master of this house. I—I am Major PENNY!"

"I'm sure," says Mrs. Tootsy, with candour, "I didn't know who you were or who you weren't, but I don't see what business you've got interfering with my things, and it's what I never did, and never will, stand from any person alive!"

In making this declaration Mrs. Tootsy raises her voice, and the sound of it brings the girls out into the passage.

As it is my custom to avoid personal altercations of any kind before the girls, I deem it, at this point, politic to cut the argument short with an affable smile, and say, "Certainly, Mrs. Tootsy, it's all a mistake, so we won't say any more about it."

Mrs. Tootsy's face speaks volumes, but she happily remains silent, contenting herself by tipping up the bottle, and forming a close calculation of the quantity missing.

This conduct on the part of Tootsy is, I must own, anything but what it ought to be, and I have the strongest possible desire to then and there order her out of the house. But how can I do

so without entering into details—and before the girls that would be impossible.

Besides, this nurse has been too much trouble to get, for us to lightly part with her.

The only thing, then, left for me to do is, for the present, to curb my indignation and to bide my time.

Meanwhile, Tootsy's behaviour continues to be trying. One of Tootsy's rules—and one that must be broken, on no account—is, that Tootsy shall not be disturbed at her meals. Tootsy's meals are four per diem, with hot meat at each and bottled stout at two of them, and between whiles at regular periods.

If the twins have convulsions during Tootsy's meals, it is of no consequence. She is not to be disturbed.

I have the misfortune to leave my hat and gloves in the room where she is dining, and don't dare to go in and fetch them.

Fortunately I am unobserved, so there is less loss of dignity about it; but I sit on the bench in the hall three-quarters of an hour waiting till Tootsy has quite done before I can obtain possession of my property and go out for a walk.

In her treatment of the twins, Tootsy is, to my thinking, peculiar; but as I am informed, upon the best authority (Tootsy's own), that she is a woman of great experience, I am afraid to make a suggestion.

I can't help thinking, however, if the eldest twin is shaken up much more, something will be displaced in his youthful interior.

Again, although I own the twins' noses were a disappointment to me when I first saw them—for ours is a family with noses with some character about them—I have doubts respecting the moulding process adopted by Tootsy.

According to Tootsy, you may put any shape you like upon a baby's nose, if you begin early enough, and tweak it hard and often enough in the required direction. If, in the case of these poor unhappy twins, Tootsy has taken the handle of Aldgate pump as her model, I think the twins' noses already give great promise.

But, of all things I have to complain of, I complain most of Tootsy's want of respect.

I have just been on a tour of inspection in the nursery, and have made a few passing remarks, that have been received with snorts of defiance, in a low but determined tone.

I am now taking my afternoon constitutional, and observe some surprise in the expression of persons whom I encounter.

I wonder as I walk. Then presently a boy makes an unseemly remark in the rear of me. I turn quickly, and catch a glimpse of something white which turns with me.

I turn again quickly and it turns quicker.

The boy laughs—other people laugh.

I get very hot and angry.

The mysterious something is beyond my reach.

I make a wild snatch at it. Good heavens! who has dared——

It is a duster, and it has been attached to my coat-tail by a pin!

As I occupy a position directly in the centre of the village high street, endeavouring to get hold of the confounded pin's head, molten fury fills my breast.

If this is Tootsy's work let her look out.



TOOTSY'S MEAL-TIME.



TOOTSY'S GREAT NOSE TRICK.



TOOTSY'S SHAKE-UP.



GROSS INDIGNITY.



A MISCHIEF

Mr. Butt. THESE, SUR, ARE NO REAL REPRESENTATIVES



IOUS CREW.

OF THE LION: THE LION FOR THE CHIEF OF THE LION.

PILLBURY'S PEACH.



CHAPTER 1.—“Pootyest bit o’ blossom as ever I see,” said PILLBURY’s Gardener.



CHAPTER 2.—“You think it will come to something!” inquired PILLBURY. “’Balthiest and forrardest peach as I can see—for the time o’ year, sir,” replied the Gardener.



CHAPTER 3.—“Caught ’im within a hinch of the fruit; if I’d a been a minute later ’e’d a spiled its beauty!”



CHAPTER 4.—“All we ’as to guard against now is slugs, snails, and hants; and I think you’ll say this soot ’ll do it, sir.”



CHAPTER 5.—“Ain’t it a picter, sir! Now, to-morrow morning, not sooner nor not later, it ’ll be ready to pick.”



CHAPTER 6.—Somebody was evidently of the same opinion; but insult need not have been added to injury!

THEN—AND—NOW.

It was bright and sunny weather,
Once upon a time,
When we two did walk together,
Once upon a time!
I was young, and she was pretty,
No thought of care came us between;
I was hopeful, she was willing—
Care and trouble unforeseen.
Truly ’twas delightful weather,
When, hand in hand, we roamed together,
Once upon a time!

* * * * *
Now, confound it! we are married
I fear we both wish we had tarried,
Once upon a time!

SETTLED.

House of Commons, Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1877.

MESSRS. PARNELL, BIGGAR & Co. We don’t intend to be obstructives.

Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN. But you are obstructives.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Really, you are obstructives.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE. You mayn’t know it, but there’s no doubt about the fact, you are obstructives.

Sir P. O’BRIEN. You’re dashed obstructives.

GENERAL CHORUS of 154. You’re the obstructivest obstructives that ever we did see.

THINGS ON THE TABLE.

AMONG the August magazines I turn first to my old friend *The Dublin University*, in which this month appears a well-written and entertaining article upon Mr. TOM TAYLOR. Everybody knows Mr. TAYLOR as one of our best art critics, one of our most popular dramatists, and the Editor of *Punch*; but not many, probably, have heard that he wrote his first farce over a quarter of a century ago, in partnership with Mr. KNOX, now the Marlborough Street magistrate.

This is the best number of the *Cornhill* we have had for a long while—a capital number. “A Study of Lower Life” is the very reading for a lazy hour among the trees; and of the many papers we have had lately about “François Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker” (by the way, why not murderer and atheist also, if he is to have all his titles!), the most amusing is certainly that here given.

The pictures in this month’s *Belgravia* are good. There is a brief but readable article on the Opera Ballet, by Mr. H. BARTON BAKER, and a clever paper by Mr. RICHARD A. PROCTOR on “Some Astronomical Paradoxes.” Although I cannot say much in praise of the pictures in the Holiday Number, I can recommend the stories and articles it contains, which are pleasing enough.

In the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, Mr. MCCARTHY’s clever story is the leading feature, but there is a very interesting article, by Mr. T. A. TROLLOPE, on the “Mafia and Omertà in Sicily,” which you ought not to miss.

The readers of *Temple Bar* will gladly welcome back Mrs. EDWARDS, who this month begins a new story, written in her most amusing style, and happily called a “Blue Stocking.”

In *Tinsley*, Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER’s story of a “Maddening Blow” is exciting; and there is a clever article by Mr. GODFREY TURNER, called “Shakespeare made Easy,” which ought to be much read and talked of.

In *Macmillan*, a paper on a “Scottish Elia,” by the Rev. JOHN SERVICE, is full of mournful interest.

The feature in the *Charing Cross* is Mr. ADOLPHUS ROSENBERG’s admirable article on “The Real and Ideal Jew.”

“Doing and Dreaming” (NIMMO) is a clever story for young people.

A GENUINE GRIEVANCE.

To Judy.

MADAM,—Here! I say! Come, you know! I am not having a fair chance. Here are the papers all occupied with the war or the idiosyncrasies of the London detective police; and what space Scotland Yard does not require is devoted to the Colorado Beetle and the rubbish uttered by the obstructive Irish M.P.'s. It is not fair. I am only a poor sea-serpent, it is true, but we all have our rights. The dead season is peculiarly my time; yet, with the exception of a little appearance in connection with the Royal yacht, I have not had a line in the papers for weeks. I don't intend to stand it. By this time, if things had been as they should be, I should have been discovered curled up in the fountain in Trafalgar Square, trying to swallow the Nelson Column; or stuck fast under Hammer-smith Bridge, waiting for the turn of the tide; or making the tour of the Serpentine; or lifting my head out of the water in the Floating Bath, near Charing Cross, and asking for a clean towel. Should not some of the newspaper people speedily awake to a sense of their duty, I shall be off across the Atlantic and appeal to the American papers—into which no record at all doubtful ever finds its way—to do me justice. But I trust this will be unnecessary. Meantime, I am, Madam, yours very sulkily,

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

Settling the Point.

MR. DARWIN satisfactorily decided that a man and a monkey were originally much the same thing. Professor HARKERL thinks differently. "We are justified," he says, "in supposing that the primitive man must have been a woolly-haired prognathous dolicocephalous being, of a dark brown or blackish colour." This description has the merit of being simple, anyhow; and the beauty of it is, that the Professor does not use any hard words.

THE SWAN: AN IDYLL.

SWEET SWAN!



RUDE, VULGAR, VIOLENT SWAN!

THE SCIENTIFIC AND THE UNSCIENTIFIC WAY.

ONE of those scientific persons who are prepared to explain everything, has given the following directions for producing certain phenomena with a shell:—"Take a shell in the hand, cause it to move quickly through the air, and then bring it into immediate contact with the organ of hearing. What happens? Every muscle in the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on the stretch than others, particularly those of the fingers. It is conceded that the vibrations of the fibres in those fingers being communicated to the shell, it propagates and intensifies them as the hollow body of a violin does the vibration of its strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receives the sonorous expressions." At this point one can imagine an unscientific person exclaiming "Wonderful! Why, in my young days we just brandished the shell about a bit, and then listened!"

Another Chance for Him.

SOME genius, who evidently has abundance of time on his hands, has found out that within the hundred years which began with 1849 and will end with 1948, there will be seventeen years each of which will have fifty-three Sundays to the twelvemonth. Perhaps he will now calculate how many sermons will be preached on those Sundays, and how many persons will go to sleep in church while they are listening. It is true that the result will not be worth a straw when it is arrived at, but that is the way with statistics.

From the Coast.

THE recent little instalment of sunny weather has taken people so much by surprise, that a contemporary actually talks of the "burning sands." The description is fitting in one respect, certainly; for children are always "playing on them."

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN. (Being Easy Essays with an Easier Moral.)

SIN THE FOURTH—"THE LITTLE FLIRTATION."

For the Young Lady ambitious to attain the proud distinction of becoming "past Mistress" in the great Art of Flirting, it is requisite, *imprimis*—That She should acquire certain qualifications necessary for the part; and, *secundo*, which is more important still, that She should deprive herself—get rid of, in fact, certain other ones She, in common with her sweet sex, are generally supposed, by the public at large, to be in the possession of.

The qualifications the would-be Flirt has to acquire are—Knowledge of the Male Animal; Tact in utilizing that Knowledge; the Bump of Locality; the Ditto of Opportunity; and the Fine Art of Dressing—i.e., Showing off herself to the very best advantage. The Article She will have to dispense with is—A Heart, with its usual attributes; for a successful Flirt must, on no account, possess that article, in its generally understood signification. *Au contraire*, the would-be flirt must treat her Heart as She would her matutinal sponge, and squeeze it—squeeze it carefully dry; every drop of natural "feeling," of foolish "sentimentality," of girlish "tenderesses," of affection for the "Wrong Man," and compunction for sufferings of the Male Heart, must be squeezed out with religious care. Yes, indeed! For the Heart of a successful Flirt must, in point of fact, be reduced to the practical utility of a well-conducted Calculating Machine. In cases where this recipe be not rigidly carried out the Flirt, as a success, is absolutely Nowhere.

And now, to point the Moral of the above remarks, let me present you with the History of two most sweet little Flirts, and which History, I hope and trust, you will find correctly corroborates my theory, and perfectly points my Moral.

There lived then, not very long ago, in the same street, two as pretty young Flirts as ever you saw, and each, in their several ways, were particularly addicted to their "Little Flirtations." But, while the Young Lady residing at No. 1 was a Flirt of quite the correct pattern, according to the recipe as per above, boasting indeed a heart from which every drop of "foolish sentimentality," and ridiculous "feelings" that appertain to what is politely called the weaker sex, had been religiously squeezed out, her young friend and neighbour of No. 2 set the recipe at defiance, conducting her "Little Flirtations" upon a principle as preposterously unpractical as it was absurdly natural.

Now just see the awful result of this last little Flirt's stupid and bad method!

She entered on a "Little Flirtation" with a youthful Curate because he had deep blue eyes, and looked "so sweetly pretty" in the pulpit, and, her heart not being properly squeezed dry, after the process of her friend and neighbour, she positively allowed the "Little Flirtation" to drift into an actual attachment for this most "Wrong Man."

She is now Mrs. Curate, and though she declares she is as

Happy as the Day is Long, of course I know better than to believe that. Why, the poor wretch has scarcely two hundred a year, and she has—to make her own frocks!

And the other case, Miss No. 1, how about her?

Well, I'll tell you. A few weeks ago, amid the hurry and bustle of Charing Cross Railway Station, I came upon an old friend I had not seen for years. He was so prematurely aged, so grey, so lined, wrinkled, and haggard, and—oh! so hopeless-looking, that I was inexpressibly shocked. I asked the usual questions—How was he? Where was he "off to" then? Shirking the first, he answered my second question. "He was then on his way to the Seat of War—had volunteered for the Turkish Army."

"Had things not gone well with him—he looked so—so

altered?" "No, things had not gone well with him. That little affair"—this with a ghastly attempt at a smile—"for instance, at No. 1 had not gone well.....Oh, only the old story—another of her 'Little Flirtations,' and—and my income was less than she thought it was!..... By-bye."

It was only yesterday that I heard poor old JACK was shot dead at the head of his regiment, in his first engagement, and to-day I see the announcement of the marriage of Miss No. 1 to an elderly cotton-spinner of enormous wealth. "She has landed a big fish at last!" sneer envious friends; "but—how about all the poor small ones she has ruthlessly left—gasping in mortal agony, deserted, desolate, dying—on the green river-bank? Does she ever bestow one little thought on these? No, O, dear No!"

What a jealous, envious world is this, to be sure! How unkind, how uncharitable some of us are sometimes, I take it! What on earth have "those others" got to do with her? Nothing, my dear Ma'am, and you, too, dear Young Lady, who would go and do likewise yourself had you one-half the chance of Miss No. 1. If she chose to keep her head while others lost theirs, surely that is their look-out—not hers!

She acted up to a principle, and has met with her reward."

What do you say? You know somebody who knows her "own maid," and you hear that the elderly Cæsus has an awful temper, and that he killed his first wife. You also hear that, on one occasion, the maid being in the room, unknown to her mistress, then saw her go to her desk, unlock it, and, taking out a lock of hair and faded photograph, fall to a-kissing them and weeping over them, as though her very heart were breaking.....

And you actually mean to tell me that there's a very Serious Moral in these two little Tales?

Pooh! my dear Reader, pooh! How, I demand—how, in Goodness' name, could you ever come to entertain such an idea?

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR

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"Irresistibly mirth-provoking."—The Derby Mercury.



THE WAY OF ALL FLESH.

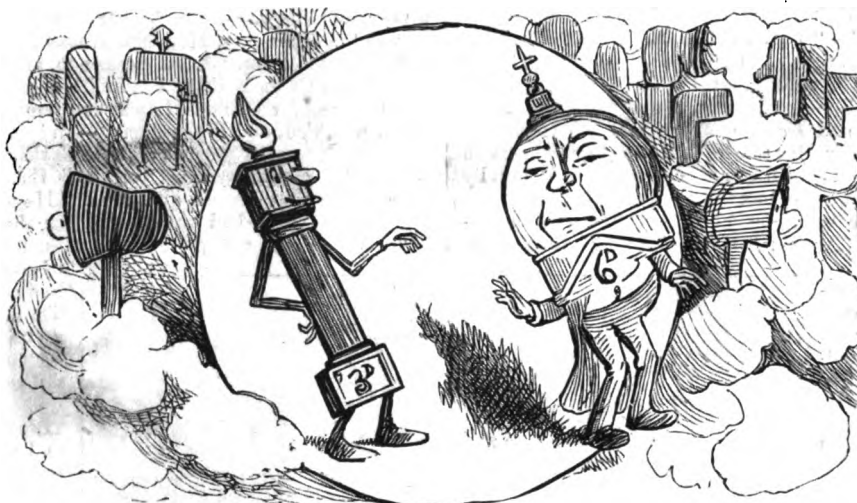
British Workman No. 1. WELL, TOM, HOW'S THINGS GOING NOW?
B. W. No. 2. GOING! WHY, UNDER A HEXECUTION! WE'VE GOT
THE BROKERS IN, AS PER USUAL.

"Q"

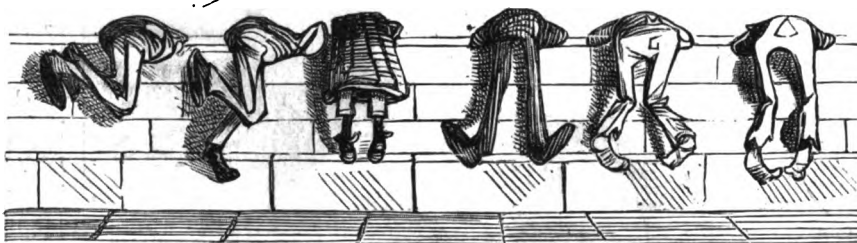
IN THE CORNER.
 Every rational person is agreed that the scene lately enacted in the House of Commons was disgraceful. That a set of men should be found to behave as the crew of obstructives behaved during the passage of the South Africa Bill through Committee, would not have been credited had not the proof been furnished. If the Bill had been a measure for restricting the sale of whisky in Ireland or abolishing wakes, or taking away from an Irishman the traditional right of shooting his landlord or the agent, I could understand the reason for opposing its passage through Committee. Scarcely an Irishman, however, would pretend that the South Africa Bill infringed on any of his rights. I consider Mr. Pengo of the Aquarium a much more reasonable being than any one of these obstructionists.

In general society, at the Clubs, and in several newspapers of both political complexions, it has been said that the Government is partly to blame for the disgraceful scene, and that it was beneath the dignity of the House of Commons to organize opposition, in the way it did, against

THE ANNUAL OUTING!



Mr. Monument to his Eminence St. Paul. I wonder, P., you don't complain of the Smoke? Saint Paul. It's beneath me, Sir!



Some people say how absurd it is to go to Foreign Cities in search of the Picturesque. Of course. Why not go to the Thames Embankment?



Little EASTONHAP goes to Ramsgate to enjoy the Sea Air—"Pipe-lights, sir, 'ap'ny a box!"—and to listen to the Music of the Waves—"Same Old Game"—and because he likes to dream away the day in a chair on the Sands—"Margit! Margit! 'Bus just going to start!" "Have a nice sail, sir!"

the tactics of the crew of obstructionists. But surely no other means are at hand, or at least have been suggested, to produce the result accomplished. It may be undignified in the captain and crew of a ship to humour the caprices of a monkey on board which has secured a razor and threatens to use it. But the creature must be captured.

I do not see that the House of Commons has lost dignity in proceeding as it did against its irrational members, any more than the Police Force loses dignity because some of its members have to haul away on a stretcher an obstreperous and drunken Irishwoman who will not go to the station except on a stretcher.

All who value representative institutions must be pleased with the conduct of the leaders of the Opposition who lent their effective aid to the Government. They could do nothing less than they did, being English and Irish gentlemen. The conduct of Mr. Burr is especially praiseworthy. It is to be hoped that the Irish nation will show its appreciation of the conduct of the hon. and learned member, who so warmly discountenanced the conduct of the crew of mutinous obstructionists.

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 PURE!
 SOLUBLE!!
 REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocoas because they are mixed with starch. Cadbury's Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

Painless Dentistry.—Artificial Teeth.

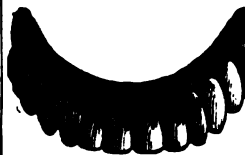
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WHAT DOES IT MATTER, WHERE NOBODY KNOWS YOU?

The DE PORTICO girls even do not mind being seen listening appreciatively to this kind of thing down at Slocum Podger.



GGSPARTE COSGRAVE.

FROM an application made the other day to the Vice-Chancellor MALINS, we learn that there is every probability of this unfortunate victim of a passing eggitement being soon released from duress. There has been, really, a glairing amount of eggspostulation over this topic which, we trust, is now eggshastened, and that, as soon as the egg-thrower is allowed to throw off the yolke of his confinement, and sked-addle, the whole business will be ova. We have certainly heard un ouf of it, and have not gained by it in our athatchment to our forms of legal procedure. We understand that Mr. COSGRAVE is to be eggspported to America. We presume that he will be roed across the big drink, and that when he arrives in his native land he will eggscclaim, "Eggo sum." Wishing him every happiness and prosperity there, we cannot help thinking that it will be some time

he forgets how he has been sat upon here.

Light on the Subject.

A CLEVER fellow has found out the reason why persons cannot sleep. It is because "there is not accumulation in the organism of the products of oxydation, mainly that of carbohic acid, that accumulation being favoured and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxydation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rhythmic period." Sufferers from insomnia will now know how it all comes about, and act accordingly.

BOLUS!

SADLY I wandered when all things were bright about,
Down and along by the bickering brook,
Seeking and seeking for something to write about —
Something to publish and print in a book.
Half of my life I had spent, and the best of it,
Vainly attempting to pick up a hint;
But I was willing to squander the rest of it,
If in the end I might revel in print.

Thus as I wandered, with courage fast leaving me,
All on a sudden I saw by the stream
Somebody else, who at once, on perceiving me,
Came to me slowly as one in a dream.
Wild on the wind did his hoary locks float afar,
Tender and sad was the glance of his eye.
(This I was partially able to note afar—
Clearly I noted it when he was nigh).

"Long have I looked for you" (thus he began his tale),
"Well do I know the fond hope of your heart;
Mine is a mission of mercy" (so ran his tale),
"Ease to your bosom I fain would impart.
You have been searching for something to write upon,
Down by the valleys and over the hills;
I will assist you a subject to light upon—
Write me a book about Bolus's Pills."

Swiftly that stranger I seized by the nose of him,
Strongly I pulled it in rage and despair;
Firmly and freely I trod on the toes of him,
Sternly I pulled out the whole of his hair.
Leaving him there, with the mud for a bed to him,
Awfully woe-begone as to the gills—
"If I have hurt you," I bitterly said to him,
"Try the effect of some Bolus's Pills!"

Conclusive Reasoning.

ARE women the equals of men? Decidedly: is it not the correct thing for them all to bare arms?

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

I HAVE one simple question to ask. Am I—Major PENNY—master of my own house, or am I not master of my own house?

I don't know that there is any particular necessity for me to pause for a reply. Rather let me reply myself by another question. If I am not master of my own house, who the deuce is?

Probably—and, at any rate, apparently—the woman Tootsy.

Of course, I acknowledge that it was an absolute necessity that the twins should have a monthly nurse, and I am also willing to admit that it is only fair that the nurse should be allowed, to a great extent, full power in her proper sphere—the nursery; but there are limits to everything, even Tootsy, and Tootsy goes beyond hers, and keeps on at it.

The woman Tootsy pervades the entire establishment. In the kitchen a perpetual civil war rages betwixt her and the cook, the partially smothered fury of which reaches the upstairs rooms in gusts, as it were, when the dining-room door opens for a moment to allow of the passage of portions of our dinner.

The woman Tootsy, cook tells me, won't leave her saucepans alone, and the truth of this statement has already been twice exemplified by the substitution at table of pap for bread sauce.

A tendency to coddling is possibly natural enough in a nurse, but there

are, on an average, on the simmer, four saucepans, two jugs, and a kettle, in the nursery alone, besides one or two downstairs in the kitchen.

But this is not all. When the woman Tootsy first came, I generously bade her order all that was necessary of our chemist and grocer. As the girls and I had not the remotest notion what might be necessary, and did not want to be asked conundrums on the subject, I thought that that was the wisest course.

But the results are alarming. When I mention that I have, during a casual and clandestine glance round, become, for the first time, aware of the existence of two kinds of Infant Preservatives, and that infants may have a choice of food made by HARD, NEAVE, NESTLE, RIDGE, SAVORY & MOORE, and about half a dozen others, and that the TWOPENNY TWINS have alternate tucks-out at all of them, you may form some idea what the chemist and grocer's bills will be like this quarter, but I'll be hanged if I can!

And you may add to the packets of food boxes of babies' powders innumerable, and everything in the way of soothing syrups and elixirs the mind of man and woman ever conceived, or the stomach of infancy was capable of containing.

Gazing on these regiments of boxes and bottles, my eye alights on a formidable glass jar, on which the words Epsom Salts, in imposing capitals, arrest my attention; and, I own, I am staggered.

I do not profess to know everything about babies, though I have recently read up the subject to some considerable extent. But I protest against Epsom salts being applied—and, apparently, in gigantic doses—to twins of

ten days.

How, then, shall I proceed? At this moment I cannot quite decide, and I hear Tootsy's step upon the stairs.

My first inclination is to heave the bottle through the open window, and scatter its fragments far and wide; my second, to escape with it to my own room, and that I do. Now I shall have time to settle a course of action for the future.

I have always looked upon Epsom salts as an admirable medi-



"CAN THIS BE GOOD FOR TWINS!"



"IT'S RATHER STRONG!"

cine, and it is one which I have been in the habit of taking periodically for years past; and that reminds me I am at present out of salts. There can surely be no great harm—

These are stronger salts than I have been in the habit of taking. Possibly they are Tootsy's private and particular, and being in the trade, as it were, she may have opportunities of obtaining her own private and particular, pure and unadulterated. Bless me! what's that?

The gong for lunch. I had no idea it was so near lunch-time, or I should not have taken such a dose! And we've liver and bacon, too!—a thing to which I don't mind owing I am remarkably partial.

We are at lunch—the girls and I—BATHSEBA facing me, CASSANDRA on my right, URSULA on my left; the liver and bacon occupying the centre of the table. The girls also are partial to the dish. They would not have it publicly spread about, of course; and at the dinner-table, were any one dining with us, the thing would be altogether out of the question; but here and now—



"OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! IF ANY ONE'S TOOK IT!"

The girls have all had a second help. I, too, am about—. Good gracious!

There are shrill cries upon the landing. The woman Tootsy's voice is distinctly audible. She says some one has been at her bottles, and has taken away the oxalic acid!

There are moments in which we are said to live years. The moment I occupy looking for my hat is one of them.

And the nearest stomach-pump is at the doctor's, a mile off!

G-g-g-good gracious!

Promptitude has ever been one of my most striking characteristics. I have shown it on the field of battle, and I show it now.

The girls scream in chorus, "For mercy's sake, say what has happened!" But I have no time for explanations. What I have got to do is to run.

I run like mad. I drop my hat. I have not time to pick it up. The oxalic acid is commingling in a lively fashion with the liver and bacon, and the effects are terrible.

I accomplish half the distance, and am on the point of sinking to the earth when I descry the doctor in his gig, and hail him frantically.

I have now been an inmate of the doctor's house for over an hour, and have taken strong emetics, and otherwise have had a time of it. The doctor is now going to bring what remains of me home in his gig.

On the door-step an excited group. The girls! They seem delighted about something. BATHSEBA exclaims, "It's all right! It was a false alarm. Mrs. Tootsy has found the oxalic acid bottle in her cupboard, and nobody is a bit the worse!"

This is almost a joke in its way. But it might make me look ridiculous before the girls, if they knew what I had gone through. I must tell the doctor not to tell.



G-G-G-GOOD GRACIOUS!"

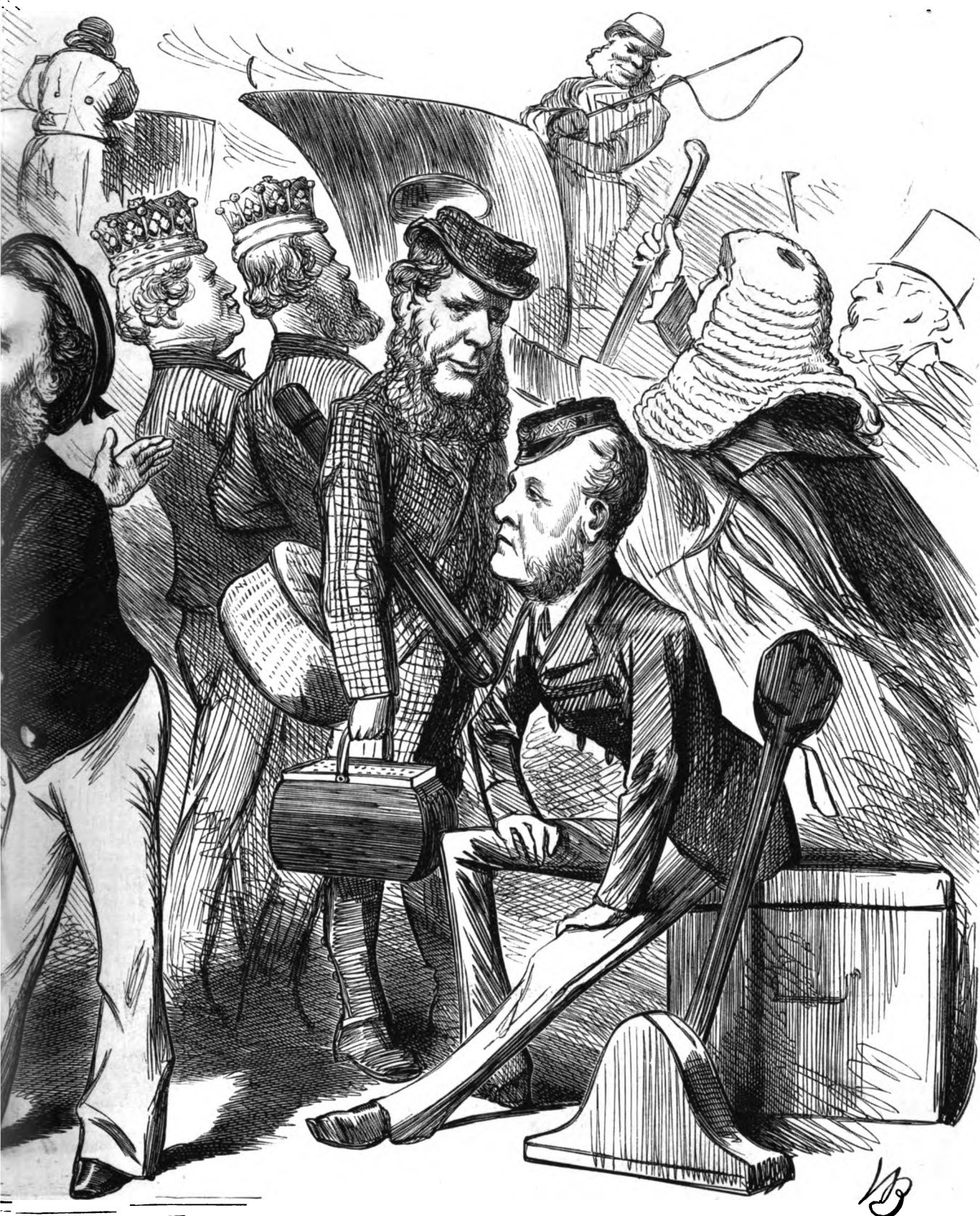
A SHAM SLOPER.

UNTIL such time as it may appear advisable to introduce ALLY SLOPER otherwise than he has been presented for the past ten years, Mr. C. H. Ross wishes to caution the public against a spurious imitation. Any genuine appearance of ALLY SLOPER before the public will be duly announced in these pages.



BREAK

MASTED SMITH IN DEWARD FOR HIS DISC



NG-UP.

7 ARTS BLENDS OF HARD WORK FOR THE PROGRESS

THOSE EXCURSIONISTS AGAIN.

SOME—The Top of the Cliffs at Ramsgate. TIME—The Bank Holiday.

SNOOKS (intently regarding a Party of Bank Holiday-ites on the Sands, having an al-fresco Dinner). I say, TOOKS, just look at those people—from this distance they seem to be mere specks!

TOOKS (who is a native of those parts). So they are, old man; and for any good they will do to this place, according to my opinion, very queer specs they are!

Something Left Out.

It is announced that the Society for the Relief of Distressed Americans will not be called upon to assist in paying the passage to America of the man who threw an egg at Vice-Chancellor MALINS, as Mr. COSGRAVE provides the funds. This is rather amusing, but there is still another matter connected with this case which has not yet been officially announced. It is that when the egg was thrown at Vice-Chancellor MALINS, that gentleman said instantly, "This was cast at me in mistake; the egg was evidently intended for my Brother BACON."

Woodenheads at Loggerheads.

It is announced that the Home-Rule party is on the verge of disruption. At the close of the Session a meeting of the Irish members is to be held on the subject. A split is regarded as inevitable, which, let us hope, whatever else may happen, may be—

"The little rift within the lute

Which, by and by, will make the music mute"—once and for all, of Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR, & Co.

Advice to Parents.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go," says the proverb; but it is as well, if you want to do the thing properly, to travel, in the first instance, by that train yourself.

THUMBMARKS.

THERE appear to be one or two persons in America, male and female, who have made a pretty good thing out of the fact that there once lived a popular author called CHARLES DICKENS. They edit editions of his works with explanatory notes; they lecture on him, and they write learned articles about his stories; and they fish up passages in his private life which might as well have been left alone long ago, and go into lengthy details.

One of these gentlemen is Mr. EDWIN P. WHIFFLE, and this month he treats the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to his views on "The Shadow on DICKENS'S Life." I should think CHARLES DICKENS'S family must feel glad Mr. WHIFFLE thinks he ought to make his opinions public.

The *Nautical Magazine* goes on well, and I have no doubt it has a good sale. I take it for granted it is commanded by a sailor, and so he would look after the sales as a matter of course.

Once a Week is quite unique as a monthly. It has a cover than which nothing could be more floral, and inside there are pictures calculated to thrill. I am not sure the comic portions are as comic as they might be; but then, belonging to the one and only really comic paper in the wide world, makes me a little hard to please perhaps.

I cannot quite understand the principle on which the pictures are chosen for *London Society*—some are so right and some so wrong. The *Modern Zodiac*, by Mr. HARRY FURNISS, is in its proper place, and nothing could be better suited for the magazine than the picture by Mr. A. CORBOULD, but how about those *Twin Flowers*? Those *Twins* are a sad case. Why flowers? I protest against those persons being called flowers.

Either the editor of the *Twentieth Century* is a kind of a Hass, or the writer of these playful lines is a sort of a donkey. At any rate, if a quotation given by the latter of a criticism in the *Devises and Wilds Advertiser* be correct, there's something four-legged attached to the staff of that little sheet that thistles must be joy to!

By the way, among some conglomerated confusion intended for a notice

of plays, a writer in the *Twentieth*, speaking of the *miss en scène* at our principal theatres, "wonders where the superabundance of diversified furniture is stowed away." The idea may possibly have occurred to other persons, who perhaps imagine there are as many suites of furniture packed up somewhere behind the scenes as you might meet with, say at OSTEND'S. But managers nowadays hire the fittings for the ancestral halls and modern bijou residences mostly, I believe, of a wonderful person of the name of LYON, who advertises himself every week in the *Era* as "The man who all professionals should know." And why not? He might teach some of them a little grammar.

In the *Argosy*, this week, you will find JOHNNY LUDLOW spending a day in *Bride Wood*. This is surely a misprint. JOHNNY means with his pipe, of course.

The second volume of *Design and Work* (PURNES) appears to be a valuable work for the class for which it is intended.

Here is a good idea for a new paper, and it ought to do! *The Referee*; a *Sunday Morning Journal of Sport and the Drama*, edited by PANDRAGON, one of the best and most amusing of our writers on Sport. The first number is promised for Sunday, August 19, and I shall look out for it.

THUMBMARKER.



WHAT A DAY!

Good Lady (who has had so much to occupy her attention for some time past, she has quite forgotten her Pet Dog). OH, JOHN! WHEREVER IS TINY?
Her Son John. BLESSED IF I KNOW!

VERY COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.



1. Barnacles.



2. A Sea Swell.



3. Skates.



4. A Jolly Old Cock-le.

MUCH MORE SUITABLE.

In the long sitting of Parliament which defeated the tactics of the obstructive Home Rulers, Mr. GRAY, M.P. made an appeal to the Government to give way. "Was it not," he said, "the part of

cease? "Why is it," he asks, "in this land of the brave and the free—the boasted home of liberty, where all are supposed to be equal in the eye of the law—that woman is not allowed to occupy her proper place? Why can she not mount the ladder of fame?"

the stronger party to make concessions? ('No!') Well, then, the weaker party—(An hon. Member: Goes to the wall)—must go on vindicating the principle of protecting the rights of minorities. It was known at twelve o'clock that relays of Members were to be formed to beat the minority of five or six. Was that a position which the Government were prepared to defend? He would ask them to hold out the olive branch to the minority." What the hon. Member expected to result from the holding out of the olive-branch is difficult to understand. If it had been a bunch of thistles now, the figure would have been more appropriate.

How it is Done.

THERE are said to be in circulation certain new counterfeit £100 notes, which, we are instructed, "may easily be detected by their peculiar 'feel.'" Most people would not object to detect a few genuine ones by the same means.

Going Farther and Faring Worse.

SOME houses are being built in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park, called Queen's Gate Houses, one of which is 13 stories high. In days when everything is rising, one need not wonder that houses should go up; but ascending to thirteen stories seems very much like reaching the height of absurdity.



ILL-TIMED.

Dear Lady MILICENT MAUD LYNN was one of the very first to start a Bulgarian Relief Committee when poor dear Mr. GLADSTONE first published that Pamphlet; but the thing was put on one side somehow, and it was a question among the Committee the other day whether the Subscriptions obtained should be given back or forwarded to the Sufferers, and, in the latter case, where were the Sufferers to be found. In the middle of the talk the sounds of uproarious mirth were heard in the lower regions. Her Ladyship rang the bell.

Lady Milicent. NICHOLSON, WHAT IS THAT SHOUTING AND LAUGHING IN THE KITCHEN? YOU KNOW I DO NOT ALLOW IT.

Nicholson. PLEASE, MY LADY, IT'S ONLY DAWKINS, THE FOOTMAN, A-READING ALLY SLOPER'S BULGARIAN 'ORRORS!

If the writer will think it over quietly, he will admit that her costume has probably something to do with it. The narrow skirt is the prettiest fashion we have had for the last forty years, but is not exactly the sort of thing in which to climb a ladder of any kind.

Pongo Out of Place. "Pongo, the only living gorilla," says a contemporary, "is a very extraordinary type." Then, why is not Mr. Pongo exhibited in the CAXTON Collection?

THE ONLY JONES, HIS HOBBY.

THE O. J., at this moment, ought properly to be playing Shaksperian character on a highly successful tour in the Provinces. Unfortunately, however, his company has not been formed this year, and they don't seem to care so much about the ONLY IN SHAKSPEARE as they used to do. To be seen hanging about London theatres in the month of August is scarcely creditable to a critic attached to a high-class journal. What, then, is to be done? The ONLY JONES has solved the mystery. He has been to Cremorne. To see the O. J. at Cremorne is to see him in joyous abandon. It is his delight to mingle in the mazy dance. He cries, "Oh!" louder than anybody at the rockets, and he rides on the roundabout until his brain reels, or the steam is exhausted. The hobby-horse is an institution, alas! but too little known, but it should be tried. There is a

sense of flying wildly through space, coupled with the knowledge that the horse can't fall down, and you are all right if you hold on tight enough, which is soothing to the wearied citizen who knows better than to get on to a live horse. In front of me sat an elderly gentleman, of serious aspect, who cried "Gee up!" but, perhaps, that was not absolutely necessary!

The Reason Why.

A WRITER, inclined to the advocacy of Women's Rights, wants to know when the present tyrannical treatment of women is to

ANOTHER AFFAIR EXTRAORDINARY.

("From Information Received.")

To MRS. JUDY.

Scotland Yard, S.W., August 14th.

MADAM,—I desire to make a plain Statement of an AFFAIR still more EXTRAORDINARY than that I had the honour to communicate to you some few weeks back.

I am, Madam, your obedient Servant,
JOHN SMTH, Detective Officer.

THE STATEMENT.

VERY soon after the AFFAIR above alluded to, I was told off by the authorities here to take up a "case" in the country. Some envious subordinates said (behind my back) that the London public had had almost about enough of me for the present, and that it would be advisable to give the country one turn. Of course I took no notice of these remarks; everybody—especially myself—considered it was entirely the wrong fellow's fault for not being the right fellow. Somehow or other, however, the AFFAIR—gross mistake, some envious idiots actually called it—made some little stir at the time, and those stupid newspaper fellows got writing packs of rubbish about "the Police and the Public," and so forth, in consequence of all which the Yard authorities woke up a bit, and a brand-new Inspector from the North was appointed, who was to set everything and everybody right. It was at Ramsgate, where I was following up my "case" (at my own time and pleasure, of course), that I received a quite absurdly peremptory letter from this new Inspector, to the effect that I was "wasting my time;" that the man "wanted"—the "principal" in a recent big "smashing job"—had never been at Ramsgate at all; but that he was expected to leave Margate for London by the South-Eastern 12.45 P.M. train on the following Monday in company with a confederate, a young woman with red hair, and feet that were "regular beetle-crushers."

It was a letter, I at once saw, that must be obeyed, and, at 11 A.M. precisely, on the Monday morning, I took up my position, in plain clothes, on the Marine Parade in front of the South-Eastern Railway Station, having two of the "Local Force" posted within hail to assist in the capture. "And now," I murmured to myself, as I opened my lynx-like eye in readiness for the victim, "if I can but only get hold of the right man this time, my past reputation as the celebrated Detective SMTH will be retrieved."

For one whole mortal hour I waited and watched with even more than my usual lynx-likeness; nobody at all, with the utmost latitude of imagination, did I see that could be deemed "take up-able." The time drew near for the train's departure, and I began to think my man must have smelt a rat, and wouldn't turn up. At the precise moment, however, when I had just made up my mind to give it up, something occurred which at once renewed my lynx-likeness.

'Twas this:—On a bench placed at the edge of the promenade in front of the sea, were seated a Man and a Woman.

This pair were engaged in a conversation of so absorbing a nature, that they scarcely raised their eyes to note the gay crowd passing and repassing, the merry bathers disporting themselves, and all that peculiarly animated life which is (happily) peculiar alone to the Rank and Fashion of Margate.

Giving the preconcerted signal to the two "Local Force," I crept cautiously up behind the bench and reconnoitred.

'Twas even as I thought; the Man's air was decidedly mysterious; while the Woman's hair, though I daresay she would call it auburn, my unprejudiced official mind instantly put down as Red, and her feet, though I couldn't see 'em, I could almost swear were "regular beetle-crushers."

Yes, there was, there could not be—there *should* not be—any doubt about it.

Giving another preconcerted signal to the two "Local Force," we three fell upon them unexpectedly from behind, and, after a desperate encounter, in which I felt obliged to apply my truncheon—we eventually overpowered, and dragged them both off through the gaping, jeering crowd, to the lock-up. Arrived there, the male prisoner, who had seemed

absolutely dumbfounded at his capture, got together as much breath as we had left in him, and asked me angrily for my warrant, saying at the same time, I "should pay dearly for this;" but which foolish remark I, of course, treated simply with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt.

I then produced my warrant, and when the Prisoner saw it he seemed to fly into a still greater rage.

"Oh!" he managed to gasp out—we really had got him along at such a fine pace that he was almost breathless—"O-ho! you are Detective SMTH, are you? Ah, I've heard of you! Now let me present you with my little letter of introduction, and, while I get it out, perhaps you'll be good enough to take off these darbies—and look sharp, will you?"

The cool audacity of the scoundrel so staggered me that, somehow or other, I actually did take off the handcuffs.

The Prisoner then produced an elaborate Russia leather pocket-book, and, taking out a card, handed it to me with what, upon my honour as the celebrated Detective SMTH, was, I could almost swear, an air of angry condescension.

And then, as my eye fell on the name and address printed on the card, I nearly fainted with the shock they gave me. For, Merciful Goodness, it was our new Inspector!

Subsequent explanations (of an unpleasant nature)

showed that our new Inspector had taken advantage of an unexpected holiday to bring his affianced Young Lady to Margate for a day's "outing."

As the "case" stands now, therefore, not only have I taken up my own superior officer, but, what is even perhaps worse, I have taken my superior officer's Young Lady's auburn hair to be red, and her feet beetle-crushers!

There is a strong probability of more unpleasantness arising out of this AFFAIR.

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"Irresistibly mirth-provoking."—The Derby Mercury.



SPITEFULNESS.

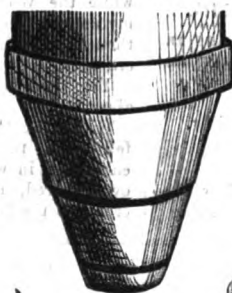
Miss SMITH has Pretty Boots, and Mr. ROBINSON says so; but Miss BROWN has not Pretty Boots. Miss BROWN, who has been down at the Seaside some time, knows all about the time the tides come in, but she does not tell Miss SMITH. Was not that unkind of Miss BROWN to treat Miss SMITH so, when they are such dear friends and old schoolfellows—all because of what Mr. ROBINSON said?

ANOTHER GOOD COLORADO GONE WRONG!

(AND NOW AT LARGE!)



2. Luckily, he always carries a Microscope about with him.



3. But a Colorado is not very easily managed.



4. And this one broke loose.



1. The Eminent, who is at present out of town, is reported to have found a Colorado, late at night, in his Seaside lodgings.



5. And SLOPER thought he took the third turning on the left.

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

ALTHOUGH the Session has not been so prolific of legislative work as was anticipated in February, Ministers have had a more harassing time of it than if they had carried through Parliament twice the number of bills that have been passed. In the delicate state of foreign affairs, they have had to use discretion and circumspection such as few Ministers have been called upon to exhibit, and Parliament breaks up fully assured that during the recess the honour and interests of the country are entrusted to safe hands.

But, though the Ministry are relieved from attendance at Parliament, their duties during the holidays are quite as onerous as during the Session, and their responsibility is increased tenfold. The Opposition papers talk as if the Cabinet feels a relief in being freed from the criticism of the Houses. In reality it would prefer having the representatives of the people to refer to at any moment. It is obvious, however, that the country is quite content to trust to the Ministry without the Parliament.

Mr. W. H. SMITH brings an accession of strength to the Cabinet. His previous career in the Ministry has evidenced his general administrative ability; and no doubt has been hinted by

the public or by the press of his being the right man in the right place at the Admiralty. Of course, the new post on which he has entered entails harder work on the right hon. gentleman than what he has been accustomed to perform. But Mr. SMITH was made for work, and when in the performance of work he is also serving his country, he is just the man to eschew sloth. It may be mentioned here—for I have not seen it mentioned elsewhere—that the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, in nominating the right hon. member for Westminster as the successor of his universally lamented predecessor, was not in the least influenced by a desire to conciliate the silly grumblers who complained that the Cabinet is composed only of county and University members. Mr. SMITH was appointed, not because he is the elect of the chief constituency in the land, but because he was thought to be the most fitting man for the office.

Q.

WHEN is a man's face like the Atlantic Ocean?—When it's miles across! A BANK-HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE (written in the evening).—Why is the air of Margate like the Leaning Tower of Pisa?—Because it's oblique (so bleak, you know).

THE difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of a church is simply this—One is the Rector, the other the Erector, and the third the Director!

CADDURY'S
PURE!
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

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A SEASIDE STUDY.

"Most Disagreeing!"

PASSING PEEPS INTO PONGO'S PRIVATE POCKET-BOOK.



THEY say he is still missing, but I'm sure I saw him on Bank Holiday.

Somebody has been beating an Editor at Boulogne. Somebody else sums up the case thus:—"If a man owns a paper like *Truth*, he should either change its offensive tone, or place himself at once under an efficient member of the P. R. Now the writer himself, just before, had been about as offensive as he well could be; but then, I suppose, he *can* fight."

I can't fight myself, that's why I only say pretty things.

There has been a case lately of a woman buying a baby, and another case of a woman stealing a baby. Baby, as a mercantile commodity, is looking up.

REUTERS' telegram, last Wednesday, brought us an account of an Ottoman soldier being captured by the Russians and coated with pitch. The same day we received news from the Forest of Dean that three women had coated a commercial traveller with

tar. The Anti-English party ought to make something out of this.

The author of "Tommy make Room" has written another drawing-room song called "Whoa, Emma!" Whoa is the word.

Does *Brass* mean tin?

You've heard of the poetry of motion. Mr. JOHN REEVES describes his ballet at the Surrey Gardens simply as "100 beautiful ladies;" but Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND, at North Woolwich, announces a "charming corps de ballet of elegant ladies." This is flowery!

English people are very funny. I don't mean Comic Editors.

I am not the Sham SLOPER!

Pongo.

Civilisation Again.

THE last thing out in Christian warfare is an "ariel torpedo." A balloon is constructed capable of rising with a torpedo beneath it; and, starting to windward of a camp or fortified city, or whatever it is desired to destroy, the torpedo may be burst or detached, and thus its cargo of death and destruction falls into the midst of the enemy. In the presence of this, and other ingenious devices recently hit upon for making people happy, it is supposed that the Millennium some time since predicted by Dr. CUMMING is not coming off just at present.

Extraordinary Freak (of Nature) at Hawarden.

A few days ago, in the presence of a large party of Bolton excursionists, Mr. GLADSTONE first cut down a large tree, and then "planted himself" on the stump! This wonderful occurrence took place in the presence of many hundreds of people, so there was no delusion.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

As from the circumstance of my not having previously referred to DAWKINS you may possibly be unaware that there is a DAWKINS in my establishment, I hasten to make a statement.

There is no doubt whatever as to DAWKINS's existence, and if you lived in the same house she would let you know it.

DAWKINS officiates as cook in my establishment, and she fills up her spare time as chambermaid and parlourmaid, as we only keep one servant. DAWKINS's culinary feats are marvellous, though not in the sense you might suppose; and, what is more

marvellous still, is the way in which the girls and I have put up with them for years.

The impression upon the girls' minds and mine is, that if DAWKINS were to desert us chaos would ensue as a matter of course, and DAWKINS seems to share this opinion.

It is, therefore, DAWKINS's habit periodically to come to the conclusion that she has been too long in the place, and that a change would be desirable; and it is then our habit to conciliate her to the utmost in our power, and beg she won't think of it, to which she consents somewhat reluctantly, and we breathe again.

DAWKINS having been with us a good long while, now knows our

ways; and this may also be said of us with respect to DAWKINS's ways; and we take particular care not to put her out of any of her ways, because when she is put out terrible things occur to the food.

When the Twins calamity first occurred to us DAWKINS had to be conciliated like anything, but she has never yet quite got straight again. She was very nearly getting straight when Tootsy happened, and now it's awful.

I take it Tootsy, hitherto, has been pretty well in the habit of having it all her own way wherever she has been, but in DAWKINS Tootsy has caught a Tartar, and war is waged and things broken all day long.

The one aim and end of Tootsy's existence, according to DAWKINS, is to "mess up" basins; whilst, according to Tootsy, the one aim and end of DAWKINS's is to chuck Tootsy's preparations in the dust-hole.

Whilst engaged with my private correspondence in my study I require silence. My correspondence is somewhat one-sided, being chiefly devoted to the composition of letters to the *Times*, of

which I retain copies to be sent again, if—as is, I may say, invariably the case—the first one is not put in, or to be addressed to the Editor of our local journal, who, though kept comparatively in the background by the exercise of hatred and malice, appears to me to possess powers of appreciation, conspicuous by their absence in other quarters.

The silence necessary for the exercise of the higher mental faculties called forth by this correspondence is, however, since the twins and Tootsy, almost wholly denied me. The fact of the room above being the twins' dormitory may account for the perpetual rocking of the cradle at such times as Tootsy is not engaged in pacing the length and breadth of the apartment like a wild beast in its cage, or at such other times as the twins, during Tootsy's absence (probably to mess up basins in the kitchen), are not on full cry.

Giving up the study as the very last place in the world suitable



DAWKINS.



SOOTHING DAWKINS.

to study in, I take my pen and ink and paper into the drawing-room, and request the girls, as a particular favour, to leave off chatting whilst I am at work.

The girls subsiding into faint whispers, I dip my pen in the ink and become suddenly conscious of the existence of partially smothered ferocity in the lower regions, accompanied by damage done to plates and dishes.

Really, this is not to be borne!

I throw down my pen, go forth into the passage, and summon DAWKINS.

"DAWKINS," I say, "I want to speak to you."

"I wan't to speak to you, too," says DAWKINS. "I should like to leave this house, if you have no objection."

This is rather a staggerer, so I think it advisable to soothe DAWKINS.

I say, "DAWKINS, what have you to complain of?"

"What?" shrieks DAWKINS,—"what? Why, everything—particular that Tootsy!"

I think DAWKINS requires more soothing on a different plan. I therefore invite her into my study, and impress upon her that although it is not advisable to let Tootsy hear what we think of her just yet awhile, that I myself think very little of her indeed, and, what is more, do not intend to put up with her nonsense much longer. These sentiments would appear to afford some satisfaction to DAWKINS, and she retreats to the lower regions with a significant wink.

A minute afterwards Tootsy taps at the door and says,—

"You'll excuse me, air, but this can't go on."

I say, "What can't, Mrs. Tootsy?"

She says, "The woman's owdaciousness."

Of course I know she means DAWKINS, but as I am not quite positive DAWKINS is not listening at the moment, I content myself with a mysterious nod.

This, however, is not enough for DAWKINS. She raises her voice, and says, "She can't stand it, and, what is more, she won't!"

I assure her, in a whisper, that there is no occasion, as it won't last long.

This is diplomatic. I don't tell her that it is she who is likely to be the first to go.

But she won't have diplomacy. She says, "Either that woman leaves, or I do."

To which I say, "Certainly."

To which she says, "Which is it to be, then?"

To which I say, "Why need you ask, my dear Mrs. Tootsy?"

To which she says, "I want a straightforward answer."

I am on the point of giving an answer, which is to be as straightforward as possible under the circumstances, when the door flies wide open, and DAWKINS enters with clenched fists.

There will be some unpleasantness, I expect.



SOOTHING TOOTSY.



SOOTHING EVERYBODY.

BARBAROUS. "Perfection of Parting"—Parting with one's mother-in-law.

SYNONYMOUS—Detective and defective.

INVALID Furniture—A wooden leg.

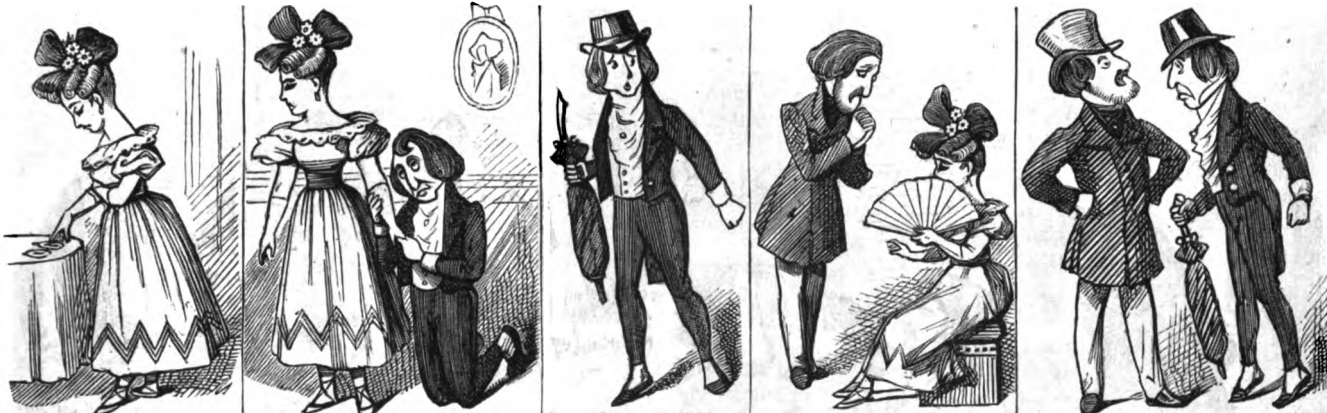


MAKING



A M E N D S.

EXTRACTS FROM NOVELS.—No. 9. The Mayor of Margate. A Tale of Forty Years Ago.



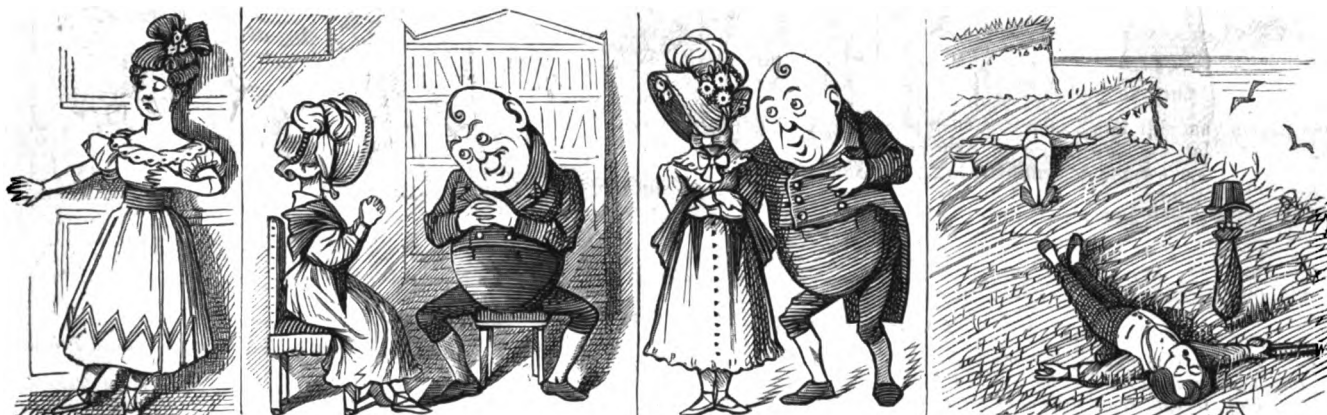
1. What was LAVINIA to do? The more she pondered over the portraits the more she felt that they both loved her, or why had they followed her down to Margate?—why, at the Assembly Rooms, had they both paid her such marked attention?—why the glances of hate they levelled at each other?—why the.....

2. "Nay," cried BUNSBY, "let me call you LAVINIA,—sweet LAVINIA, accept the hand of one whose future life shall be devoted to thee!" Alas! alas! it was devoted—but we anticipate. "Oh, give me but till to-morrow!" she said, in an agitated tone.....

3. As BUNSBY left the house he casually looked back. Could his eyes deceive him? No; 'twas the hateful TOLBY about to knock at the door! He would wait calmly till his rival came out again, and then.....

4. "Mr. TOLBY," she faltered—"Call me not Mr. TOLBY," he eagerly interrupted, "my name is JOSEPH!" "Give me but a little time, JOSEPH,".....

5. "You would dare aspire to the hand of the fair LAVINIA!" said BUNSBY, hoarsely. "Dare," replied TOLBY, "yes, a thousand times!" "Enough," said BUNSBY, hurriedly; "we may be observed, but remember, to-morrow, at 6 A.M. sharp—on the Cliffs—pistols!" "I will be there!" said TOLBY, casting a look of bitter scorn at his rival.....



6. She pressed her hand to her heart, as she heard every word from the open window. Should she be the cause of the shedding of the blood of these noble, devoted beings? No! she would to the Mayor of the town, lay all before him, and get them put under restraint.....

7. When she had told the Mayor all, she looked up imploringly into his face, and then for the first time she was aware of the gaze of admiration cast upon her.....

8. "Madam," said the Mayor, "your anxiety for these two rash individuals shows a tender and loving heart, which urges me to take this step;" here he made an attempt to fall on his knees. "Oh! care for them no longer," he pleaded, "but only for me, SAMUEL BIGGS, Mayor of Margate, J.P., a widower, childless and wealthy. Oh! wilt thou be my bride?" Her answer was scarcely audible, but it was in the affirmative.....

9. They were buried side by side in the old churchyard. HODGKINS' flagstaff marks "the spot where they originally fell."

"Q" OUT OF HIS CORNER.

I TOLD you the other week that I was at Tenby. As I also told you, I was not at Tenby—except in imagination. I am now really and truly in Holland. As I crossed the Channel I twice or thrice wished I had been on board the *Avalon* only in imagination. But, for a considerable time, I was too much on board. At length, and an hour before time, I reached the "New Bath Hotel," in Rotterdam. There were several Dutchmen about. Still, there were more English. So leaving behind me the city of ERASMUS, chiefly remarkable for the tasty barbers' poles exhibited in front of their residences by the foreign consuls, I thought I would try Leyden and Amsterdam.

I wanted to see the Zuider Zee. The captain of the *Trek-schuit*, the veritable canal boat that conveyed Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU to Delft, was a character. When we had arrived at a point on the canal five miles from Delft he hauled to. "Thank God," said he, "we have arrived safe and sound at Liedenschen dam!" as if we had evaded the maelstrom. Upon this, two or three young Hollanders immediately posted letters home to notify their happy arrival half-way to their destination. "Coming round that bend in the canal," said the captain to me, "was dangerous in this east wind; but we are safe now. I once stuck fast here for two hours in a south-wester. Fortunately, we offered up prayers, and we were saved!"

I rather like travelling in a canal boat, because nobody else

travels in a canal boat; and, to tell you the truth, I expected the company of MYNHEER VAN DUNK; for, now that the Zuider Zee, of which I shall see the last, will disappear, the old song referring to the Dutchman's draught, as deep as that rolling sea, will have no relevance. Q.

BITS FROM BUXTON.

THE camp stool is the Buxton seat of war.

The St. Ann's *swell* is known by his pumps!

Lower Buxton Crescent has no connection with Upper Buxton Cross!

The Post Office, like the "Flag of the Prophet," is at the back of the Crescent!

Why are not "the Cat and the Fiddle" in JULIAN ADAMS's Band?

Are there no mile posts on the Dover Road?

Every hotel is not a Palace of Truth!

Why don't they look, before "The Lover's Leap"?

The Broad Walk is not as broad as it's long.

The cooks go to POOLW's Cavern for their dripping!

They complain of the damp at "The Cottage of Content."

There are strawberries, but no Devonshire cream!

The Skating Rink is to have a sliding roof.

TOOLA is coming, and JUDY is always looked forward to!

On the "Square."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether Scotland Yard is a "square" yard or not. Let him consult a solicitor: Mr. ABRAHAM is as likely to know as anybody.



SUPER-MARE SUPER-SEDED.

The DE TOFFINGTONS, who can't afford to go out of Town, live in the back part of their house; but the worst of it is, when their Swell Friends come back from the Seaside, the D. T.'s will all be looking so white and pasty. Stay, though, could not one of the Family go as far as Sheerness by Cheap Excursion, and bring back a quart or two of Sea Water? Then, in the back garden, sitting in the sun—splendid notion!

THE ONLY JONES AT THE ADELPHI.

MR. CHATTERTON might have done something better in the shape of scenery for the new children's pantomime; but the children's acting is capital, and I don't know which to praise most. There is a very pretty graceful little girl plays harlequin, and another very pretty and clever little girl plays a good fairy, and a very funny little boy plays clown; and they all, in my opinion, do it much better than grown-up people. I wonder, by the way, what grown-up clowns and columbines say to their performance, and what are their private sentiments anent children's pantomimes?

MR. PAUL MERRITT's drama of the *Golden Plough* is thoroughly interesting from beginning to end, and, in treatment, exhibits considerable originality. This originality, however, may be a fault which will tell against the success of the piece. The villain is so unlike a villain, it is quite possible lots of good people left the theatre even after his villany had been discovered by the actors on the stage under the impression that he was an ill-used man. I am inclined to think that a stage villain ought not to deceive his audience, however many other persons he may deceive. Audiences don't like it.

Many years ago it was MR. EMERY's fate to act nothing but villains, but I never thought him very good in such parts, with the exception of that of Fouché—an undemonstrative bad man. His voice seems to be quite wrong for the kind of thing, even when he throws off the most, for his tones are genial to the end.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE appears of late so unfortunate in his choice of pieces, that I should not be surprised to hear that *The Golden Plough* had been offered to him. If it was, no doubt he refused it, because the character MR. BILLINGTON plays was not good enough; but the character MR. NEVILLE ought to have chosen was that now played by MR. EMERY—and what a hit he would have made with it! As to the rest of the acting, most of it was very good—notably that of Miss LOUISE WILLES, MR. JOHN BILLINGTON, and MR. TERRISS.

You must go and see the children's pantomime and *The Golden Plough*, and you will spend a very pleasant evening.

Another Illusion Dispelled.

THERE is a common proverb which runs, "You may bring a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink." It appears now, from what a scientific contemporary says, that this is a mistake. He can be made to drink, if you go to work scientifically; and a man can be made to take nutriment whether he will or no. You have simply to "apply the terminals of a RUHM-KORFF electric coil so as to pass a current from the pharynx to the upper side of the neck, just below the angle of the upper jaw, and the muscles of that region will contract, and the pharynx will perform an upward movement, thus involuntarily going through all the motions of swallowing, and disposing of any morsel which the mouth may contain." Here is another of our cherished beliefs gone!

Another Opportunity for Reform.

It is asserted that at a recent Government examination a candidate, asked to define the word "butteress," wrote out as its meaning, "A female who makes butter." In this answer are evidently the rudiments of a new system. By the same reasoning, a "pillar" would be a man who makes pills—or, if not, it ought to be. Members of the Spelling Committee of the London School Board will do well to make a note of such a splendid opportunity of further distinguishing themselves.

News of the War.

THE Egyptian Government is said to be on the look-out for a spy, who is an Armenian or Maltese, and is provided with a chest of dynamite cartridges for blowing up the Suez Canal. The individual is supposed to be the same man who was at one time in London, intending to set the Thames on fire. There seems here to be the right sort of case for our Metropolitan detective police.

THE STORY OF A STORY-BOOK.

A True Tale of Pathos.

"THE World," so says the ancient adage, "knows not its greatest men." And that, I take it, is a remarkably true thing in ancient adages about folks in general; especially is it remarkably true about Me in particular. Bearing this in mind, therefore, I won't tell you my name; you might know it—which is probable; on the other hand, you might not know it—which, according to the adage above alluded to, is more probable.

I am now in the oil and pickles line. Not very long ago I was in another line—the Literary one. In those days I was a Being all Soul and Sentiment: "The World," I used to declare, with quite Pistol-like emphasis, "is mine oyster, which I with pen will ope." I recollect one evening, in the club smoking-room, rather late at night, declaring this with even more than my usual Pistol-like emphasis, and a man of the name of Brown got up and said, "Well, why the deuce don't you, then? you've been talking long enough about it!"

I took no heed of this rude and foolish remark—what, indeed, else could one expect from a man whose name was Brown? Somehow or other, though, that remark rankled, so to speak, in my constitution: it kept me awake at night, and took away my usual fine appetite. There was, when I came to think it over, just enough truth in it to make me uncomfortable. For years had I panted to be a famous Poet, a "great go" in Novelists, or an A1-er in Historians; as a strict matter of fact, however, I had really never yet found any publisher or editor sufficiently confiding to undertake my soul-stirring compositions. Brown's remark kept on rankling, and I kept on thinking.

In the dead silence of one dark night, as I lay awake, with Brown's remark rankling more than ever, an INSPIRATION came to me like a flash of light. It was a great, a grand idea, worthy even of its Author. As Poetry, Novels, and History were, according to publishers, "perfect drugs in the market," I would strike out another line which, according even to the publishers, was a "paying" one. I would write a Comic Shilling Book! Yes. If I couldn't achieve a niche in Fame's Temple as a Poet, a Novelist, or an Historian, I would get one as a Great Humourist, a Wag of the first water,—my witticisms should be quoted at the banquets of the most brilliant, and my waggeries should be retailed by wholesale.

I began at my task next day, worked at it hard—and, let me tell you, you can have no idea what hard work it is cracking jokes when you have to crack 'em by the yard—and kept on at it steadily for many weary years. Well, years rolled away; at last THE BOOK was completed, and, with a proudly beating heart, I wrote the word FINIS on the last page. When I say that (in my estimation) it surpassed anything of the kind ever yet presented to the public, you can imagine how exultant and triumphant I felt on finding myself at last in the Presence of an Eminent Publisher in "the Row," with the MS. of THE BOOK in my hand.

I had got up my speech relative to the astonishing merits of THE BOOK by heart, and I let the Eminent have it for twenty minutes or so without stopping. When I had quite finished, and was wiping my brow after the exertion, the Eminent raised his eyes from one paper to take up another, and said, "Ah!—quite so.....By the way, though, what were you talking about?.....Oh! a Shilling Book. Ah! And what, pray, is the special point of your one?.....Ah, it has no particularly special point. Ah! And then, you see, your name isn't known to the public or the

trade in that line; and then, you see, you've got no pictures, which are everything; and then, again, the Comic game is flaccid just now; we're doing a stroke in the commonplace domestic line. 'Pon my word, I think you'd better throw it into the fire.....Well, we couldn't, and wouldn't entertain it for a moment; and, talking of moments, I haven't really another to spare. Good morning!"

This was not particularly encouraging; but then I was used to that sort of thing.

The next few years I spent in hunting up and running down every possible thing in publishers my bloodhound-like scent could discover. At last, up a little dirty court off another dirty court off Fleet Street, I found a little dirty man who said he would "do" it "for a consideration"—i.e., so much down, whilst I was to pay all further expenses.

More time rolled away into space, and more money did the same into

the little dirty man's pocket. At last—at last, THE BOOK was actually published..... Yes, ah, yes, that was indeed an hour of triumph and pride when I beheld a hundred copies, with my name printed in large letters outside as the Immortal Author, ranged around, and about, and up and down my dwelling! My triumph, however, contained its alloy; 'twas this:—Beyond my own dwelling I was unable to find any trace of THE BOOK; it lay on no bookstall, neither could I see it in any shop-window, and the booksellers, one and all that I asked, said they "had never heard of it"! I searched high and low, but my search was fruitless. * * *

'Twas the close of the London season; town was empty; the blinds were all down; so was I—in the mouth. I went off to a certain seaside resort to recruit exhausted nature. I was sick at heart, and a-weary; the niche in Fame's Temple seemed as far off as ever.....Going one day into the principal "Circulating Library" of this little town to purchase my matutinal Telegraph, my eyes fell upon an object lying on the counter which caused me to fall into the arms of the proprietor; the sudden shock of the surprise was too much for me. For there, in its well-known (to me) glaring yellow and red cover, and with my well-known (to me) name printed boldly upon it, lay a copy of THE BOOK!

Breathless with excitement, and almost overwhelmed

with the long-looked-for niche in Fame's Temple at last in sight, I interrogated the proprietor. "Were they doing well—had he sold very many?"

He seemed surprised, and begged me to explain myself.

I pointed out THE BOOK, and repeated my interrogations with a proudly beating heart.

"Oh!" he said, scratching his head meditatively, "Ah—Oh, this!" taking up THE BOOK between his finger and thumb. "Well, I must have got this down at the beginning of our season in 'a lot' of other second-hand books—cheap, you see, just the price of the paper; this one is the last of the 'lot'.....Well, I may sell it; fact is, you see, our seaside customers don't much care what they buy—any rubbish does for them!"

As I remarked before, I am now in the oil and pickles line.

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR

ALLY SLOPER TACKLES the EASTERN QUESTION.

Seventy Illustrations, by MARIE DUVAL; numerous Maps of the War, by A. SLOPER himself, and a short Account of certain Singular Circumstances, by CHARLES H. BOSS. The whole bound in a Coloured Wrapper. Price 6d. Post-free, 7d.

"Irresistibly mirth-provoking."—The Derby Mercury.



LUXURIES

Mabel. DO TAKE ME OUT, MAMMA?

Mamma. I CAN'T, DARLING, TO-DAY, I AM GOING TO SHOP AND MAKE SO MANY CALLS.

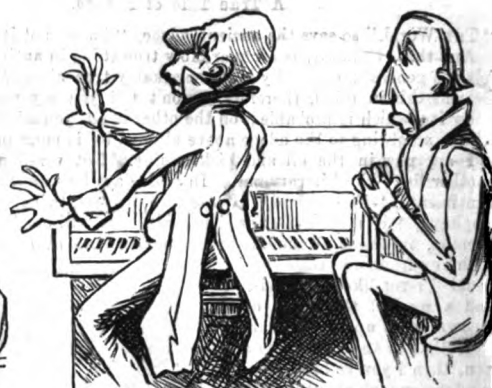
Mabel. WELL, IT'S VERY HARD; YOU SHOULDN'T KEEP A CHILD IF YOU CANNOT TAKE IT OUT!

ALLY SLOPER'S EXECUTION.

(N.B. — They haven't hanged him yet. See below.)



2. "Is it forte you want?"



3. "Or delicate top-notes?"



4. "Or the Patent Check Repeater Action?"

1. It was this way. A musical Friend of A. SLOPER's wanted to dispose of his BRINSMEAD, and left A. SLOPER in charge. Presently a would-be Purchaser dropped in and asked ALLY what kind of tone it had?



5. And now, SLOPER's Friend wonders what fault could have been found with his BRINSMEAD.

THE COMING K——.

New Edition.

TIME flies! So does ZAZEL — out of a gun. So does SANYAH — blind-folded and enveloped in a sack. So does a torpedo — into several small pieces, with a certain amount of bang about it; and A. SLOPER flies also. (Particulars relating to the Astounding Flight of A. SLOPER, the Jubilee Jumpist, patented, and all rights preserved, post-free on receipt of a penny stamp.)



The Coming K—— may soon be looked for. The Coming K——

is in the press, and thousands of copies will, ere long, be sown broadcast amongst respectable persons with a penny to spend. A. SLOPER need scarcely state that by the Coming K—— he means the Coming Kalendar, now so favourably known in connection with his name. Whilst sincerely regretting that he should ever have lent his name to the two paltry penny issues of past years (now out of print), A. SLOPER feels it only just to his publishers to state that this year the Kalendar will really be worth a penny, joking apart.

Few Kalendars will be found to contain the varied information contained in this one, whilst the date of Easter Monday and other festivals, as arranged by A. SLOPER, will cause endless surprises to those who purchase the work, and put it by carefully for future reference.

The price of this extraordinary publication will be but one penny, a circumstance the mention of which calls a blush to the cheek of one who is otherwise eminent. But it is the truth, and A. SLOPER, like the late Mr. J. SHEPPARD, never told a lie! One penny only!

The New First Lord.

THE Premier has shown his usual wisdom in his last appointment. He has appointed a "practical SMITH" to look after our iron-clads.

CADBURY'S
PURE
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!! **COCOA ESSENCE**

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S New Pens neither scratch nor split, the points being rounded by a new process. The success of this invention has been so signal, that other firms now offer their pens under similar names. Buy a 6d. Sample Box, which will at once prove the superiority of C. B. & Co.'s Pens.



LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

ALBERT is awfully proud of his Little Wife's Sketching; and, 'pon his honour, you know, he doesn't like to say anything, but it really isn't much of a Holiday where there's such a deal of this kind of thing!

CRIMES AND DISASTERS.

ROMANTIC love affairs are always full of interest. Although occasionally romantic beginnings are followed by awfully matter-of-fact endings, it is a cheering reflection to think that there yet remains, in these prosaic days, some noble aspirations, fine sentiments, and a lot of chivalry.

Whilst on the question of figures, we would also like to learn something of the statistics relative to the happy and unhappy marriages formed by Barmaids and Bar young ladies. At Bow Street, the other day, was related the romantic love story of FREDERICK ROBERT FRITH BANBURY, Barrister-at-law, and Miss EMMA



HODGES, late Barmaid of the "Albany Tavern," Great Portland Street. He frequently went to the tavern, she said. He asked her to go out for a walk with him. She refused, and asked his intentions. He said they were honourable, and she went. He took her, on their first walk, to see his father's tombstone, to prove that what he had said was true. Subsequently he said he had been married and divorced, and produced a parchment which he said would prove to her that it was not his fault. He said the document was a divorce, and wanted her to look at it, but she refused to do so. On the day afterwards, however, she went out with him again. They were married. They went

to the Isle of Wight. She broke her watch. He said he would take it to be mended, and she saw it no more. When they returned to town they went to the "Euston Hotel," and when the first bill became due she paid for it out of her savings. Then a second bill came due, and the Barrister gave a little cheque. There was a row about that little cheque, but the Barrister said it was all a mistake. After which he casually stepped out, to return no more. Then the Bride sent for her brother, and he paid the bill. They met again. She said she would not live with him any more. She would go home to her father. He said he would come too. He did, and her father cashed another of his little cheques. He said he had taken a house for her in St. John's Wood. They went up to London together, and he sent her on to the house while he waited at the station. The house he sent her to was already occupied by somebody else. She came back and found him. He said there must be some mistake. She asked him to go with her to the house. He said, "No; presently," and they went instead to the "Norfolk Hotel." They stayed a week, and he gave another little cheque, and stepped out again and returned no more. There has since been more unpleasantness about cheques. There is talk about our Barrister having committed bigamy also. He himself says there must be some mistake. There is a very great mistake committed by many Bar young ladies, we should fancy when they contract marriages with persons in a superior position of life. The old-fashioned Barmaid, though she may have blossomed into a Bar young lady, is not, we would most respectfully venture to suggest, quite a lady in the eyes of others than those wonderful young gentlemen who pass so many hours at her bar with honourable intentions.

Talking of public-houses, an extraordinary discovery has recently been made. A publican, apparently, may be punished for selling adulterated liquors. This is very funny. Hitherto, teetotalers were supposed to be the only class who would rob a poor man of his beer. Now, it seems, the good publican himself robs a poor man of his gin more than anybody else in the world.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

WHEN I said there would be unpleasantness, I was right.

There has been. Nay, there is still. I find myself at this moment occupying a position somewhat analogous to that of a railway buffer in a case of collision, and I have not only to meet the arguments adduced with calmness and composure, but at the same time to keep my legs.

The difficulty of so doing, as both DAWKINS and TOOTSIE are what may be termed substantial women, with a tendency to bounce, is extreme, and I find myself in the middle of conciliatory observations with my boots in the air, and my body at angles not easily reconcilable with the proper maintenance of equilibrium. I also bump my head rather sharply against the wall.

The substance of the argument put forward, at the top of DAWKINS's voice, is, that she sees this is no longer the house for her; whilst the conclusion arrived at by TOOTSIE, at the top of her voice, is, that no power on earth would induce her to remain another moment under my roof. There are also casual allusions to the deceitfulness of double-faced deceivers, and to a pack of meddling Molly-coddles, which I pass over as unworthy of serious consideration.

By this time the girls have gathered around, and BATHSEBA exclaims, "Brother! how dare those women talk to you like that?"

This is an unfortunate remark on the part of BATHSEBA, as TOOTSIE and DAWKINS immediately turn round upon her and indignantly demand whom she means by women.

CASSANDRA here says, "How dare you talk to your master in such a way? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" This is also rather an unfortunate remark on the part of CASSANDRA, as it is immediately met with an observation to the effect that the master in question would be all the better for a lot more talking to, and a precious good shaking as well.

On this, URSULA, carried away by very natural indignation, says, "Brother, turn them both out of the house this very moment!"

Probably, on the whole, this is the most unfortunate remark of all three. * * * *

DAWKINS and TOOTSIE are no longer beneath my roof. It is not absolutely necessary to go into details. There may, or may not, have been a certain amount of unseemliness, accompanied by loss of dignity. In such cases there usually is.

One thing is certain, they are both gone. Gone, never to return.

After the excitement of the events that have just transpired, naturally succeeds a period of comparative reaction, in which the idea occurs to somebody that a new nurse will have to be found for those twins, and that (they are both on full pipe at this moment) pretty sharply.

Another idea occurs to somebody else immediately afterwards, that it was rather awkward DAWKINS should have left to-day, as we expect company to dinner.

On this I say, "We must all put our shoulders to the wheel." "What!" says BATHSEBA, "before we roast it?"

The company has come. The company is PINCHER—Captain PINCHER, my old companion in arms—and a man whom any other man might be proud to know.

I have no hesitation in saying that I am proud to know PINCHER,

* Commenced in No. 580.



PINCHER.

and I look upon it as an honour to my mahogany for PINCHER to put his legs under it. I have frequently said as much to the girls.

As to what the girls have said in reply, that is immaterial. In questions of suitability as regards men, I have observed that the judgment of girls is not reliable. Therefore, though I have reason to believe that the girls do not value PINCHER's society as much as they should do, I am thoroughly determined that there shall be no more misalliances in our family, and that if any one of the girls wants to get married, now is the time, and here is the man!

We are at table. The meal has been prepared. We have prepared it. I myself have read the directions for roasting veal from the cookery-book, and the girls have acted under my instructions. I feel proud of the way in which this veal has been roasted, and my pride culminates in the happy blending of the ingredients with which the veal has been stuffed, and which, even tasted raw, though suety in parts, is, on the whole, a combination of unusual merit.

It is extraordinary how careless an ordinary cook is in the matter of ingredients. A search of the hitherto sacred precincts ruled over by DAWKINS has resulted in the discovery that we are out of almost everything requisite for veal-stuffing; and, mark my words, if DAWKINS had still been here, the stuffing would have been made without them. As it is, they are not omitted. They have been fetched—some of them from a considerable distance. We are all of us rather knocked up by the time the roast veal is ready, but we are proud of what we have done.

PINCHER is here, as, I think, I have already observed, and I get him artfully on to the subject of his favourite joints, and next throw in roast veal in a loose and careless kind of way. On which PINCHER, apparently not seeing my drift, says candidly he prefers any other joint. This is awkward; and there is hardly time to cook anything else.

I therefore break it to PINCHER, that when he sees the veal he sees his dinner, at which he says, with some confusion, that when he said he did not care for roast veal, he meant because it was generally served up underdone.

On this I smile a smile of triumph, and cut a slice..... It is rather pinkish inside, but that will do for the girls and me.

The girls are not particularly hungry, and, strange to say, no more am I. Perhaps we have all rather over-exerted ourselves.

By the way, it is rather odd, but I never before observed a tendency on the part of PINCHER to tell tedious tales. He has been at it all dinner-time, and he is at it now. In consequence of an accident to the jam roley-poley, one of the girls is detained a good while downstairs, and another girl goes after her to see what is the matter, and then, as neither return, the third girl goes; and then PINCHER, who has in turn fixed each with his eye as he has gone on with one of his confoundingly long-winded stories, wheels sharply round and fixes me, and goes on still.

And at this moment I hear the twins upstairs begin to howl with all their might and main.



THE MAJOR: HIS AGONY.

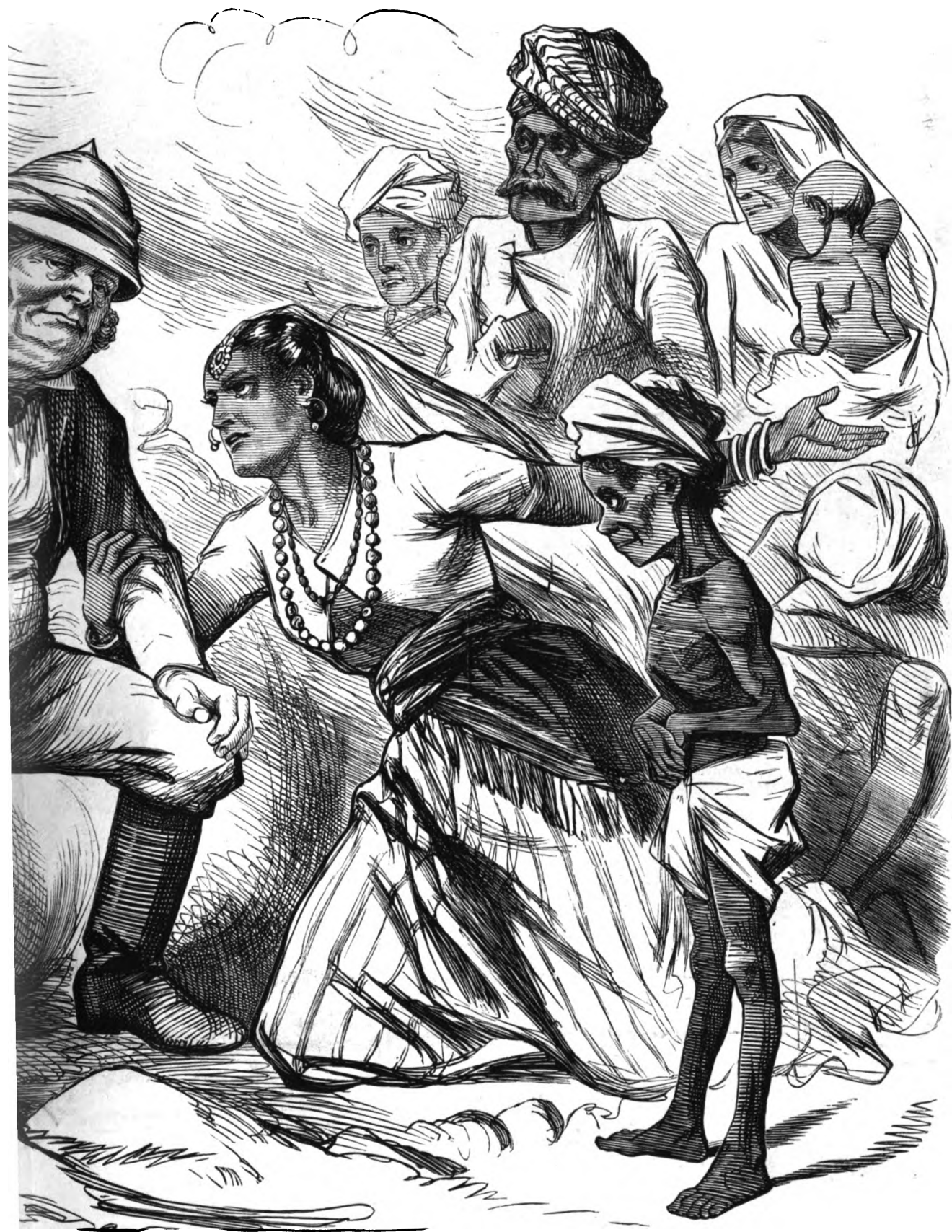


THOUGHTFULNESS.

Interesting Widower (to Young Lady he is about to Marry). THERE IS ONE THING I WAS GOING TO MENTION TO YOU. I HAVE SEVERAL PAIRS OF NICE BOOTS THAT BELONGED TO MY POOR DEAR FIRST; I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T MIND WEARING THEM OUT?



TWO APPEALS—AND NEI



HER WILL BE IN VAIN.

THE ULTRA RAD.



1. This is QUIRK; you would take him to be lamb-like?



2. Ah, there you are mistaken! He is an Ultra Radical and Home Ruler of the deepest dye, and when roused, either by reading his country's wrongs—



3. Or discussing them in the "Swine's Arms," his features assume the majestic bearing of the king of beasts!



4. And yet his trade is humble. But what of that? was not the head of the great British Republic a bootmaker?



5. One evening last week he advocated, at his club, that the number of officers in Her Majesty's Household should be reduced.



6. Perfectly exhausted after the heat of the debate, he, declining the friendly arm of a brother Radical—



7. Goes home by rail—



8. And then finds a fresh office instituted in his household, viz., The Copper Stick in Waiting.

THE TURKISH COMPASSIONATE FUND.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COURTS, with a tender sympathy and large-hearted benevolence, prompt to act as well as quick to feel, which has given her wondrous influence among Englishmen and Englishwomen everywhere, has established, by means of *The Daily Telegraph*, a Fund for the relief of the distressed Turkish families and unhappy victims of the hordes of "Holy Russia." This Fund has already reached a considerable sum, and JUDY wishes it hearty success. How much sympathy with the Turks themselves, in their gallant stand against the invader of their country, may be represented by contributions to the Baroness's Fund, matters very little. Sympathy is not at present contraband of war, despite the desires of those who, at St. James's Hall, cheered to the echo the unpatriotic declaration, "Perish India!" and the misery which needs relief is, unhappily, without limit. Moreover, JUDY herself will be glad to take charge of any contributions to the Fund which may be entrusted to her for transmission to the Baroness, and to acknowledge their receipt in her columns. Bearing in mind the tremendous necessity which cries aloud for immediate help, intending subscribers should remember the exhortation, *Bis dat qui cito dat*.

Softening Them Down.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to change its name, it is announced, into "The Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals." In consequence of this, it is suggested that the Society for the Protection of Women might also change its name into, say, "The Society for Promoting Kindness to Ladies," and the "Woman's Rights Association" become "The Society for Doing Justice to the Fair Sex." Men would find such denominations as these simply irresistible; and members of such an association as the last would soon acquire votes, or anything else, indeed, they chose to demand.

THE ONLY JONES.

I PRESUME that there are some competent stage carpenters to be found. I never happen to have met with one, but I am ready to believe anything—even this. The only thing wrong about the first performance of Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON's latest production, at the Alhambra, was the bungling of the carpenters, and their voices were the only voices heard through the whole piece—a fact which might probably have been accounted for by the new production being a ballet. It is a very good ballet, very prettily dressed, and very well danced, and ought to be seen at once.

Something else to see, supposing that the entertainment may not be altogether to your taste, is a crowded audience at the Oxford Music Hall, which, on the night of my visit, filled every part to overflowing. The programme contains plenty of variety. Captain ROSE FOX and her Oxford "cadets" are enthusiastically received. Miss EMMELINE COLE sings very sweetly. GONZA and his brother acrobats do some astounding feats, and the PHOTONS, in a different way, are more wonderful still.

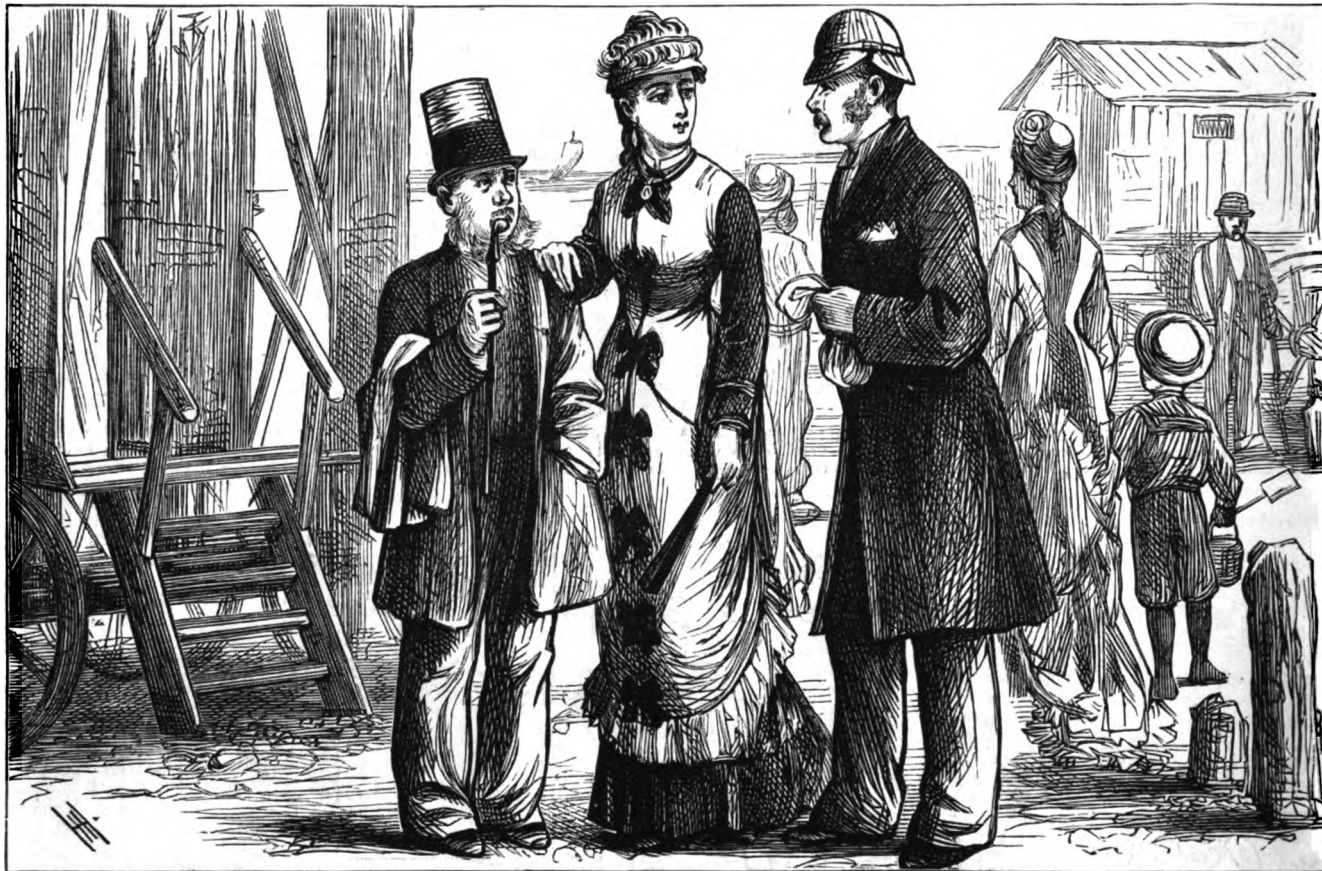
At the Canterbury, which appears to be as extensively patronized as ever, the great feature is a well-arranged and brightly-costumed ballet, with the somewhat startling title of *The Reign of Love; or, Age, Youth, and Wine*, and in it Mlle. PITTRETT dances with much grace, and is deservedly applauded.

THE O. J.

The Next Thing.

THERE is a new sect in Russia called the "Purifiers," belonging to the Greek Church. Their leading doctrines are, that all must marry on coming of age; that the husband must be subordinate to the wife, and recognize her as the head of the family; and that once a week he must confess his sins to his wife. If this sect should spread to our own shores, the combination of Woman's Rights and Extreme Ritualism which it seems to contain, will certainly make it the rage.

THE LAST MOVE ON THE COAST.—The removal of the Eddystone Lighthouse.



NICE FOR THE YOUNG HUSBAND.

Newly-married Wife (anxiously to Stranger just going to bathe). PRAY EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THIS IS MY HUSBAND, AND HE IS GOING INTO THE SEA, AND AS I SEE YOU ARE AS WELL, MAY I ASK YOU TO BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE A LOOK AFTER HIM IN CASE HE SHOULD GET OUT OF HIS DEPTH! BESIDES, I THINK HE IS A LITTLE TIMID OF THE WATER.

Rather Hard on Him.

Two islands have disappeared off the Australian coast—the Barker Islands. A speculator had bought from Government the right to remove guano from them, and when he got to the spot he found that islands, and inhabitants too, had sunk to the bottom of the ocean. The speculator does not mind so much about the islands or inhabitants, he says, but he thinks they might have left the guano behind. The cause of the sinking is unknown, but it is supposed that the Colorado beetle has been round that way on its journey to England.

Taking It Off.

STOUT people should be careful how they travel from London to the seaside, bearing in mind that not one of them can get there without being “trained down”!

Hope for the Farmer.

THE foreign papers have a paragraph announcing that English scientific men have discovered the Colorado beetle to be none other than the Coccinella Septempunctata. Agricultural persons whose potatoes are in danger will doubtless reap great comfort from this.

ON A CERTAIN FORM OF EXPRESSION

Far too frequently heard just now.

As through this vale of tears we go,
Experiences vary;
Indeed, just now, the common “Whoa”
Is all EMMA-ginary!
Who would the contrary maintain,
Sticks fast in this dilemma:
If vulgar “Whoa” is real pain,
Why do they cry “Whoa, EMMA”?

THE CIVIC KISS.

“NOT a little amusement has been created because the Lord Mayor, at his recent visit to the Welsh miners, kissed some of the daughters of Cambria. Sir THOMAS WHITE, in an explanation to the meeting of the London Common Council, explained that the ‘Civic Kiss’ was bestowed in the presence of an ordinary body of spectators—a fact in itself indicative of the innocence of his motive—and furthermore, as a clincher, that the recipients of the Civic Kiss were old and ugly” (!)—*Daily Paper.*

Whatever is done by a Lord Mayor of London
Should either be well done or else be left undone;
What, then, shall we say of such conduct as his is,
Who, flouting the fair, gives “the ugly” the kisses?
Though no civic duty of rudeness should savour,
Yet kissing, ’tis granted, goes always by favour:
To kiss or be kissed there is no law compelling,
But all rules are broken by KISSING AND TELLING!

Can It Be?

It has been asserted that the famous Turkish General OSMAN PASHA is no other than Marshal BAZAINE. This is not true. OSMAN PASHA is OSMAN PASHA, and nobody else but OSMAN PASHA—unless, indeed, he happen to be ALLY SLOPER. Our old friend SLOPER would think nothing at all of commanding the Turkish Army, and writing his famous Kalendar between whiles.

A SMALL POWER.—The O’CONNOR POWER.

A SMALLER POWER.—The (Oh!) BIGGAR POWER.

A REAL IRISH GRIEVANCE.—The five Obstructives in the House of Commons.

A REAL SCOTCH GRIEVANCE.—O’DONNELL trying to humbug the second city in the Empire.

THE OBVIOUSST JOKE OF THE TIME.—Advice to Scotland Yard—Don’t let this sort of thing o-KURE again!

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

(Being Easy Essays with an Easier Moral.)

SIN THE FIFTH.—"THE SWELL WEDDING."

WHAT, indeed, I confidently inquire of all my sweet Young Lady Readers, what can possibly be more Serious and Solemn an Affair to every properly-constituted Young Lady Mind than a WEDDING, i.e., THE CEREMONY of Marriage, with all the ecstasies expected and exacted by polite Society? And, I pray, let there be no mistake about my meaning. For, when I say THE CEREMONY of Marriage, I mean THE CEREMONY *per se*, emphatically and distinctly. Marriage, indeed, is certainly a

fact (N.B.—Most Married Ones find this out sooner or later—generally sooner), and the Bridegroom is, no doubt, a fact—or; but THE CEREMONY—the dear, delightful CEREMONY, the odoriferous orange-blossoms, the church, the crying, the champagne, and the cake, the proud knowledge that You, and You alone—for, of course, the Bridegroom don't count—are the Heroine of the hour, and the delicious, the truly delicious, feeling that You are horribly envied by one and all the dear Bridesmaids, your bosomest friends, and that every blessed, or rather unblessed, Spinster there present is jealous of You, even unto spitefulness!—yes, ah, yes, that is, indeed, an hour of hours, to which, indeed, the little fact of its Marrying You is simply a mere detail. It is therefore the Duty, the absolute Duty, of every right-minded Young Lady to be married "properly." When I say "properly," I make no reference to the *legality* of the Knot—not at all, I mean simply that she must have a Wedding as indicated above. No Bride can expect to have a happy union who tries to do it under Half-a-dozen Carriages, a Champagne Breakfast, and an elaborate *Trousseau*; and the misguided young female who allows herself to be tied—altar-ed by less than a brace of Parsons, and with less than her Half-dozen Bridesmaids, is most certain sure to some day mournfully ask the inevitable question, "Why, oh why, was I ever saddled with this Bridal?"

I have in my mind's eye now two cases in point. These are the two daughters of friend ROBINSON BROWNJONES, M.D., of Bloomsbury Square, KITTY and LORRY, who were both "engaged" to two clever but poor young beginners in their Pa's "line"—i.e., the Medical one—and one fine morning Papa BROWNJONES, calling them down into his "study," where the two Young Gentlemen were already seated, made a little speech.

"My dears," said the worthy M.D., blowing his nose portentously (for dearly loved he his two blooming daughters), "the time has come when you are about to leave your lull-loving old Pa. B-but less you, my dears!.....And now to business." He then went on to say that, "owing to circumstances over which he had no control," he was able to spend on his two dear

daughters' Marriages only the small sum of £200 apiece. "Now, what would they each like? Should this £400 go in two Swell Weddings, Ditto Breakfasts, and Ditto *Trousseaux*, or should he give it them, then and there, in two "little cheques," to do with as they each liked?

What was the upshot of this? Why, Miss KITTY took "the little cheque," whilst Miss LORRY pronounced for the Swell Wedding, the Ditto Breakfast, and Ditto *Trousseau*.

What was the upshot of this? Well, I'll tell you.

Miss KITTY was married "by Banns" at a quiet city church, in a quiet stuff frock, with no one but her old Pa "to give her away," and with no champagne, or even cake; whilst the "little cheque" went towards buying a Doctor's brougham, and in placing on their front door the biggest and most resplendent of brass plates.

Miss LORRY, on the other hand, had a Swell Wedding at "St. George's," Half-a-dozen Bridesmaids, who all hated her for getting married before them, a grand Breakfast, and a *Trousseau* which well-nigh drove all her dearest friends wild with envy.

And now, lastly, what was the upshot of this?

Exactly six months after the two Weddings I happened to meet the Hubbys of the two Dear Girls. Miss KITTY's Young Gentleman was wonderfully briak and prosperous-looking. "He was doing first-rate," he said, popping a beaming face out of his smart brougham. The brougham and brass plate together had done the trick, and he didn't owe sixpence.KITTY? Oh, as jolly as a sandboy; come and dine to-morrow, and we'll give you some A1 champagne.

On the other hand, Miss LORRY's Young Gentleman was singularly down in the mouth, and shabby. "All the ready money," he groaned, "had been spent on the Special Licence, the Bridesmaids' Lockets, the Swell Breakfast at a swell hotel, and the Swell Dresses, and bills for the latter



FACT.

Crusty City Merchant (late for dinner). I NEVER SAW AN IRISHMAN WITH ANYTHING RIGHT, YET!

Hibernian Guard. WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME NOW, SOR!

Crusty City Merchant. YOUR CLOCK'S STANDING!

Hibernian Guard. I BEG YEE PARDON, SOR, IT'S HANGIN'!

were still coming in. He had no money left to start a brougham, or even put up a proper brass plate, and how could a physician expect to get on without those, he should like to know!...LORRY? Oh, she is complaining and fretting from morning till night."

I asked him to dine with me—at the Club!

A Young Lady friend points out to me that "the actual" and "real" Moral of the above two little anecdotes don't quite fit in with my opening observations. Don't it really, now? If not, I'm sure I apologize. And then, you see, one's Morals are really most difficult customers to deal with. Don't you, dear Young Ladies all, find this to be the case, sometimes? Come, now!

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"Irresistibly mirth-provoking."—*The Derby Mercury.*

THE FALSE FRIENDS.



2. Traitor of a SNOOKS! Only said Margate to try FLOODS. All the while he was going to Ramsgate.



SNOOKS and FLOODS had known one another for years, and met one another every day, and hated one another like anything. SNOOKS got his holiday the same time as FLOODS. "Going to Margate?" "Wish I was! 'Bliged to go to Broadstairs. Might have gone together if you had been." "Can't work it, old man. So, sorry!"



3. Traitor of a FLOODS! Not going to Margate any more than SNOOKS. Is going to Ramsgate all the while.



4. Artful SNOOKS! Round corner of East Cliff, chuckling to think how he shook off FLOODS.



5. "Hallo! I say! Why, you didn't go to Margate after all!" "No; and, I say, how about Broadstairs?" "This is lucky, though, ain't it? I've taken rooms for a week." "So have I." "So glad! See such a little of one another in town, don't we?"



5. Sly dog of a FLOODS! Round corner of West Cliff, chuckling to think how he gave SNOOKS the double.

THAT LEECH.

PROBABLY few events of modern times have created so profound a sensation in A. SLOPES'S Home Circle as that leech.

Hitherto it has been deemed prudent, for reasons not particularly necessary to enter into, to withhold from the public certain facts connected with the death of that leech; for, alas! that that leech is really dead there can now be no doubt.

Whilst over that leech's blighted youth, full of promise never to be fulfilled, we may involuntarily shed the sympathetic tear, yet, it must be allowed, that whilst in the possession of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

A. SLOPES, it gave him what he might hesitate, in a case of lesser urgency, to describe as a Doing.

A. SLOPES has been asked why he should put that leech into

his Kalendar (24 pages full of pictures, price one penny), to be published on the 27th September, and whether he did so because he thought it would *take*. There are ever base and sordid natures that adopt this kind of view of all that is great, and grand, and noble.

Had there not been such natures, A. SLOPES might possibly have explained all here.

But, no, he will not!

Let those who would know the real truth without reserve consult the Kalendar. (Price one penny, including all particulars respecting the leech.)

Just So.

THE promoters of the Tercentenary festival in honour of RUBENS, now being held at Antwerp, have had great difficulty in deciding upon the precise locality where the great painter was born. His parents were just then on a journey, it appears; and, says a contemporary, "The only thing to settle is where his mother was at the time." It would certainly be strong circumstantial evidence.

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SOLUBLE!!!
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Stores, 12, Cock Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.



WHAT WE MAY SEE; AND WHY NOT?

Girls always were bad at Catching their Trains; and a smart Boy might then be kept to Catch their Trains for them.

"CRY HAVOC, AND LET LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR!"

ONE would have supposed that GLADSTONE, JOE ARCH, and the other English Russians of St. James's Hall notoriety, would have been satisfied with having hounded on Russia to enter upon a war with our old and faithful ally the Porte, in which no end of butcheries and other horrors are perpetrated by the "Christians" upon the poor Mahomedans, men, women, and children; but, however it may be with the others, it is evident that the Greenwich hero does not think that enough has yet been done in the way of bloodshed and massacre. Last week, London was startled by a most extraordinary revelation which was made in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. It was in effect this—that Mr. GLADSTONE had been clandestinely inciting Greece to plunge into a war against Turkey! "About two months ago," it seems, "Mr. GLADSTONE wrote a letter to a Greek merchant in Constantinople, urging that the countrymen of the latter should unite with the Slavs in an attack upon the Turks. M. NEGROPONTE replied to the effect that the interests of the Greeks were altogether different from those of the Slavs; that the best policy of Greece was rather to fight the Russians than the Turks, and that Greece, if she were wise, would remain tranquil. Mr. GLADSTONE, in answer to this, wrote a second letter, very curtly worded, saying that he had given his opinion, and was astonished to find the Christians of the East so disinclined to make common cause against the Mussulmans. He again urged the Greeks to attack the Turks. M. NEGROPONTE, in reply, stated that Mr. GLADSTONE's was not good advice, and there the correspondence at present rests." At first, this intelligence, notwithstanding the high character of the journal which placed it before the public, was received with some degree of incredulity. It seemed impossible that even the member for Greenwich could have taken so un-English and unpatriotic a course as was ascribed to him; but all doubt on the matter was set at rest by the publication, in the course of the day, of the following telegraphic message from Mr. GLADSTONE:—

"My opinions were fully given in the *Contemporary Review* last December. I am not aware of having added to them in any letter."

This evasive reply is, in fact, an admission of the truth of the charge; and what a charge it is! Yet this weak and indiscreet person has aspired, on more than one occasion, to assume the position so ably occupied by Lord HARTINGTON!

Reversing the Proverb.

"GREAT agitation prevails in the trade in the North of England, and it is feared that a great strike on the part of the men is imminent, which may ruin many of the masters, and will assuredly bring distress and misery upon thousands of families."—*Daily paper*.

Some say that, when the iron's hot,

'Tis time to strike the blow;

But, on reflection, it is not

Invariably so.

To strike work is a reckless act,

Be iron hot or cool;

And he who does it is, in fact,

No wise man—but a fool!

The Mechanical Detective.

IN consequence of the recent theft of antique gems from the British Museum, a system of protection for the future, suggested by an eminent electrician, is under the consideration of the Trustees. Its main feature is that thieves shall detect themselves; which, considering recent disclosures, seems to suggest the only means likely to be successful.

Quite Too Awfully Pretty.

It is asserted that one of the latest novelties of fashion is a lady's shoe with a looking-glass heel. The object of this extraordinary addition to a lady's toilet is not exactly clear, but those who do not understand will yet admit that in something so peculiar there is abundant opportunity for reflection.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

It is extraordinary how many times I have been compelled to point out to the Girls—kindly yet firmly—that I, Major PENNY, might as well be consulted upon questions of moment relating to the domestic economy of the home circle.

It is extraordinary how often I have had to mention this fact, and it is even more extraordinary what a little notice has been taken of the fact when mentioned.

Take the case of TOOTSY. Was I, or was I not, consulted relative to the engagement of TOOTSY? No. Has that engagement, or has not that engagement, proved a failure? and have not



ROSABEL'S SISTERS.

unseemly brawls resulted therefrom? Certainly.

Certainly.

Very well, then.

"Very well, then, Major" (I am usually thus addressed by the Girls), "why don't you go and try and find a new nurse yourself, and see how you like it."

As may have been noticed, I am a man of few words, and on this occasion I use

none. I rise from the breakfast-table, on the contrary, with a quiet smile, and go in search of my shoes in the passage.

As we are quite out of servants just now, I find that my shoes want cleaning, but I am too proud-spirited to mention it; so I do what I can in the privacy of my study with the lower part of one of the window-curtains, and put the shoes on afterwards with the aid of a paper-knife and a pocket-handkerchief, in consequence of the shoe-horn not being forthcoming, and my being still too proud to ask whether anybody has seen it.

Having put my shoes on, I put on my hat and gloves, and, with the same quiet smile, descend the steps, cross the garden, and go forth on to the high road.

I feel certain that the girls are dying to know where I am going to, and are peeping at me from places of concealment; but I take no notice of them, and pursue my way.



"Yes, Ma!"

The corner of the road turned, it occurs to me that I am not quite certain which way mine is, and what I mean to do. But this is not a moment for hesitation. I have, as it were, tacitly pledged myself to find a new nurse, and a new nurse I must find, or my position as head of our family circle is in jeopardy. Also, that nurse must be an improvement on TOOTSY, or I am nowhere.

As may possibly have been gleaned from remarks already made, there is a certain straggleness about our neighbourhood that necessitates a considerable amount of pedestrian exercise if one would commune with one's kind.

There are long straight roads going up the sides of steep hills, and other long straight roads on the other side going down the hills, with about one house on either side.

There is the parish church all by itself with the parson's house, and the clerk's cottage quite half a mile away from it, but yet so much nearer to it than anybody else's house, it is not to be wondered at much if they two have occasionally had the church all to themselves when the weather has been bad.

Added to the isolation of our dwelling-places is a strict exclusiveness, which causes nobody to be on visiting terms with any

one else, and courtships among neighbouring gentility are never heard of. The girls have noticed this particularly.

Among the native lower orders there is, of course, some difference. They do not, as well as I can understand, marry with precipitation, but they have enormous families. Why should not a member of one of these families take charge of the Twins.

In the distance I observe a cottage which I know to be densely populated, and I approach and inquire. No; there's nursing enough to be done at home without going to look for it. I try another tightly packed cottage with the same, and walk away into space up a deuce of a hill.

I am awfully tired, but am too spirited to give in. A third cottage meets my view, or, rather, a small villa residence, semi-detached, and I determine to ask an amiable elderly lady sitting in the front garden whether she knows of any unemployed nurse in the neighbourhood.

The elderly lady is as amiable as she looks. She says, "Bless me! where are my girls, I wonder?" Then calls "BEATRIX! MAUD! AURORA!"

To this, three musical young voices respond, "Yes, ma! What is it?"

"My loves," says the elderly lady, "come here a moment, I beg of you;" and then there is a gentle rustle of skirts and a pattering of feet, and three graceful young creatures appear upon the steps, and listen to the elderly lady's version of my request.

"Oh, ma!" exclaims one of them, "it is the very thing for ROSABEL;" and then all three cry "ROSABEL" in chorus, and ROSABEL, who is, to my thinking, the nicest of the four, comes tripping out, and entwines herself with her sisters, who are already entwined beneath the honeysuckle over the doorway.

"And is this ROSABEL?" I murmur, as I pat her on the head.

"And would she be equal to twins?"

"Oh, yes, I am sure she would," cry BEATRIX, MAUD, and AURORA, in musical chorus; "wouldn't you, ROSABEL, dearest?"

This is very nice. This is really very nice, indeed!

I wonder what the Girls at home will say now?

"And the other—young ladies!" I say with hesitation (I can hardly speak of them otherwise than as young ladies).

"What do they do?"

"BEATRIX wishes to go out as parlour-maid," says the elderly lady, "and MAUD as housemaid, and AURORA as cook."

If I were to engage all of them!

Stop a-bit, though! What will the Girls at home say if I do?

Rather an Undertaking.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is dead. His successor is not yet appointed; and, it is said, there are few candidates, as one of the conditions attached to the post is that the new Prophet must marry all the widows that BRIGHAM has left behind, and become a father to all the YOUNG children. As most of the likely men in Mormondom are already a good deal married as it is, most of them seem to hesitate a little.

Appropriate Amusement.

How those interesting convicts, Messrs. KURN and BENSON, might employ their leisure hours—In trying to square the circle.



ROSABEL.



Another Addition.



A "LESSON I



N MASSACRE."

ECHOES FROM THE SEA.

From Ilfracombe.

* * * * YA-as, dear boy, well, er—came here, you see, well—er—well, not because I *wanted* to, you see. Jo-ove, no! Catch this child cutting the Club, and the on'y decent cook, by Jo-ove! *astant*, begad!.....No, fact is, you see,—this time o' year other fellahs all out o' Town, other fellahs—Boot-fellahs, an' tailor fellahs, an' glove fellahs, and—er—hat-fellahs, and—aw—all those sort o' fellahs, y' know, come down on fellahs in Town, and dun us so *pweicious* hot—"gweat scarceness of money—pweessing bill to meet"—and so on, y' know..... Well, my 'founded Boot-fellah had the impertinence, weally and twuly, to County Court me.....Ya'as, that is why I'm here. Came to this wum cwib because—because, y' know, it was farthest place twain took me from Boot-fellah, and, dash me, if, the vewy first "header" I took into the bwiny—if I *didn't* come wight up in fwont of 'founded Boot-fellah, by Jo-ove! * * * *

From Boulogne.

* * * * WHAT say you, ROBINSON? A jolly hotel this; sort of place, you know, where one meets the Parley Voos on their own ground, and our own set as well—A jolly kind of notion the *Etablissement*—Jolly cookery the French cookery—Nice place altogether, this Boulogne, lots of bustle, lots of pretty dresses and pretty faces, and lots of gaiety and fun of every descriptionYe-es, and lots of drains, and smells of every ditto. Beastly hole, I call it!.....Why do I come, then? *Why?* Good Gracious Goodness Me, ROBINSON, why, because, of course, Mrs. JONES brings me! * * * *

From Ramsgate.

* * * * Good Gracious Goodness Me, MATILDER, Me go to Margit! Why, you did ought to know me better than that, MATILDER!.....Margit, indeed, a 'orrid, vulgar place as ever were, and, as 'ENERY say, where one don't mix in one's hown "set." No, MATILDER, no, none of your Margits for me, thankee!Then look at hour lovely sands for the blessed children of a morning; and of a hevening, why jest look at hour noo b-eautiful Merino, and the "quality" as one meets there, quite permiskous like, as 'ENERY say! * * * *

From Margate.

* * * * RAMSGIT? Yah! Catch me a-goin' to Ramsgit! A nasty, stuffy, stuck-up, would-if-you-could-be, dead-alive Fool of a place is wot I calls Ramsgit. Why, not one of our pals 'ave gone to Ramsgit this 'ere year. And for why should they, I'se s'like t' know! Why, look 'ere, now, 'ave they got a hair at Ramsgit—as we 'ave? 'Ave they got a jetty and a noo 'xtension—as we 'ave? 'Ave they got a Skating Rink with coloured

lights an' a Concert on the Sea—as we 'ave? 'Ave they got a 'Sembly Rooms, an' a 'All—as we 'ave? An' look 'ere, jest hansewer me this, if you can, 'ave they got as many *publio-ouses* as we 'ave?.....Ah, I thought that would do you!.....Eh?—Well, this place do make one dry; I don't mind jest another—same as afore, Miss, please. * * * *

Naturally so.

"CLEOPATRA'S Needle is in difficulties—not, let us hope, insurmountable ones. The cylinder which contains it is defective, but it is fairly afloat, and may be expected in the Thames very shortly. Its transit will be an anxious time for both Professor Wilson and the engineer who has undertaken to bring it home.

The voyage across the ocean will be the most risky; when it reaches England it will be an easy task—for a needle—to thread its way through the shipping in the river.

Sweetly Pretty Idea.

In Paris sun umbrellas have lately come into fashion, adorned with clusters and wreaths of flowers, and they also have a fringe of silk to match the colours of the embroidery; the whole being parti- (or, one might say, *parterre*—) coloured. Those ladies who wish to do the very correctest thing in sunshades, of course carry a watering-can pendant from the top.

Unjust.

It has been calculated that so large a proportion of City tradesmen as ninety-five per cent. live out of town—only the remaining five per cent. having residences over their shops. And yet it is a common remark that most City men are above their businesses!

THUMBMARKS.

Do you have your *Entr'acte* regularly, or only see a copy now and then? How capital some of Mr. ALFRED BRYAN'S caricature portraits have lately been! The original sketch of the three detectives, I am told, was roughly jotted down



AFTER THE HONEYMOON'S OVER.

* * * * * ER!
* * * * * WHAT?
DID YOU SPEAK?
No!

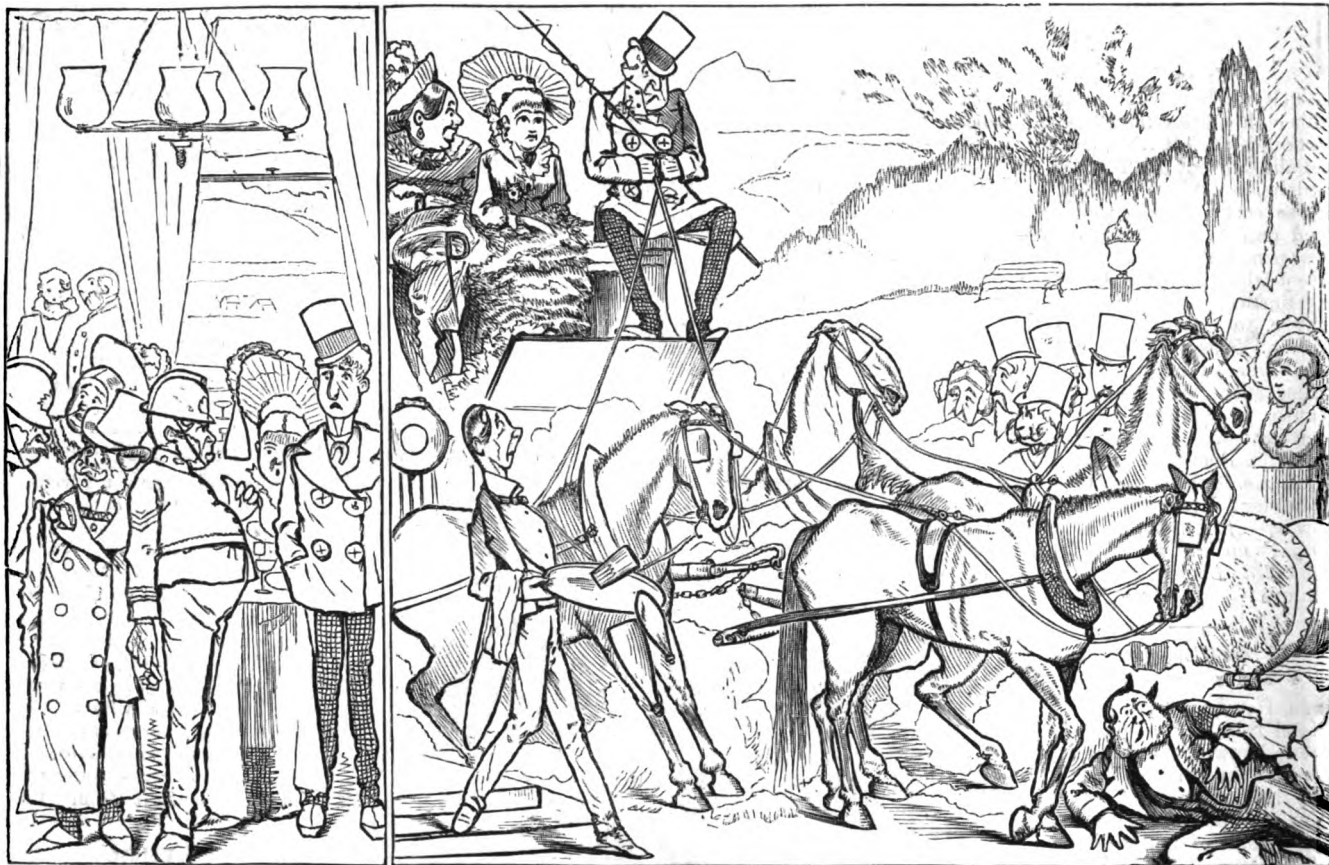
in a few seconds in court, not copied from photographs.

The Colorado beetle is set to music now, and has had poetry written about him by Mr. HARRY HUNTER. The song is sung by the Mohawk Minstrels, a clever Ethiopian troupe, whose entertainment has come to be quite an institution in the north of London.]

Two volumes, by M. BETHAM EDWARDS, recently added by Messrs. WARNE & Co. to their "Companion Library," are likely to command a large sale—"The Sylvesters" and "Now or Never." Both are works that have been very popular in dearer form.

The same firm issue an edition of M. M. POLLARD'S story, "When We were Young;" and there is quite interest enough in the cover itself to sell the book. Messrs. WARNE are, without question, taking the lead as publishers of railway novels.

The *Tattler* is publishing in its columns a novel, entitled "A Year's Letters," by Mrs. HORACE MANNERS. Much speculation exists as to who "Mrs. HORACE MANNERS" is, as that lady has been identified with Mr. SWINBURNE the poet, and other distinguished people. JUDY is in a position to state the truth in the matter: Mrs. HORACE MANNERS is—Mrs. HORACE MANNERS!



'ENERY AND 'ARRY IN EXTREMIS.

No wonder the Coaching Season was over early this year, when 'E. and 'A. pulled up in this style the first day they toolled out.

"Thanks to BEAUFORT, CARRINGTON, HOARE, CHERRY, ANGELL, and one or two more, We can travel from town in the style of yore."

But avoid 'ENERY, 'ARRY, and Co., whatever you do.

THE GOUTY ONE AT SCARBOROUGH.

JUDY's Gouty Contributor writes to say that he knows she will be glad to hear he is already off. She is, and she will be gladder still when he is still farther off.

He says he is doing the "Grand," but she trusts that this is figuratively speaking, and she would advise the "Grand" Master, or whatever he calls himself, to see the bill paid, or stop the box full of bricks.

He says that the feeding is wholesome at the "Grand," though inexpensive, and that it consists principally of the freshest herrings, the most perfectly boiled rice, and—rabbits. He thinks that, on the whole, perhaps the chef may rather over-save his bacon at breakfast-time, and go in a trifle too much for fried fish; but the Peoplish in Scarborough just now number many thousands, and they always did have their little prejudices.

The Ball-room, our Gouty asserts, is the attraction of the place, and he himself has looked in at it frequently through the ventilator. The present M. C., he says, has made the thing his first study—after his attitudes. To attend the ball (and this broke our Gouty, as a matter of course), it is imperative that a dress-suit should be worn. An Irish friend of our Gouty appears to be as dress-suitless as Gouty himself. It would seem, however, that it was suggested to him to sacrifice a waiter.

Acting on the suggestion, the "Boy" waylaid the poor man in the corridor, and broke the matter to him. The waiter explained that, if he complied, it would necessitate his remaining in bed during his separation from his pending suit, and he thought he ought to be well paid for it. "Tis true," said the Irish gentleman, resting his full weight on the waiter's shoulders,—"tis true I have left the finest country in the world—the land that gave me birth, and charged me nothing for it—that I have even left friends, relations, all—all needy, and I need hardly say, therefore, all very dear to me; but I have made friends over

here, and I would rather remain in the country of my adoption all my life than be a party to the encouragement of obstructive principles. No!" And he went away very sadly and solemnly, and was taken ill; and the waiter went on waiting.

With regard to dinner, the Gouty says (JUDY expected this was coming) he would advise his readers not to choose the middle of the table by preference, as the courses, as a rule, only reach within two of the middle on either side; not, however, that he himself had any cause to complain of his luck thus placed, as the soup came within one of him on the second day of his stay.

With regard to tips, our Gouty is inclined to discourage them (JUDY believes it of him); and yet he does tip, of course (does he?) He, however, objects, he says, after having tipped, to get all his week's attendance in a lump, over his last meal; and, though he had not the slightest desire for the society of the boots throughout his visit, he thinks the boots need not, when he rang the bell to have that box of bricks taken down to the fly, have brushed all the nap off his coat by way of a parting civility.

He adds, in conclusion, that he is off to Harrogate, and talks of something towards his travelling expenses on account. Full of his fun he is—to the very last! JUDY will look through the Scarborough police reports next week for further particulars.

A Drop Too Little.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that the automatic drop of the Greenwich time-ball failed only on seven days last year. On those particular days, it seems, the person responsible for the mechanism did not have a drop at all. It is to be hoped, for humanity's sake, that they were not any of them Dog-days.

Fanciful.

A FAW Exhibition is to take place at Liverpool in October. All the Liverpoolians, as a matter of course, are in a great flutter.

HISTORICAL WORKS OF ART CONNECTED WITH THE FIRST.

(From the Originals in the Possession of Judy.)



1. GEORGE HI. Shooting Rabbits in Windsor Park. (From an Old Print.)



2. A Prospect of ye Moors in ye Middle Ages. (From the Tapestry in Judy's Library.)



3. Roman Squire Capturing Ancient British Peacher. (Group in Marble, discovered during Alterations at 73, Fleet Street.)



4. A Swell of the Nineteenth Century, temp. SEYMOUR. (Sketch, by that Artist, of one whom JUDY knew in her youth.)



5. HENRY VIII. going a-Hawking on ye First. (From the original, by HOLBEIN.)



6. An Ever Young and Lovely Sportswoman of the Present Time. (Of the original Exquisite Water-colour Drawing JUDY is silent.)

THE ONLY JONES.

At the Globe Theatre are two pieces, one of which has been almost universally praised, and the other almost universally abused, by the critics, and they are both, at the present time, very successful with the public. The first is *Stolen Kisses*, a play containing several admirable situations, and much lively, if not brilliant, dialogue, marred now and again, perhaps, by a little want of taste. That Mr. PAUL MERRITT, its author, possesses great originality, combined with much practical experience, is unquestionable, and with collaboration we may some day expect a play that will make a lasting name. Meanwhile you should go and see this piece, with which you are certain to be very much pleased; and, if possible, go whilst Miss LYDIA FOOTE (who is about to join the Princess's) still plays the heroine, for she plays it in the most delightfully fresh and natural way imaginable. Excellent acting is also shown by Mr. RYDER, Mr. LEATHES, and Miss RITTA.

Of the other piece it is hard to know what to say. The title, when one discovers its applicability, is funny enough, although it takes a little time to see why it should be called *The Courier's History of the Lion's Tail*, and the *Naughty Boy who "Wagged" It*. I thought at first Mr. ROBERT REKOR was the naughty boy, but in this I was wrong. The idea of the little burlesque is really very funny indeed, and Mr. RICHMOND, who plays the principal part, is very funny also, and Miss C. JENKS deserves some praise; but no one concerned in the performance, which elicits, now and again, roars of laughter, can be unaware that it is a very vulgar performance throughout, whilst the exhibition of muscle and brute force displayed by some of the softer sex who have "speaking parts," or stand in a row behind, brings back to one's memory the most dire and dismal days of the Breakdown and Cellar-flap Era of Histrionic Art. The *Lion's Tail*, however, evidently draws money.

The 860th night of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville on September 5th! Only one hundred and fifty more to make up the thousand, which, of course, will be made up; and yet, ere now, how glad some dramatists, in their time, would have been of a run of fifty nights! SHAKESPEARE, I mean, or SHERIDAN, or one or two others who were pretty well spoken of.

THE O. J.

GLADSTONE AT THE STICKING-POINT.

THE right honourable woodcutter, the Member for Greenwich, continues to entertain people—in all senses of the word. It appears that one of the excursionists to Hawarden recently presented Mr. GLADSTONE with a stick. Concerning this stick the right hon. gentleman made the following telling remarks:—"It is a most excellent stick. I should not like to have a hit of this stick from a stout arm. It is a good one—good to look at, good to lean upon; it is light in the hand, and has all the qualities of a good stick. Ladies and gentlemen, what we have to do is to strive to be as good in our own characters and capacities as this stick is in the humble capacity it bears." Here several of the audience burst into tears, while one youthful Lancashire lad was heard to remark that it was "real knobby." But whether he meant the stick or the speech has yet to be explained.

Well Put.

It is announced that "the Colorado beetle scare is sensibly on the decline." This is good news—"sensibly" is the very word to describe the abatement of a panic which seemed likely at one time to make the newspapers all potato-bug.

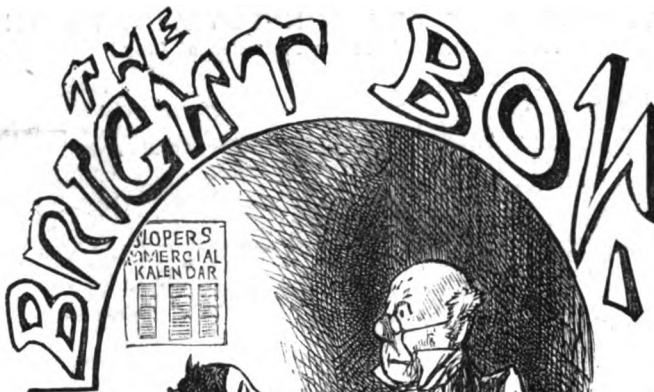
WITH MANY APOLOGIES TO MR. WILLIAM BLADES.—The press that CAXTON knew nothing about—Press of business.

A DANGEROUS GAME—Playing the deuce.

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR
ALLY SLOPER TACKLES the EASTERN QUESTION.
Seventy Illustrations, by MARIE DUVAL; numerous Maps of the War, by A. SLOPER himself, and a short Account of certain Singular Circumstances, by CHARLES H. ROSS. The whole bound in a Coloured Wrapper. Price 6d. Post-free, 7d.
"Irresistibly mirth-provoking."—The Derby Mercury.



2. Now he was the willingest Boy there ever was, but he wanted experience; and he only knew of one Post-office, which was opposite where he lived, down the Old Kent Road, but he set off at a run.



3. And he kept on running, but it was a deuce and all of a distance



4. "Bless me," said his mother, "you're home early, ain't you?" "I'm going back," he said. "Going back!" said she.



1. It was his first day at an office, in a court out of Holborn, just about closing time, and the Guv'nor said, "Take this letter to the Post-office, and look sharp." "Am I to come back again, sir?" "Of course you are."



5. And he went back, and found the Guv'nor quite tired of waiting, trying to put up the shutters himself.

THOSE



THERE are moments when even the Blithest and most Buoyant are visited by feelings of Sadness! There are moments when the Smile forsakes the Lip! When the Cup ceases to cheer! When the Welkin ringeth not! When one pauses in one's rejoinder to the "What'll you

take?" of Proffered Hospitality, and hesitates before Giving It a Name!

Alas! 'tis so with A. SLOPER, and his faith in his Fellow-man is gone for aye.

The Halls of Revelry have lost their charm for A. SLOPER! His heart is heavy! The empty praises of the Hollow World fall on his ear unheeded! Two or three times out of twenty he refuses liquors that would be stodd to him! He has been grossly deceived!

How different was the aspect of Nature as it appeared to A. SLOPER but yesterday! How tuneful the Song of Birds, how fragrant the Perfume of Flowers! How the Sun shone! But all is changed now, since A. SLOPER has been so heartlessly—so basely taken in!

And this is not all. He has not the poor consolation afforded him of telling his tale of woe, and showing up the Perjured Miscreant who is the cause of all. No! Prior arrangements entered into with the proprietors of this paper compel A. SLOPER to defer the harrowing narrative until the

27th instant, when A. SLOPER's "Comic Kalendar" (containing full particulars, price one penny only) will appear. To some (including A. SLOPER) it may appear incongruous to mingle details of a heart-rending character with sparkling wit and humour; but for this there is no help! But few dry eyes may be expected on the 27th. What a day that will be!—what a day that will be! and how is the crowd to be regulated if the road is still up in Fleet Street?

Easily Disproved.

ACCORDING to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, there is nothing in alcoholic beverages which is of the nature of food, and consequently nothing which can make a man either fat or thin. But in this Sir WILFRID is certainly wrong: whether beer makes a man fat or not, it certainly makes him lean—and sometimes lean very heavily too.

SOMETHING WHICH IS HARDLY MEAT (especially during summer weather)—American beef.

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SOLUBLE!!
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Immediately opposite the British Museum.
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ARTIFICIAL TEETH BY ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

Pamphlet gratis and Post Free.



'ENERY AND 'ARRY.

It is all over for this Season, anyhow. The Parties who provided the Blood and the Bloods have turned up nasty. 'ENERY and 'ARRY's present address is appropriate enough—it is Horsemonger Lane!

MORAL REMARKS FROM THE OTHER OBELISK.



THE Obelisk — please, Ma'am, that's me! Don't look on that fact as irrelevant, For I'm the original Guy, You pass on your way to the "Elephant."

There's WILKS's—well, his doesn't count; Of his sentiments I am a hater; You ask Mr. HOLLAND for me When you go to the Surrey Theatyr!

Now, you can't want another, I'm sure,

And I hate to see money spent heedless; It gives me the needle, it does, But the needle you'd have is quite needless.

I know where it ought to have gone; And, oh! had I been Britain's Head Beadle, It should have been sent to the Pole— An attractive place, sure, for a needle!

CLEOPATRA! she wasn't good, And poor 'TONY for her paid the piper. She won't think this much of a wipe, For I know that she's used to a wiper!

MORE EXTORTION.
To Judy.

MADAM,—There have been complaints in the *Times*, recently, furnished by Britons on their travels, concerning the extravagant charges made for accommodation at certain Continental hotels. All these are monstrous enough, doubtless, to warrant the indignation they have called forth; but I have read of nothing so extraordinary happening abroad, as an experience of my own a few days since, at a place not a dozen miles from Gravesend. Having gone to Rosherville to spend a happy day, I hired a horse for a short ride out, and stopped on my way home at a hostelry—you might call it a public-house—near Cobham, to procure rest and refreshment for both myself and the horse:—

A man of kindness to his beast is kind, you know. I stayed perhaps an hour—not more certainly—but just before resuming my journey, the person who had volunteered to "look arter the oas" brought me a strange statement of charges (which he told me were independent of the landlord's account). The following is a copy:—

	£	s.	d.
A fertheos	0 0 3
Takinonimter Blakamee, coshegotterahewloos...	0	0	6
Brininonimomaggin	0 0 6
Payder Blakamee...	0 1 0
	£0	2	3

I do not speak Welsh, and am only imperfectly acquainted with Gaelic, so I could not dispute the charge, but I have resolved never to enter the house again. Yours firmly, EQUESTRIAN.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

In a general way, I am not in the habit of consulting the Girls, except, perhaps, at meal-times, when asking them whether they will take another help.

Hitherto, as Comptroller of our Home Circle, I have reason to believe I have performed the duties devolving on me to the satisfaction of all concerned, with possibly the exception of the Butcher and Baker, the Grocers, Green and Family, the Milkman and the Washerwoman, whose accounts, I am proud to say, I am in the habit of auditing with a scrupulous attention to details.

Upon those occasions when I have thought it necessary to make any alteration in our domestic arrangements—for instance, to buy new carpets, or have the ceilings whitewashed—I have found it as well to mention casually what was my intention, but that was all. In the case of Tooray, my directions had simply been, "Find a suitable person;" and it was, perhaps, unreasonable on my part, as we were pressed for time, to expect the Girls to trot out samples of the Tooray tribe for me to select from, the more so as probably the one sample they got was the only one getable.

Very well, then! In this instance it is I who have gone forth in search of a nurse, and my success has been triumphant.

I have got a nurse, and, more than that, I have got a cook. Not the ordinary nurse and cook usually found in the dwellings of the respectable middle classes, but two born ladies, willing to engage themselves in my service as Lady Helps!

Could anything more satisfactory possibly have happened? And yet it is a most extraordinary thing—I have strong doubts whether the Girls at home will altogether approve of ROSABEL and AURORA.

We are, by the way, not to call them by those sweetnames—at least not yet awhile—until we are on a more friendly footing. Their name is MONTGOMERY, and when we want anything, we must either put it somehow this way, "I beg your pardon, Miss AURORA MONTGOMERY, but, labouring under the impression that you have inadvertently overlooked the replenishment of the mustard-pot, I should deem it a favour were you to mix a little in an egg-cup, and bring it up as soon as convenient," or go down and mix it yourself.

The question is, will the Girls fall into this new style, which, it must be allowed, when compared to talks with the late DAWKINS, necessitates the employment of a syllable or two extra.

Yet, why should they object? Confound it all! I really cannot see why on earth they should object; and, what's more—

There they all are at the door.

Ahem!

You may have noticed, perhaps, that, as a rule, you feel more resolute when you press your hat down firmly, and keep your elbows close into your sides, at the same time straightening your knees and throwing the greater part of your weight on to the

heel. It is also a good plan to hum a martial air, if one comes handy.

There is deep solicitude depicted on the visages of the Girls, and they say "Well!" in chorus, as I approach.

I am not exactly clear why I say so, but I *do* say, "Well, what?"

"About the nurse," cry the Girls, still in chorus.

"Oh," I respond carelessly, as I hang my hat up, "that's all right, and—a new cook, too."

Now I come to think of it, is it all right, though? It really was a maid-of-all-work we wanted, not a cook only. Certainly, there are BEATRIX and MAUD, who desire places as housemaid and parlourmaid, but should I be justified in increasing our establishment at this rate, and what would the Girls—

I can't understand the Girls. They seem so awfully delighted I have been successful.

"A nice quiet motherly person this nurse is, I am sure?" says CASSANDRA.

"One who has had a large family of her own, and thoroughly understands what's wanted by a family—when young?" says BATHSEBA.

Good gracious! if ROSABEL only heard that.

"And the cook," cries URSULA, "she is sober, of course?"

Rather more good graciouser! If AURORA did happen to be listening at the keyhole!

This is an evening in which strategy has to be mingled with what I might almost feel inclined to denominate confounded whackers; and when, after I have read prayers, the hour of retiring to rest approaches, I take up my flat candlestick oppressed by the consciousness of a truth which will take a goodish bit of breaking presently.

* * *

How soon the time has come! I have taken my usual afternoon walk, and return to find the Girls once more assembled on the door-step. This time, evidently, events of a surprising nature have occurred.

URSULA trips down to the garden gate and breaks it to me.

"Oh, Major, what a while you have been, and two ladies have been waiting for you in the drawing-room almost ever since you have been gone!"

"This somehow comes rather suddenly on me, for I feel certain I know who the two ladies are. Certainly, before this, I

ought to have been prepared with an explanation; and so, indeed, I have been, only I forget it again just at this moment. However, here goes!

As I thought, AURORA and ROSABEL! And now to introduce them to the Girls. AURORA and ROSABEL have risen from their seats, graceful, dignified, calm. BATHSEBA, CASSANDRA, and URSULA regard them with an expression which is not absolutely enthusiastic.

It is for me to speak.

Now for it!

A PERFECT RIDDLE.—A railway traveller who had made a very long journey, and consequently whose ticket had almost been destroyed by the various guards' clippers, on giving up the same at its destination, was told that "it could not be made out," to which he promptly replied, "No wonder, it being a perfect riddle."



THE OLD GIRLS, AND THE NEW GIRLS.





DEBATE

OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

TURNING THE TABLES.

SCENE: Platform of the Charing Cross Railway Station.—
 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Two of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON'S News-
 boys, and A JOCLAR PERSON who is waiting for a train.

First Newsboy (to Jocular Person). Herey'are, sir! evenin' paper, sir! Letter from Mr. GLADSTONE, sir! Buy the evenin' paper, sir?
 Jocular Person (thinking he sees his way to a bit of fun). No, thank you, my boy; I have no occasion for the evening paper. (Pause.) I AM Mr. GLADSTONE!

[Sensation, during which First Newsboy retreats, and holds whispered conference behind bookstall with Newsboy Number Two, who presently advances, carrying a book he has taken off the stall.

Second Newsboy (to Jocular Person). Here y'are, sir! Buy "SLOPER on the Eastern Question," sir? (Pause.) I s'pose YOU'RE NOT ALLY SLOPER AS WELL, ARE YOU?

[Jocular Person retires, rather sorry that he has spoken.

The Coming Woman.

At a school examination in Wiltshire, the other day, a young female read a poem of three hundred and eighty-nine verses. After the first hundred or so had been read, the examiners became a-verse to hearing any more—which made it three hundred and ninety.

Nous Verrons.

Sacountulu is the name of the new opera which FLOROW is writing for the firm of RICORDI at Milan. But whether Sacountulu will also—as FLOROW's admirers say—turn out to be Sacounto—none of his other productions, is an assertion which remains to be proved.

The First Line of Defence.
 BRITANNIA'S best weapons
 —The arms of the sea.

Lucidness.

DR. ALLEN THOMSON, the President of the British Association at Plymouth, is reported to have made the following remarks:—"It is interesting to find that there is a correspondence between the later division of the mesoderm of the higher animals derived from the two primitive blastodermic laminae and the original absence of mesodermic structure in the lowest animals, followed by the gradual appearance first of one layer (the external muscular in the higher coelenterata) and soon afterwards by the two divisions or laminae with the intermediate coelom. Notwithstanding the many difficulties which unquestionably still block the way, I am inclined to think that there is great probability in the view of a common bilamina origin for the embryo of all animals above the protozoa, and that the vertebrate equally with the invertebrate animals may be shown to possess, in the first stages of their blastodermic or embryonic formation, the two primitive layers of ectoderm and endoderm." At this point several persons were carried out in a state of non compos. Those who remained were entirely agreed that they had not heard anything so interesting for a long time.

The Thames in Danger.

An individual, who was probably not quite right in his mind, called at Woolwich Arsenal the other day to announce that the Russian fleet was steaming up the Thames. This statement did not turn out exactly true, but it behoves the Government to be on the look-out to protect the river, nevertheless; for the other day a person of foreign appearance, who might have been a Russian, was actually observed pulling up the stream!

Hint to Messrs. Agnew.

POIKILOGRAPHY is the name of a new process for the exact reproduction of oil-paintings. "The primary operation is supposed to consist of taking a simple photographic negative from the original picture." Poikilography seems to be the very thing for finding the missing GAINSBOROUGH, which picture wants "reproducing" more than any oil-painting which has been heard of lately.

BAFFLED, NOT BEATEN.

JUDY quotes these words from the *United Service Gazette*, and has much pleasure in stating that on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd instant Commander CHEYNE will give a series of lectures at the Royal Aquarium, which ought to draw large and sympathetic audiences:—"Hitherto unaided, but with his heart in the noble cause, and with an indomitable energy and perseverance, has Commander CHEYNE worked for the last ten months, in organizing Arctic Committees for the equipment—by means of public subscriptions—of a single steamer, to be stored and provisioned for three years, destined for the discovery of the North Pole. By means of his interesting and beautifully illustrated Arctic lectures, he has sensibly impressed upon the public mind the fact that we are only baffled, not beaten."

A HARVEST SONG.

BEAUTIFUL valleys of glistening corn,
 Decked with the dew-drops the fairies have worn—
 Bursting with laughter all over the land,
 Flinging the ripe grain afar with each hand—
 Dancing and racing the frolicsome breeze,
 Resting when weary beneath the still trees—
 Shaking your heavy locks back in sweet scorn,
 Mocking the lark as he sings to the morn!



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE. A FACT.

A Reminiscence of the 25th ultimo.

First Passenger. I HEAR THERE IS TO BE AN ECLIPSE TO-NIGHT, AND I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE IT.

Second Passenger. I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOU CAN'T SEE IT AT ALL HERE—ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS IT IS VISIBLE AT GREENWICH, BUT IT DOES NOT SAY ANYWHERE ELSE, AND WE ARE SOME DISTANCE FROM THERE!

Merrisome children of bountiful earth,
 More will rejoice at your death than your birth.
 CERES approaches! Young Joy in her train,
 Signals her triumph and numbers her slain.
 Golden grain give her—an offering meet,
 Lay low your beautiful heads at her feet;
 Thrust in the sickle, the harvest has come,
 Carry the dead corn triumphantly home.
 Pale sons of hunger, your loud peans raise,
 Noble the sacrifice, claiming your praise!
 Carry the yellow sheaves gratefully on,
 Joy in your life which their dying bath won!
 Dives! ingather the rich harvest store,
 Full fill your garners, but let them flow o'er;
 Let not the widow and orphan complain,
 Dying for want of the God-given grain!

THUMBMARKS.

THE *Dublin University Magazine* seems to have taken a new lease of life. This month there is an admirable portrait of HENRY IRVING, accompanied by an article by Mr. AUGUSTIN LEWIS, in which the great talent of the actor is done full justice to. Though incorrect in some of its details, it is, on the whole, the best thing that has been written concerning him. One little anecdote might, however, have been well omitted. "Walking down Bond Street one day, Mr. IRVING was touched on the shoulder by Mr. GLADSTONE, who introduced himself with characteristic frankness. A night or two later Mr. GLADSTONE warmly congratulated Mr. IRVING on his acting, and since then the reciprocal esteem of the ex-Premier and the artist has increased." Looked at from an unprejudiced point of view, I call that rather a free-and-easy style of picking up friends on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE, and I trust he won't venture to pat me on the back when next we meet. By the way, I suppose Mr. IRVING gets lots of post-cards.

I am not quite sure that Mrs. EDWARDS' story in *Temple Bar*,—"A Blue Stocking"—is well named. The ignorance of the rising generation is alarming, and my eldest girl exclaimed on first reading it, "Dear me! did she only wear one?" My eldest girl wears blue ones herself. They are of the best silk, with clocks up the sides. However, perhaps some ladies do wear one blue and one black or green. I read somewhere lately of a lady at a French racecourse with odd-coloured gloves, stockings, and shoes. Perhaps she had a sister who wore the other half-pairs at the same time.

I shall have to talk seriously to Mr. J. ASHBY STERRY if he goes on much more about his "Rosin's red lips pouting over a peach," as he does this month in *London Society*. I don't believe there never was no ROSIN as done it! Wolfed up the peach, more likely, the greedy little slut! Really, though, it does startle one to find two poems in the September number of sober and sedate *Macmillan*, with such titles as "The Smile and the Sigh" and "Love's Arrows." This will never do. We must be serious again in October.

You ought to read Mr. TAOLLOP's article on "Naples," in the *Genleman's*, if you think of going there; or, even if you do not think of going, you may as well read it, for it is amusing. I am glad to see that Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's clever story shows no signs of decay, although somebody did kill its author a few days ago.

There are some good short stories in *Tinsley* this month.

"For Percival" is the rather bad title of a very good story commenced in this month's *Cornhill*. It would, however, be as well if Mr. DU MAURIER, who always draws so charmingly, would, when he is looked to for the latest fashions, give us some fashions not quite eighteen months old.

Sunday Out would be a capital name for a new sixpenny *Sassiety Journal*. The class who take in the sixpennys would thoroughly appreciate the idiom. Meanwhile there is a good thing in this month's *Argosy* called "Sunday Out," with a moral to it.

I have not yet been able to quite make up my mind whether or not the author of "Promethia" in the *St. James's* is nethaving a great lark with me. He had been completely this month over the table of contents. When I saw Chapter I., I thought he was going to write the story all over again; but on turning to the page, I see it is Chapter I., Vol. III. I like this vol-atile way of going on.

The *Charing Cross* for September is a very fair number. I myself do not believe in M. JULES VERNE, but the story of his now publishing in *Good Words* is one of his best. As usual, there are some capital pictures in *Little Folks*. *Cassell's* is good. *Once a Week* finishes its sixth volume with the September number.

"Strange Waters," now publishing in *All the Year Round*, is to my thinking in many respects the best story we have had from Mr. FRANK OLLON.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, I would mention the sketch called "The Contributor's Club," and also the article on Recent Literature, which are both excellent in their way.

I made a great mistake last week in saying the portraits of the detectives in the *Entr'acte* had been dotted down by Mr. ALFRED BAYAN in court. On the contrary, he took no sketch whatever, but drew the men's faces wholly from memory.



SOLE V. SOUL.

Housekeeper at Penshurst Place (showing boots to Visitor). RIDING BOOTS OF ONE OF MY LORD'S ANCESTORS, WHO WAS BEHEADED THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Lady Visitor (in all good faith). I MUST MAKE HIS LORDSHIP A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF MY RIDING BOOTS; THEY WOULD LOOK MUCH MORE INTERESTING, I AM SURE!

POTTERBURY'S PARTRIDGE.

A Tale of Terror.

I HAVE all my life had a great respect for POTTERBURY.

It was only the day before yesterday that I met POTTERBURY on his way from the City—a way, by the bye, he has of an afternoon. He had been out of Town, had P., for some weeks, and, when we met, the usual greetings were interchanged.

"He was looking uncommonly sunburnt and well. Where," I inquired, "had he been to, and what had he been doing?"

"Well," said POTTERBURY. "I've—er—been having a little yachting, you know, off—er—South Coast, you know; but I've just now returned from Berkshire; went for 'The First,' you see, and have been having a few days popping at the partridges; first-rate sport, too—first class, I may say."

I stared somewhat at this. I had no doubt POTTERBURY had had "a little yachting off"—Ramsgate, or Margate, "a shilling an hour," and so forth. Yes, P. was up to that much; but P. a partridge shooting!—that, I must say, did come a sort of surprise to me. If I had been asked, I should have said P. was quite the last man to be trusted with a deadly weapon.

POTTERBURY, I imagine, must have noticed my surprise, for he got a little flushed in the face, and, after a little chat, said, "Was I engaged for to-morrow? If not, would I meet a few friends at dinner, and then," he added, drawing himself up, "you shall taste one of the birds I knocked over."

I was not engaged, and accepted P.'s invite.

Punctually, at 7 P.M. next day, I found myself in POTTERBURY'S snug dining-room at Paradise Villa, Peckham. Being P.'s oldest friend, I took the bottom of the table, having on my right a lady of the name of SMITH, from Brixton, and POTTERBURY'S partner; on my left sat a gentleman from Bloomsbury, by name BROWN, and a Mrs. DE ROBINSON, a dashing widow from Bayswater, in whose eyes, I knew, P. was, for divers reasons, especially desirous of appearing to the best advantage; these, with POTTERBURY and myself, made up a snug little party of six, or, as P. himself remarked, in his very best style, "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

I saw at once, then, from POTTERBURY'S having brought out his best wine-glasses and decanters, and having laid on old BIFFEN, the greengrocer from round the corner, "to wait," that P. intended this little dinner to be done "in style," but I did not know till some time afterwards that, had matters gone on as he fondly thought they would go, and the Dinner—i.e., POTTERBURY—passed off with *éclat*, he was going to actually Pop the Question to the dashing Widow before she left that very evening. It was then, of course, with this view that POTTERBURY led the way, as it were, to showing himself in the most flying of colours. He (P.) had done, and could do (according to his own account) all sorts of all kinds of the wonderfulest things: like the Iron Duke's soldiers, "he could go anywhere, and do anything." I never saw P. come out so strong before, and the widow seemed quite fascinated.

Among other topics glowingly handled by P., his exploits on "The First" were dilated upon in grandly glowing terms; the very identical Partridge, in particular, which we were presently to be regaled upon, had formed the subject of quite a romantic and absolutely thrilling adventure on the part of the gallant and sportsmanlike POTTERBURY. Now and then, indeed, at certain passages of his narrative, I own to leaning back

and gasping a little; but then, hang it all! I said to myself, it must be all true, because we are to see and to eat the very identical Bird.

The Dinner thus progressed most festively, all "went merry as a marriage bell," and, when the *gigot* disappeared, and BIFFEN came on the scene bearing the famous BIRD, we were all quite aglow with expectation and anticipation. There was an impressive pause whilst the bread-sauce and etceteras were being placed on the table; then, amid a breathless silence, BIFFEN removed the cover, and, as the delicious gamey odour pervaded POTTERBURY'S dining-room, exactly one dozen eyes were eagerly bent on POTTERBURY'S PARTRIDGE.

And it was, indeed, a truly noble bird, and it seemed to be, as P. himself proudly remarked, "just about right."

POTTERBURY raised his carving-knife, placed his fork artistically upon the left breast, then, looking across at Mrs. DE ROBINSON, said with

tender *empressment*, "And now, my dear Mrs. DE ROBINSON, what, may I ask, is your particular pet little corner—a wing and a bit of the—?"

The remainder of his speech was here drowned in a startlingly loud and sudden knocking at the street-door.

"Bless me!" cried POTTERBURY, "that's what I call something like a knock. The postman, in a hurry to get home to his tea, no doubt. BIFFEN, just get the letter, and come back at once to carry round THE BIRD."

BIFFEN went to the door; but then, instead of coming back at once with a letter, there ensued a mysterious colloquy, apparently deprecatory and persuasive on BIFFEN'S side, but angry and loudly aggressive on the part of the intruder. "But," I heard BIFFEN say (I sat with my back to the door, while POTTERBURY himself was at the opposite end of the table), "Mr. POTTERBURY'S got company; they're a-dinin' now. Why not call in the mornin', and 'Mr. POTTERBURY'll be sure to make it all right, if it is wrong."

"If!" said the intruding person, raising his voice with a snort of indignation,—"there ain't no if-ing about it. Now, I tells yer, I don't leave this 'ere 'ouse till you takes in the arf quid and my message—so there!"

An ominous silence then ensued for some moments. Then BIFFEN'S head appeared, and BIFFEN'S forefinger made telegraphic signs to POTTERBURY, who, however, absorbed in carving THE BIRD, was only aware of BIFFEN'S proximity, and at once roared out,

"Come in, come in, man! Here's THE BIRD getting stone-cold!"

Thus assailed from two quarters at once, poor old BIFFEN seemed to lose what little head he had, and, going up to POTTERBURY, put down a small gold coin by his plate, saying, in a perfectly audible voice, "It's the man from the poultry and game shop, sir, and he 'as the impudence to say as you give him this bad half-sovereign."

Poor POTTERBURY! But can I ever believe in anything or anybody ever any more?



THE MEANING OF IT.

They had had their Bathe, and they had afterwards to wait quite a quarter of an hour for the man to take them back to shore, when suddenly one said to the other, "I do believe it is because we did not give that horrid Person some Coppers yesterday morning." And she was right, too. But however did she guess the truth?

NOTICE.—On the 27th instant will be published,

"ALLY SLOPER'S COMIC KALENDAR FOR 1878,"

24 Pages full of Pictures. One Penny; Post Free, 1½d.

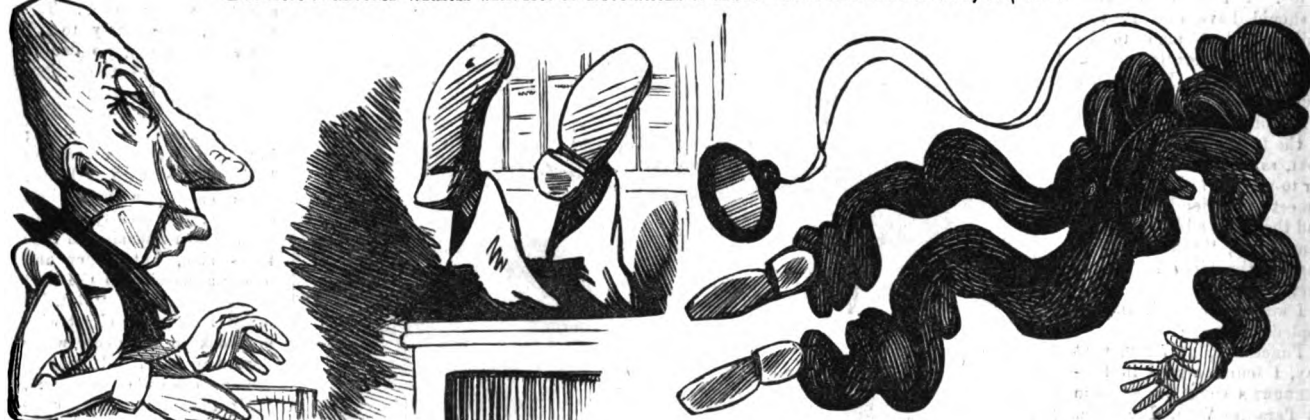
"JUDY" OFFICE, 73, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.; and of every Bookseller, Newsagent, and Railway Bookstall in the World.

THE LONG STORY AT BOW STREET.

Somebody said the other day that the Cross-examination of Witnesses would soon be over.



But here is another Witness with lots of Revelations to make—BENSON's Half-brother, I. MOSES.



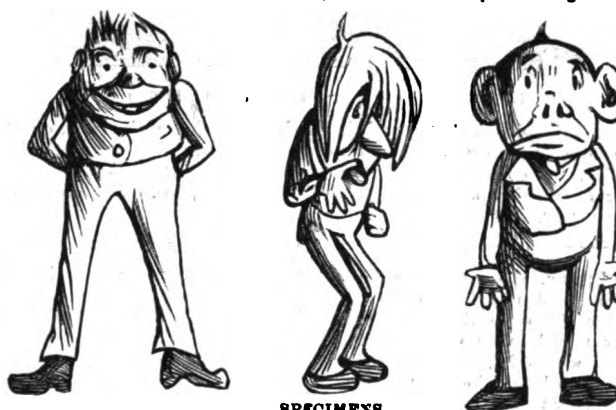
And after him still another, to prove everybody's ALLY-BI.

THE LITERATURE OF THE FUTURE.

ALLY SLOPER's *Universal History of Eminent Office Boys.* JUDY Office, Fleet Street.

That a class numerically so strong and physically so powerful as Office Boys should hitherto have lacked the pen of the historian, seems strange indeed. Deprived of the aid of the humble artisan, the purse-proud tradesman would most undoubtedly have to shut up. But what would that be when compared to the condition he would be reduced to did his shop-boy desert him?—for then he himself would have to put up his own shutters!

This, together with many other startling truths, will be found in the great work above alluded to, the first portion of which will be found in A. SLOPER's "Kalendar for 1878" (ready 27th September, full of pictures, price one penny).



SPECIMENS.

The subjoined illustrations will not appear in the "Kalendar," but the History of Office Boys it contains will be profusely adorned in a style seldom ventured on in civilized countries.

Particulars respecting the specimens given above will appear at a future date; but as one is going to be married next Friday, and other two will be put on their trial for murder during the approaching Sessions at the Old Bailey, biographical notes respecting them at this moment might have a prejudicial effect.

A. SLOPER would not willingly do wrong to man or office boy. Office boys' mothers may place unbounded confidence in A. SLOPER, and forward stamps for advance copies of the "Kalendar," which should be on every drawing-room table.

"Every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue."—ADDISON.

CADBURY'S

PURE

SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocoa because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

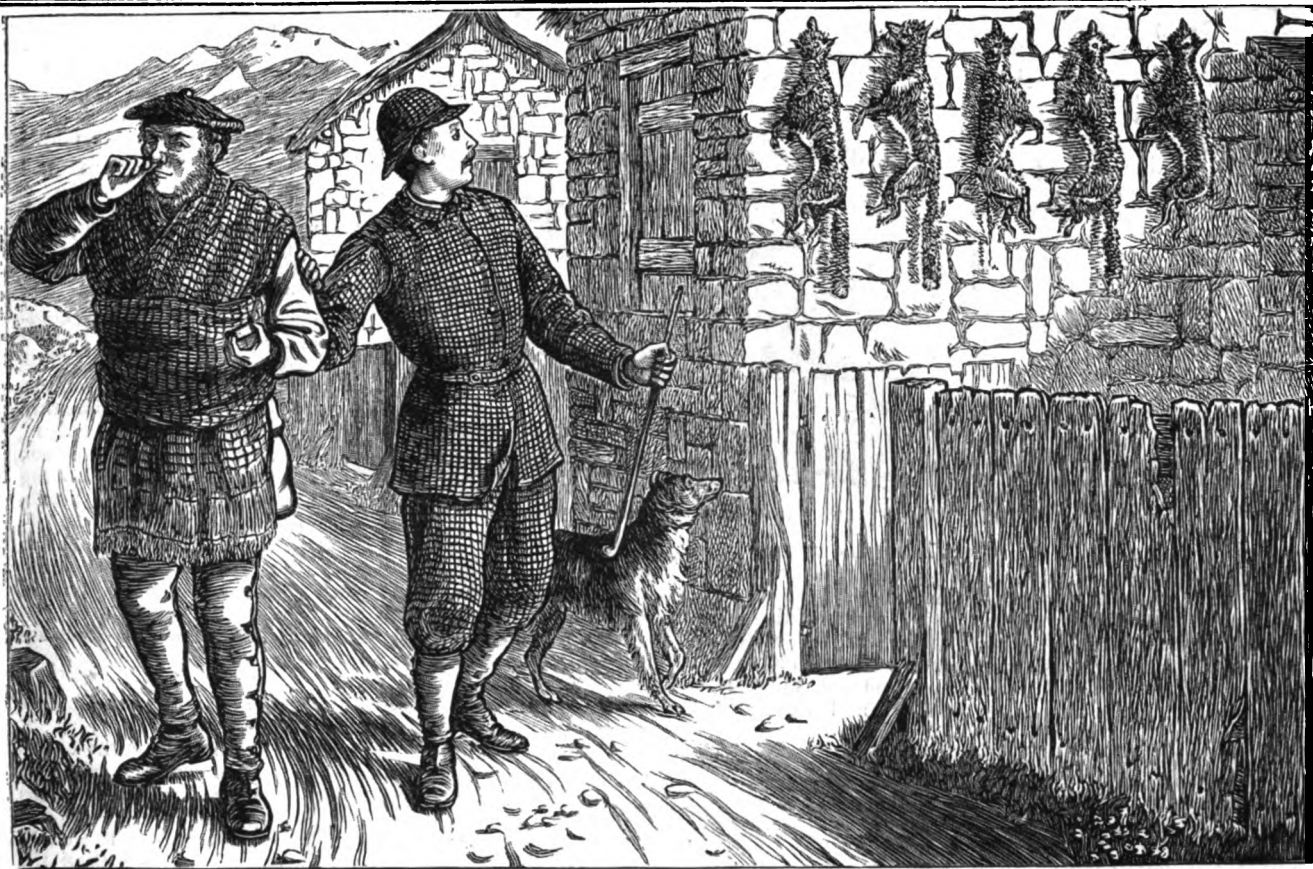
LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the acme of nourishment, will fortify the feeblest, and is a sine qua non to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

LIEBIG'S TONIC WINE.

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a liquor of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its re-invigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.; assorted sample case sent to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post-Office Order for 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.



CALEDONIAN ATROCIITIES.

Horror of one of our Sporting Contributors on suddenly coming across some of the Victims.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

Hostility of the Girls—The Evening Stroll—The Sale Room—A Nod and its Consequences.

I HAVE done it.

It is over.

When I get a little bit cooler, I will endeavour to call to mind the exact particulars, but at present I hardly feel equal to a mental effort on so large a scale.

Yet this is positively preposterous that I (Major PENNY—I fancy I have mentioned my name once before) should find myself wanting in words—nay, absolutely almost tongue-tied—respecting trifles wholly unworthy of serious consideration. Nevertheless, I am not sorry it is all over, and that the Girls clearly understand that ROSABEL and AURORA are our new nurse and cook. I confess I do not quite understand what the Girls' private sentiments are upon the subject, in consequence of their having hitherto maintained a silence which can only be described as ice-bound.

I, on the other hand, having recovered myself a little, am, if possible, verging on the other extreme, and am excessively voluble.



ANOTHER GOOD PERAMBULATOR
GONE WRONG.



"GOING!"

I casually remark, "You will find, I fear, Miss AURORA MONTGOMERY, that the culinary arrangements in the lower story are wanting in completeness, as the last cook—I mean the person who officiated below—had a habit of burning the bottoms out of things. CASSANDRA, however, will show you everything. Or," I add, observing that in CASSANDRA's expression there is no indication of a probability of her doing anything of the kind, "I will." * * *

It is very strange how the breeding of the True Lady manifests itself in trifling details. Nothing could be more urbane than the deportment of the Misses MONTGOMERY, and they even carry their high-bred dissimulation of unconscientiousness with respect to what I might almost denominate as the defiant snottiness of the Girls to the extent that they seem to be patronizing the Girls, and the Girls don't seem to care for it.

The conduct of the Girls is snotty, though it is not nice!

However, we shall see what we shall see!

* * *

We have! I never remember to have sat down to a more perfectly served dinner. It is true that the *pièce de résistance* happens to be the cold roast beef left over from yesterday, with



INSUBORDINATION IN THE RANKS.

* Commenced in N. 530.

entrées of mashed potatoes and mixed pickles, but it is the style in which the things are placed upon the table that I look at.

BATHSIBA's mood is still unpropitious. She says, "I like my potatoes cooked with salt."

* * *

'Tis occasionally a pleasant change to stroll at eventide up the high road. As a rule there is but little excitement; but this evening there is a sale at the Auctioneer's, and I drop in and look round. I have no intention of buying anything. I have frequently dropped in before with the same intention, or rather want of intention, but I have found it to be an agreeable way of whiling away a spare half-hour.

At the Auction Room there is generally a gathering of the neighbouring gentry, who drop in to look at the effects of those among their neighbours who are being sold up, and derive a kind of melancholy pleasure from the contemplation of other people's household gods going off dirt cheap.

The population of these parts not being numerous, these sales do not occur often enough to grow common, and the excitement they offer is ever welcome. This evening the Room is more than usually well attended, and I enter and nod smilingly to the right and to the left, and neighbours on the right and left nod back at me.

The furniture being sold this evening belonged to a purse-proud *parvenu*, who came and settled down here the winter before last, and was extremely supercilious in his tone towards the neighbouring gentry. Things, however, went wrong with the purse-proud *parvenu's* business in the City, and we have now the satisfaction of seeing him sold up. A Butcher and a Grocer whom he let in rather stiffly watch the prices things fetch with a certain amount of eagerness.

I am really glad I did not miss the sale this evening. I have reason to believe that my presence is looked forward to at any assembly of a public character in the neighbourhood; and though I am not quite sure that the Auctioneer is always quite as respectful as he ought to be, I observe with satisfaction that to-night he is smiling at me blandly.

I will nod to him.

I have.

* * *

This is really a very interesting sale. The purse-proud *parvenu's* goods are, as everybody always thought, of the most gimerack character, and as each lot falls

under the hammer at some paltry price, everybody but the Butcher and Grocer smile pleasantly. The Butcher and Grocer are beginning to have doubts whether there will be much left for them, when the bill of sale is settled.

But time goes, and so must I. One of the Auctioneer's men stops me.

He says, "Will you clear the perambulator to-night, sir?" I inquire in amazement, "What perambulator?"

"The one that was knocked down to you! Twelve-and-six."

A light dawns on me. This comes of nodding to the Auctioneer. Shall I indignantly repudiate the perambulator? My first impulse is to do so; but then everybody is looking at me, and I fancy I hear a distinct snigger.

Besides, now I come to think of it, the Twins really ought to have a perambulator. It is most unreasonable to expect that Miss ROSABEL MONTGOMERY can drag about two hulking boys of that kind without mechanical aid.

Besides, also, it is only twelve-and-sixpence, and I don't see how I can get out of paying with any dignity.

* * *

I have paid now. The perambulator is mine, and I have chartered a boy to wheel it home for me.

The boy turns out to be a fool of a boy, with no command over his limbs. He wheels the perambulator in front of him, and somehow the wheel sticks fast, and he and the perambulator come to grief.

I am not aware whether the reader of this history ever fell over a perambulator, but, if not, it may be casually mentioned that it is a deuce of a thing to get clear away from when you once begin falling.

I have got this boy out of the tangle, and have slapped his head, and now he refuses to wheel the perambulator any more.

After all, the road is a lonely one, and the twilight is fast gathering. Why should I not wheel it myself? Good gracious!

Two elegant young ladies approach.

I do not know them. Yes, I do! They are the other two Misses MONTGOMERY—Miss BEATRIX and Miss MAUD! How confoundedly awkward!

The Unsettled Districts. An end to avoid—a brick-end. But it is not easy to do it, if the fellow who throws it happens to be behind you.



AWKWARDNESS.



EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

Angelina (on Wedding Trip). OH, EDWIN, WHEN YOU SIT THUS, GAZING UPON THE MIGHTY DEEP, DOES IT NOT HAVE A STRANGELY SOOTHING EFFECT UPON YOU?

[It has made Edwin awfully hungry, but he does not like to mention it.]



ONE NEVER KNOWS W



HOM ONE MAY NEED!

OUR GOUTY CONTRIBUTOR AT HARROGATE.

Our Gouty Contributor is much annoyed.

It would appear that during the temporary absence of JUDY'S Editor, a zealous subordinate confounded the Gouty One's identity with that of A. SLOPER. A more unfortunate mistake could not have occurred; it can only be attributed to an accidental similarity in their initials. This will not occur again.

Our Gouty Contributor and suite have just been to Harrogate! The Lord Mayors of London and Dublin have been there also, but if their Dignities had any intention of making a show of themselves, they acted injudiciously in selecting a time for their visit when our Gouty Contributor was likely to be present. There is not room for two others at the same time.

Nevertheless, it would appear that the official chain of the Lord Mayor of Dublin has found its admirers yet, though it is not our G. C.'s desire to make the Corporation of that city uncomfortable, he thinks it his duty to mention that the prevalent opinion at Harrogate was that the sulphur had got at it. Perhaps, however, this [will not signify. It is a grand chain, and seems to have only one drawback. It ought to have been made to take off—at bed-time, anyhow.

When our Gouty Contributor and the Lord Mayors don't happen to be at Harrogate all together, there is probably some little dulness going on, even when it doesn't rain all day. The rain, it is true, affords opportunities for casual conversation, in the hall of your hotel or on its staircase, which might otherwise be wanting. To be called upon too suddenly for a topic of conversation is at all times unpleasant, but when you have well thought over and committed to memory the words "Raining again," you will really surprise yourself by the variety of expression you can throw into them if you try long enough. There are some, it is true, who go in for a longer "study," as they say at the theatre; and though it may not be quite clear what the gentleman really meant who kept on saying he thought it would "be fine after all," there was some reason to believe his opinion would be right in the end. It is possible it may be—some time.

The society of ladies at our Contributor's hotel, he informs us, possessed the attraction of lengthened experience which comes only with maturity. He, in fact, knows no society he prefers to this—unless, indeed, it be that of younger ones.

He has been told there are younger ones at some of the other hotels, and that there are almost as many marriages made at Harrogate as are said to be in a more elevated sphere. The fact that sulphur is found here in large quantities need not be accepted as an explanation of the circumstance.

The present season is said to be a dull one. The Punch-and-Judy on the green—the only entertainment the visitors had not to dress for last season—has not been down. A German band has been down, it is true, but it did not mix particularly well with the waters. The price of the admission to the Concert Hall gardens

must, as a rule, be honestly admitted to equal the worth of the entertainment.

The Pump-room, old friends will gladly hear, stands where it did, and there is the same jolly good-humoured face to be seen there, the same hat stuck jauntily on one side, and the same luxuriant head of hair. "Gout, sir?" said he, as our Contributor hobbled into the room, and a moment after his eye fell on the name being written in the book. "Nothing to say to the SMITHS over the water?"

Our Contributor denied all connection with the SMITHS so localized, but in less than twenty minutes—the anxious interval between the first and second glass of warm sulphur water—the whole story of his life has been pumped out of him.

The flymen of Harrogate stand more in need of instant extermination than the worst Italian brigands that ever were. They are much greater thieves, and not half as good-looking.

THE CORRECT CARD.

THE French newspapers inform us that Parisians at the seaside have gone crazy this year in respect to colour. The men wear coloured ribbons round their hats, of the most astounding hues; and even visiting cards are of red, green, blue, or black. As for ladies, language has yet to be invented to describe the wondrous variety of tints in which they array themselves. So, whatever the colour of the husband's card may be, a fair Parisienne has only one kind to give to her dressmaker, and that is, now more than ever, *carte blanche*.

From Birmingham.

THE sort of tittle to which a "quiet" drunkard most naturally inclines, is still hock.

Rather Peak-uliar.

WE hear that the Grindelwald Glacier is being cut into ice blocks of 150lbs. each, and carted away to keep things cool elsewhere. Ours is a practical age, in which the sublime and the beautiful have to give way to the prosaic and the utilitarian; but yet

it would seem that an ow-capped mountain-peaks are still in a state of ice-hole-ation.

Epigram. By A. Loafer.

To the chap as has plenty of wealth,
And to him as no riches inherits,
The best way to keep up his health
Is to thoroughly keep up his spirits.
But spirits, like pleasure, is fleetin',
And parched must be many a throttle,
If they be not used up in treatin',
But corked up and kept in a bottle!

Similar, though Different.

"A SAILOR should always be frank and honest, open and above-board," says a contemporary. Perfectly true—more than that, he should never be overboard either, which, though it sounds like being above-board, is not the same thing by any means



TOO AWFUL!

"'ULLO, OLD MAN! QUEER!"

"YES, VERY. BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST. I-I-I'VE LOST MY TEETH!"

SNACKS FROM OSTEND.

THE PRINCE OF WALES won golden opinions here on his recent brief visit to his sister, the Crown Princess of Germany. I have just picked up a little story you may depend on. It is said that, on landing, owing to some mistake, the royal carriages had not arrived, and there was no one to meet his Royal Highness but the English Vice-Consul, who, after receiving an invitation to dine with the Prince, was astonished to see him jump into a small pony-carriage, which, with a lumbering old one-horse omnibus, were the only conveyances near, and exclaim in a tone of triumph as he drove off, "This will do first-rate!"

A gentleman who had dined with the Royal Party went the next day to bathe with his two little boys, and on returning along the sands with trousers tucked high up, and boots and stockings under arms, was suddenly accosted by two ladies, one of whom he immediately recognized as the Crown Princess. "I felt as if my legs would not carry me," he said, in telling the tale. Fortunately they were very respectable legs, and perhaps her Imperial Highness thought so too.

The Skating Rink continues to be a great success here. There have been competitions for the PUMPHON Medals, though, as works of art, these will not compare with the SLOPER Medals, which have found their way to this place, and are much admired, particularly their outside edge.

It is rumoured that a foreigner of distinction, the other day, tackled three dozen natives! He had them with their beards on!

A wreck just off the mouth of the harbour is shortly to be blown up! Here is a chance for the Plate-glass Insurance Companies! Ostend rarebits are scarce.

"Q" IN THE CORNER.

ON the Lykam, near Zermatt, two English gentlemen, together with those well-known Alpinists the Brothers KNUBEL, have lost their lives in order to prove themselves suitable members of the Alpine Club. I should much like to know what physical or moral good accrues to society at large, the Alpine Club in particular, or the victims themselves, from the sacrifices annually made among Swiss mountains. I know the existing members of the Alpine Club can always assign a reason why their missing brethren disappear. The rope was rotten, the guide blinked his eye at the improper moment, or the victim lost his presence of mind at the very time it should have been strictly under command. Still, nothing that has yet been said can justify the foolhardiness which so often ends in the destruction of the foolhardy.

If people want to climb mountains, let them go to Holland.

There appears to be no subject which Dr. FRASER, Bishop of Manchester, does not know best. He has lately been describing the duties of the Sovereign Lady. It seems that one of HER MAJESTY'S functions is to open or "inaugurate" public build-

ings. Mr. Alderman Heywood "gave a banquet"—according to Mr. BRIGHT, a banquet that "stands distinguished above all the banquets that any of us have ever seen or attended"—in celebration of the opening of the Town Hall at Manchester, of which the Alderman is Mayor. The QUEEN could not attend. Thereupon Dr. FRASER thought it his duty to say that an occasion might arise when "the QUEEN would regret the day when she withheld her gracious presence from among the citizens of Manchester." When will Dr. FRASER learn that there are subjects with which he had better let others deal?

ANOTHER BOOM.

INDIVIDUALS of festive habits, who experience difficulties with the latch-key when they come home after midnight, will be pleased to hear that a French chemist has succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the

numbers of street doors at night. Figures traced with it shine so as to be read through the most profound darkness; and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and not injurious. Moreover, there is the advantage that by this means whatever "shine" attends his return, the prodigal has it all to himself, outside.

The Point of It. Two or three of the crack Volunteer corps of London, it is announced, have made up their minds, in place of the existing inelegant shako, to adopt the new military helmet, which is very generally praised for its ornamental as well as its comfortable and serviceable qualities.

The regiments adopting it will, it is supposed, have for their motto the well-known French sentence, "Here they spike the English."

The Cheapest Plate of Meat—From the River Plate.

A SUITABLE SITE FOR CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—Threadneedle Street, opposite the Royal Exchange.

THE FATE OF BIGGAR AND PARNELL FORETOLD BY SHAKESPEARE.—"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."—Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1.

WHEN we let out a room, it is "hired," but when we let out a fire, it is "lowered!" How is this?

Notice.—On the 27th instant will be published, "Ally Sloper's Comic Kalendar for 1878." Full of Pictures. 24 Pages, One Penny; Post Free, 43d. "Judy" Office, 73, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; and of every Bookseller, News-agent, and Railway Bookstall in the World.



ANOTHER HOLIDAY!

An Old Gentleman JUDY knows, says it is not a bit of use going to the Seaside unless you make up your mind to have the Full Benefit of the Sea Air.

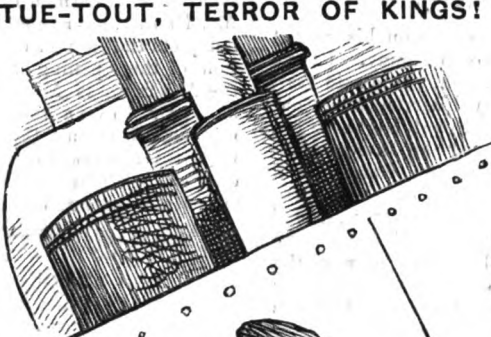
TUE-TOUT, TERROR OF KINGS!



2. The Terror of Kings assumes as upright a position as wind and weather will permit of.



4. Perfidious Albion! her reception of the man at whose name monarchies e'er now have shaken in their shoes. "Yah, ha! Look at him! Ain't he pee-green?"



1. NAUTICAL PERSON (on board *le Paquebot*).—"Now, then, Mossos, pull yourself together, we're alongside!"



3. Come along, Lou. Some of them Mossos 'll be jolly bad to-day; let's go and call Pork Fat at 'em!"



5. "And is it thus these Meserables dare address themselves to me? Moi, Tue-tout, Le Terreur des Rois! Qu'est cest que oe 'Whoa Enema'?"

THE LAY OF THE LAST SLOPER.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His once gay garb, now grim and gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The Harp, his sole remaining joy,

Was carried by the Office Boy.

The last of all the bards

was he

Who sang of Comic Kalendry;

For, well-a-day! their date

was fled,

His tuneful brethren all

were dead;

And he, neglected and op-

pressed,

Wished to be with them

and at rest.

No more, on prancing pal-

frey borne,

He carolled, light as lark at morn

No longer courted and caressed,

High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

He poured, to lord and lady gay,

The unpremeditated lay:

The bigots of an iron time



A RIVAL MINSTREL.

Had called his harmless art a crime—
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He harped in vain from door to door,
And people did unkindly say,
"A. SLOPER, slope, we know thy lay!"
Though loud he raised his plaintive cry,
And caused surprise to passers-by.
They heeded not. From all the town
He could not raise one blessed brown.

Meanwhile the Boy said,

"I must sup!"

And took and chucked A.

SLOPER up.

MORAL. — Always be in time! The right time is the 27th instant, when two hundred thousand copies of A. SLOPER's world-famed "Kalendar" (24 pages full of pictures, price One Penny only) will be hurled forth hurry in the day. Have one of them! Have a dozen, if you like (they come cheaper when taken in quantities). Buy! buy! Be in time! Here's excitement!

CADBURYS'

PURE

SOLUBLE!!

REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of those Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S New Pens neither scratch nor split, the points being rounded by a new process. The success of this invention has been so signal, that other firms now offer their pens under similar names. Buy a 6d. Sample Box, which will at once prove the superiority of C. B. & Co.'s Pens.

BOODLEBY'S MICHAELMAS GOOSE AGAIN.



1. Our readers may remember that BOODLEBY, last year, brought up a goose from infancy which was basely stolen from him on the eve of Michaelmas Day. This year he began at a still earlier period.



2. "There is one great advantage, mused B.; 'I shall know the bird from its birth will have nothing but the best of food.'"



3. He therefore lays in a stock of provisions.



4. But the question is, how to hatch it?



5. He consults his German neighbour, STINGMANN, whom he knows is a great thinker.



6. "I know," says S.; "we will sit on the egg by turns—"



7. "Like so!" A second later, and—crash! Another good egg gone wrong. There is one consolation, STINGMANN will now be obliged to have his dressing-gown washed.



BUTT, YOU KNOW!

[THERE would appear to be some mistake somewhere. The following seem to be the Answers to certain Questions; now what, in Goodness' Name, can those Questions have been?—JUDY.]

"PRETTY? Pretty! La! bless you, my dear, what can you be thinking of? Why, for my part, I call her positively ugly!"

"EH?...Well—er—, no, you know, dear boy, to tell you the truth, I was not there. Fact is, y' see, though the Duchess and I get on uncommon well—quite

pals, in fact—I really cannot stand the Dook; he—er—he is such a cad!"

"WELL, 'pon my word, this air here really seems to make one most precious dry. Yes, well, as you are so pressing, I don't mind just one more—as before, you know."

"FOR Ever and Ever, darling! I swear it by yon silver moon—by this little hand—by these dear lips—thus, and thus."

"WELL, my dear, far be it from me to be the means of making any unpleasantness; at the same time I think it only right that you should know.....Well, then, his flirtation with Miss SMITH was most palpable—quite the scandal of the evening, I assure you."

"UPON my honour, my dear fellow, I'm really awfully sorry; but, to tell you the truth, I haven't got it."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't think however it can have gone, sir—unless, sir, the cat 'ave 'ad it!"

"WHAT do I think, sir? Well, sir, I'll soon tell you what I think! I think that the more of the ruffians who are killed the better—the better, sir; and as for that fellow GLADSTONE and his

St. James's Hall friends, I think they should also be all exterminated—exterminated, by Jove!"

"WELL, as you ask my candid opinion, I must really say that, for such a ridiculously small sum, the 'COMIC KALENDAR for 1878' is a truly stupendous Penn'orth!"

A TALE OF "WHOA."

THROUGH the great city's streets we strolled,

My love and I, one quiet night;

Afar, the tide of traffic rolled;

Above, the moon shone cold and bright.

We sauntered idly to and fro,

And whispered tender words and low;

With love's sweet pain my bosom burned—

A boon to crave I fondly yearned.

In short, I then the question popped:

My fate upon her answer hung,

Her "Yes" was trembling on her tongue;

I really thought I should have dropped,

When suddenly a gamin passed,

"Whoa EMMA!" cried, and scampered fast

Away. The golden chance had fled—

She laughed, and left the word unsaid.

AN AWKWARD ADMISSION.

AT Bow Street the other day, during the hearing of the charge against the Scotland Yard detectives, one of the counsel had occasion to announce that "he was concerned" for a particular defendant. It is not contempt of court to say that, considering the present position of things, the learned gentleman in question is not concerned without very good reason.

Alarming Condition of the Emperor of Russia.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY is suffering terribly from Lombago and Lomb ague, and his constitution has consequently become so shattered and shaken, that the only chance of recovery depends upon his speedy return to his native land and living liberally and freely.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

The Major's Doubts—Singular Attitude of the Girls—The Room that Did for DAWKINS—The Boudoir of Beauty—The Cold Egg—The Improving Discourse—The Hash.

I AM not without certain secret misgivings with regard to the policy of going in heavily for Lady Helps. I should be inclined to advise, if you want my opinion upon the subject, that one is enough to try at a time where there are many unmarried girls in the house, particularly if the girls are of mature age.

I have no doubt that the experience of married men may prove happier, and I should imagine that a young Lady Help would be just what a middle-aged married lady would like to introduce into her establishment; but, in the case of a household where there are unmarried girls of a mature age, it is calculated to lead to unkindly feelings, and possibly even come to slaps.

At the same time, it must be allowed that nothing could be more considerate than the behaviour of ROSABEL and AURORA towards the Girls.

The truth is, the Girls have not been brought up to domestic duties. BATHSHEBA at an early age went in for old china, whilst CASSANDRA took to water-colours, and URSULA to the four-finger exercise. In each branch of study one or other of the Girls excels, and in Berlin woolwork, in all its branches, I am ready to maintain that the Girls have no equals.

There has, up to now, been no occasion for the Girls to perform duties of a menial character. I am not a man of large means, but I have a little independency, which entitles me to cultivate the refinements of life, and I would prefer that my sisters—the Girls—should continue to collect china (in moderation), to paint views (of adjacent scenery) in water-colours, and to practise the four-finger exercise (within limits).

I must confess I am surprised the Girls have not entered with more enthusiasm into this practical test of the question of Lady Helps, which theoretically has, to my certain knowledge, met with much approval at my own dinner-table.

I trust I have made myself sufficiently understood to have avoided a possible misconception respecting the Girls' behaviour towards ROSABEL and AURORA. The Girls have made no open resistance. They would not venture to do so when I have once expressed a wish, but there is a want of responsiveness which, I fear, must tend to make ROSABEL and AURORA feel uncomfortable.

For my own part, I am doing all I can to cause a contrary impression. My first step has been to see that the dormitory allotted to them is equal to the occasion. The Girls appear to think that the spare bedroom we set apart for an occasional guest is not perhaps, the one that should be used, and CASSANDRA says, "Won't DAWKINS's room do for them?"

I have a look at the room that did for DAWKINS, and rather wonder it didn't do for her in another sense. Although there is rather a superabundance of roof to DAWKINS's room, which comes in contact with your head when you turn round if not in the habit of ducking to avoid it, there is a hole in the roof through which the rain is just now dripping.

* The window is, in itself, not a bad sort of window, if it were



ROSABEL ON NURSING.



THE TWINS AT IT.

placed so that the light could get in through it, and it ought to shut an inch or two tighter.

I suppose DAWKINS must have been rather tired of a night, or I don't see how she could have slept in that bed; and I dare say she found it handier to lift her washstand jug without a handle, or she might possibly have mentioned it.

I suppose, too, lots of people don't care about having a soap-dish or a tooth-glass.

If the Misses MONTGOMERY

are to occupy the disgraceful cockloft vacated by DAWKINS, we want the plumbers, glaziers, and painters here at once, and a cart-load of furniture to follow. Under these circumstances, I don't see how we can do better than allow the young Lady Helps to occupy the spare room for a night.

I have indicated their apartment to Miss AURORA, and she has gone into it with a graceful inclination. Miss ROSABEL is at this moment asking BATHSHEBA for a couple of large-sized Baden bath towels, and has just suggested that the position of the toilet-table shall be changed to one more desirable as regards reflection.

* * *

The morning meal is upon the table punctually to the very moment we fixed upon overnight.

I am ashamed to say I myself am not quite ready for it. I wonder whether the Girls are?

The Girls are not, thank Goodness, and I am down first, and just able to pour out a cup of coffee, butter a bit of toast, and begin breaking the shell of an egg, before the first one descends.

"Really, BATHSHEBA," I exclaim, "you must endeavour to be punctual. It gives no encouragement!"

BATHSHEBA's face wears an expression indicative of a mouldering, as she silently helps herself to a piece of lukewarm bacon. Meanwhile, I go on with my lukewarm egg, and don't think I care for an egg at that temperature when only slightly cooked.

If I saw my way clear, I think I should pocket this egg surreptitiously, whilst BATHSHEBA was looking another way; but an underdone egg with a hole in it is such a messy thing to carry! Besides, there would be inquiries about the shell. Suppose I leave the egg uneaten? But I can't very well do that; it might hurt AURORA's feelings.

I have been for a stroll across the hill, and had a sandwich at a house on the other side, and am now on my way back to lunch.

As I open the street door I hear a Babel of female voices. Everybody seems to be talking at once; but I have observed that this is the ordinary method of carrying on a conversation between women. Is it a row? No. The Girls are actually paling on (if I may use such a term) with ROSABEL and AURORA.

At this moment but one voice is audible. It is AURORA's, and she is expatiating on the advantages accruing from the proper seasoning of minced beef, at which the Girls are expressing wonder and delight.

And now it is ROSABEL, who is briefly running through the duties of a nurse, with the view to showing that a child need never cry if properly managed. How nice this is! What's that?

The Twins at this moment are howling their loudest upstairs. I mention the fact as I enter, and whilst ROSABEL goes to look after them, AURORA places the hash upon the table.

"Now," cries URSULA, ecstatically,—"now, Major, you must taste this!" I do. I have. It tastes smoky.



AURORA ON HASH.



TASTING THE HASH.



THE THREE C



EAR FRIENDS,

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN. (Being Easy Essays with an Easier Moral.)

SIN THE SIXTH—"THAT HUSBAND OF HERS."

WHAT, may I perhaps be allowed to mildly inquire, is there, or *can* there be, of more awfully serious, more tremendously vital, more really and truly, and undoubtedly, and indubitably greater importance to every Lady than her Sixth Sin, *videlicet*—"That Husband of Hers?".....

What do I hear?.....Is it possible that you—you, dear Young Lady Reader, with those sweetly pretty golden tresses, that bewilderingly bewitching baby-face, and that smile, so "child-like and bland," have just positively whispered, in that ever gentle and silvery voice, those two strange syllables which, placed in conjunction, form together this strangely suggestive sentence, "*His Money!*"..... No, no, I'll not believe it! Of a surety, you,

my paragon of Young Lady Pets, must know better than that *Money*, indeed, the Root of All Evil! Fie! perish, oh, perish, such paltry dross! And what weight, I should like to be informed, can golden guineas have when placed in the scales with a poor, but honest Hubby. Ah, yes, what, oh, what, indeed?.....No, I will not pause for a reply. For where, I should like to know, where is the Female who is brazen enough to uphold such a gilded religion?.....

Again, what do I hear? Can that be only Echo which answers, so very distinctly, not "Where? Where?" but "*Here! Here!*" Surely I must be mistaken; surely no lady could have so unblushingly—so unmis- takably have declared her brazen intention of not "behaving as such!"

In case, nevertheless—in case there *should*, or *could*, or *might*, or ever *may* possibly exist anywhere such a brazen Person as to actually possess such terrible ideas with regard to her Sixth Sin, I will now proceed to illustrate most crushingly to that miserable Person the truly awful results following on putting those "ideas" into practical working. In the sincere hope, then, that every Young Lady Reader will take it to her heart of hearts, and thereby profit muchly, I now beg to triumphantly produce my Crushing Illustration.

Exactly, then (or thereabouts), twelve years ago, the two prettiest and most promising pupils of Miss MINERVA SOLON'S Select Establishment for Young Ladies, Clapham Rise, left that respected lady's protective wing at the termination of the same quarter. As was the custom at Minerva Villa, the two pupils, who, I may here observe, were named respectively CLARA and SARAH, were called into Miss MINERVA'S room prior to their departure to receive the regulation glass of wine, slice of cake, and last exhortations of the respected Preceptress.

"And now, my beloved pupils, CLARA and SARAH," said the worthy lady, taking a hand of each, and speaking with a quite beautiful emotion, "I have only one more piece of advice to

give, ere sending you forth into the wicked, wicked world. 'Tis *even* this:—When you *do* Marry, be sure and do it with but *one* idea—one solitary guiding thought. Yes, my beloved CLARA and SARAH, when you Marry let it be for Love, and for Love alone."

"Yes, oh, yes, dear Miss MINERVA," murmured CLARA, ecstatically, when I Marry 'twill be for Love, and that alone. Perish, I say, oh, perish, all ideas of base lucre, of horrid mercenary calculation!"

"Bless you, my dear!" sobbed the wise old lady. "Act strictly up to those ideas, and your future happiness is indeed secured."

"Well," said SARAH briskly, "for my part, I don't quite agree with CLARA. Surely you recollect the proverb, 'When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.' My ideas are that it's simply Wicked Stupidness tying one's self up to a poor man."

And 'twas in vain that the wise and worthy Preceptress strove to disabuse this wicked SARAH of her brazen opinion.

Years rolled away, CLARA and SARAH both married according to their respective ideas.

It was only the day before yesterday that I dined for the first time at SARAH'S hospitable board. I found SARAH'S Hubby to be a remarkably plain and commonplace sort of man; he was also bald, and ran decidedly to corpulency. At the same time, I found him to be a good-tempered and wealthy man; whilst his prosperity was reflected in the handsome face of SARAH herself, who had become quite jolly and comfortable-looking.

"Ah," said Mr. SARAH, when the ladies had left us,

"I know my good wife didn't marry me 'for Love,' as the idiotic saying goes; but then I was able to make her comfortable, and give her every luxury money could buy, and by this time I—ha, ha!—don't think she quite *hates* me, you know. We never have a word, and, 'pon my soul, are as happy as a pair of right-down regular turtle-doves. Now, there's her particular friend, CLARA—Mrs. COOBIDDY, you know. Well, she married COOBIDDY because he had a sweet tenor voice, blue eyes, and lovely moustache—"For Love," in fact. COOBIDDY only has a couple of hundreds a year, and 'll never have any more. She's had about enough of the moustache by this time, and the tenor's cracked. Poor CLARA, she's got nothing else now, not even a glass of decent wine..... Just try this '34 Port; it's SARAH'S own favourite one, and, though I say it, it's really A1.....

It was A1.

Gentle Readers all, I hope you see the crushingness of my Illustration.....*What do I hear?*....."Your moral's all wrong again." Pooh! How can one's morals ever go wrong? Why, only just fancy such a thing!

The Thames Inundation.

It would seem that Mr. CHARLES WARNER was quite wet enough the first night, yet JUDY sincerely trusts he will live to be a wetter'un.



THE PULL OF IT.

Sentimental Young Lady. OH, WOULD THAT THIS COULD GO ON FOR EVER!

[But he is pretty well dead beat, as it is.]

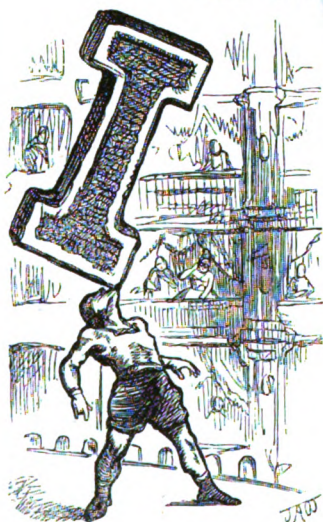


PLEASANT FOR BROWN

who cannot mount without a groom and a bucket.

"Oh, MR. BROWN, I'VE DROPPED MY WHIP!"

THE ONLY JONES.



I am glad to see that, in the matter of costume, a young beginner of the name of GRÉVIN is at last getting a chance over here, and I have no doubt making really a very good thing of it. I also hail with acclamation the creation of a new office in the person of Mrs. JOHNSON, who makes her first appearance upon an English programme as *chef du chant*. How it is we could have gone on so long without a *chef du chant* I cannot conceive, but the invention of comedy bouffe has happily filled a void which has been long felt. I am of opinion that I should be doing an injustice, not to call attention to some one or other who, hiding himself modestly in the background, yet shows evidence of the possession

of a keen sense of the Ideal and the Beautiful. I allude to the artist who grouped together, at the bottom of the third page of the programme, a cluster of sweet names, appertaining to still sweeter young ladies, who have something to do with the choruses. Oh, LOUIE CADOGAN, ETHEL and AMY BARRINGTON, KATE GRAHAME, LUCY LEE, JESSIE BAILIE, ROSE ST. GEORGE, KATE LEESON, DAISY ANGEL, FLORENCE LAVENDER, ETHEL MONTAIGNE, ALICE POLETTI, MARY DOUGLAS, &c.—I don't know which is which, but I admire you all! If anything, perhaps, I love Etcetera most. *Apropos* of GRÉVIN's designs, I recognized one—that of a very pretty dress, in which Miss NELLY BROMLEY looked very pretty.

I have once or twice ventured to express my doubt about the construction of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's plots. I am probably the only person of the name of JONES now living who felt as though rather a cruel wrong had been done him when, after following eagerly the career of that man Cuff in "The Moonstone" week after week for months, I began to have a hazy suspicion that the author had no more idea how the confounded mystery was to be cleared up than I had myself. It was a shock, I own, and I straightway began counting up the cost of the back numbers. Yet it would have been a mean thing to leave off taking in the tale, and I manfully stuck to my WILKIE, and saw him through that somnambulistic *tour de force*, and felt sad, but did not say much at the time. I may be wrong, you know, though I am the only JONES who ever owns up when he is; but I cannot believe that anybody could have sat down seriously to pile up mysteries with such a solution in view. The solution could never have been guessed at by Mr. COLLINS's readers, because nobody could have imagined it probable that anything so childish were likely to come.

These remarks refer to the novel, not the Olympic play. In the play the author gives us the solution to start with, and we forgive him and get over it, and follow out the story. The story on the stage, such as it is, is well told, and its progress is watched with breathless interest, so that I may pretty safely say you will be amused by it, though, possibly, not greatly edified. Mr. HENRY NEVILLE's part exactly fits him, and Miss PATEMAN shows to much advantage and dresses very nicely (with not the least bit too long a train). Mrs. SEYMOUR possibly says a little too much about trousers. The Penelope of Miss GERARD is one of the best things in the piece after Mr. O. HILL's old butler—a most lifelike character. The way the effects are managed in the various changes from candlelight to moonlight, firelight and daylight, I never saw equalled on the stage.

After carefully perusing all that everybody else has said respecting the opening of the comedy bouffe season at the Folly (with an extremely pretty wallpaper in the passage), I find that there is but little left for me to say that has not been said before.

SLOPER'S KALENDAR AND THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

THE Emperor of Brazil, who is on the eve of returning home, is said to have left in various capitals no less than five assistant secretaries completely knocked up by the work which their too energetic master imposed upon them. His Majesty has seen almost everything, but he still lingers. He feels that his visit will be incomplete if he leaves the hemisphere without a copy of SLOPER'S Kalendar. So he stays on, with a fresh assistant secretary, whose sole business it will be to explain all SLOPER'S jokes.

As It Should Be.

THE Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P., we hear, has consented to be put in nomination for membership of the Shipwrights' Company. Here is another instance of the manner in which the members of the present Government stand in happy contrast to the late Administration. In the hands of the new First Lord not only is every vessel in the navy sure to be in the best possible order, but such is the Right Hon. gentleman's sense of duty, that he will shortly be a ship right himself.

The Worst of All.

A CORRESPONDENT with the Russian Army says that "the commissariat arrangements are terribly bad, and that the Russian soldiers have not only to fight hard, but to fare hard as well." Unfortunately it is too often so: the worst kind of fare ever heard of is war-fare.

Very Pussy-bly.

SOME good-hearted people in Belgium have taken a useful domestic animal into their special protection, and in consequence a society for the mental improvement of cats has been formed there. How a cat is to be mentally improved is a problem which few people are able to solve, but of course it all depends upon the method which is puss-ued.

Imperfect Measurement.

THE phrases "a stone's throw," "five minutes' walk," and so forth, are frequently used as a measure for short distances. The last thing out is, "within screaming distance of a baby." But this is an unsatisfactory idiom after all, for so much depends upon the baby, that no one can say how (l) long such a distance may be.

Loaves and Fishes.

IT is reported that the Manchester Aquarium has been sold by private contract for the sum of £6,950, the purchaser being Bishop VAUGHAN, of Salford, who proposes to carry on the institution as an aquarium and museum.

Of persons 'tis said, that it always their wish is
To get a full share of the loaves and the fishes,
Agreeing in this, e'en though discord may vary 'em :—
Well, here is a bishop who owns an aquarium !

Not the Genuine Article.

THE visitors at the fashionable Normandy watering-place, Deauville, we are told, are "going in for the economic." Gentlemen

at parties wear a pair of gloves between them; that is to say, each gentleman wears one glove, and one only. But this is going in the direction of economy, rather than practising the virtue itself; for true economy never consists in doing things by halves.

The Same Thing.

DEALING with the doctrine of confession, a contemporary thinks that no words are too hard for "the so-called priest who would as lightly destroy the pure innocence of a young heart, as he would kill a bluebottle." The illustration, though curious, is apt enough; for whether you confess, or whether you kill bluebottles, in both cases you unbuzz-'em.

What It is For.

OUR now familiar friend the Colorado beetle has made its appearance in the agony column of the *Times*, in the following announcement:—"The Colorado Beetle.—Supporters of the theory that all created life was brought into being for the use of man, are earnestly requested to explain the utility to humanity of the above creature.—Address, Scientific Inquirer, &c." There is no difficulty in answering the question. If it has no other object, this creature clearly serves to furnish with occupation imbeciles who have nothing better to occupy their time.

A Hint for the Czar.

FOR the purpose of raising funds to carry on the war against Turkey, a tax of one hundred roubles per annum has been imposed on every piano in Russia. Whatever may be said against this course, there can be no doubt that a duty on musical instruments is not fixed without sound reasons; although one would perhaps look to a tax on fiddle-strings as being more likely to provide the sinews of war.

No Doubt of It.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON thinks it is a sorry sight to see a farmer mounted

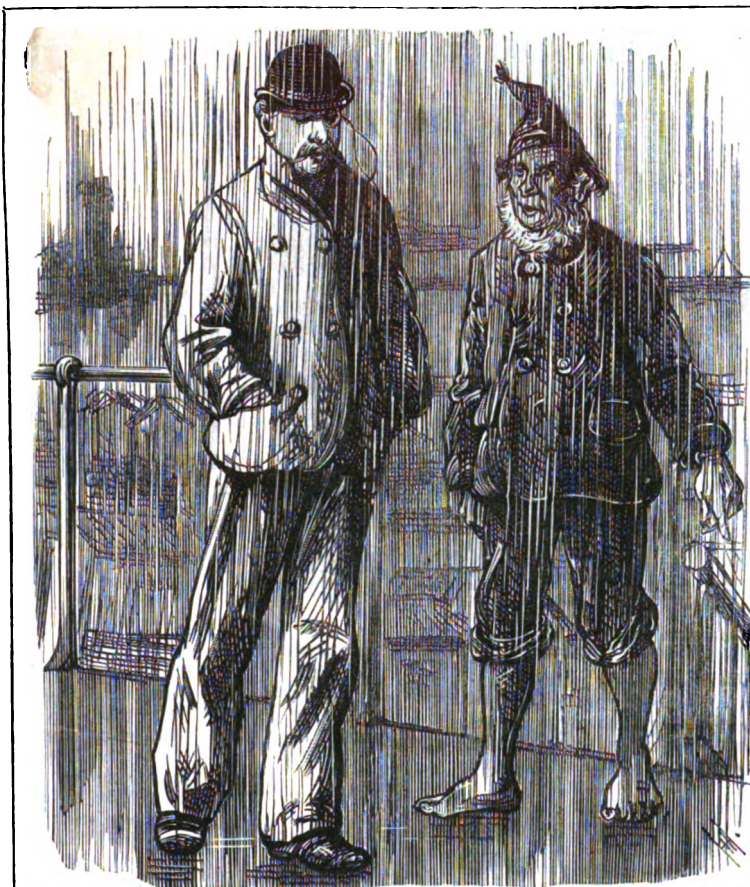
on his cob, stopping at a roadside inn for a glass of whisky. He does not understand how it is that a man cannot ride home from market without pausing on the road for an alcoholic stimulant. Without venturing upon a learned explanation, is it not possible that the canter suggests the decanter?

WHY is suicide like a young Hindoo in India?—Because it's euthanasia (youth in Asia).

Notice.—To-morrow, will be published,

"ALLY SLOPER'S COMIC KALENDAR FOR 1878."

Full of Pictures. Twenty-four Pages, One Penny; Post Free, 4d. "Judy" Office, 73, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; and of every Bookseller, Newsagent, and Railway Bookstall in the World.

**THE RIGHT WORD.**

"WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE BATH THIS MORNING, SIR?"

THAT RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

"A Russian lady of rank had been lodging in the same house with a family at Schwalbach, the youngest member of which was a baby, of the age when babies have 'no language but a cry.' One night the baby was restless, and cried with a vigour and persistency which did credit to its lungs. The Russian lady thereupon sent a curt message to the effect that the child must be quieted at once, and kept quiet. The mother did her best to pacify the peccant babe, but in vain. Then the Russian lady swept majestically into the room *à propos person*, as appalling as Juno in her wrath, and fiercely demanded to know why the child had not been quieted, according to her orders. 'I tried hard,' pleaded the mother, 'but it was impossible.' 'Impossible—bah!' exclaimed the gentle Russ. 'I tell you, you must silence it!' 'But I have tried, and I cannot,' expostulated the mother. 'Very well, then kill it—(tuez-le!)' furiously exclaimed the Muscovite matron."—*Daily Paper.*



2. "HUSH!"



1. "HERE'S HER ROYAL HIGHNESS!"



3. "SHE'S COMING AGAIN!"



4. "IT'S GONE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS!"

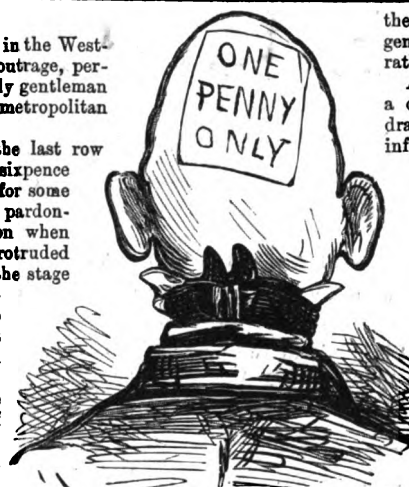
5. "SLAVE, THOU LIEST!" *Eguchi!*

SHAMEFUL AFFAIR.

A WELL-KNOWN and fashionably frequented theatre in the West-end has recently been the scene of a disgraceful outrage, perpetrated on the back part of the head of an elderly gentleman well known in literary circles and the principal metropolitan police courts.

The gentleman in question having got a seat in the last row of the stalls given to him, unwillingly parted with sixpence and sat down behind a pillar, and was not noticed for some time. Shortly, however, perhaps prompted by a pardonable anxiety to know a little about what went on when the curtain was up, the gentleman in question protruded his head round one side of the pillar, and raked the stage with his off eye. He was then requested by a person behind him, in the front row of the pit, to remove his hat. Upon his offering some slight objection, it was pointed out to him that he could walk in and out with it on as much as he liked, and pass up the row with it on in front of the ladies, as other gentlemen are in the habit of doing, but that when he sat down he must take it off.

Upon this the elderly gentleman got up and pointed out that where he sat there was a draught that was enough to cut his ear off. In answer to



THE OUTRAGE.

the objection urged, however, it was pointed out to the gentleman that his ears were no ornament to him, but rather otherwise. He then sat down and took off his hat.

A person connected with the management, who had a considerable pecuniary interest in the success of the drama then being enacted, is now offering a reward for information calculated to bring the perpetrator of this gross outrage to justice, it having been already decided in a court of law that SLOPER himself, though he swears he did not, would have been at liberty to advertise his forthcoming "Kalendar" by posting it on bare places unprotected by law. He owns now that he acted wrongly in ejecting A. SLOPER, accompanied by kicks; but he says you ought to have heard the people screaming with laughter all through the heroine's death scene.

The "Kalendar" casually referred to above is A. SLOPER's, which will be published on Thursday next, the 27th instant. N.B.—Notice is hereby given that the ordinary traffic in the E.C. district will be entirely suspended on this day. Parties objecting personally to A. SLOPER had better go to an uninhabited island on the 27th instant.

CADBURY'S
PURE
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!
COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

LIEBIG'S
LIQUID
EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavour. This, the essence of nourishment, will fortify the feeblest, and is a sine qua non to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

LIEBIG'S
TONIC WINE.

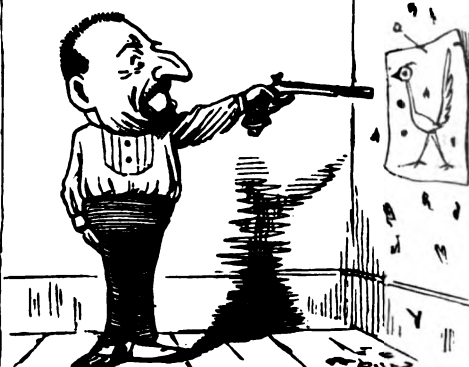
By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a liquor of unrivalled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its re-invigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.; assorted sample case sent to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post-Office Order for 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.

ALPHONSE DE POMPON'S DAY'S PHEASANT SHOOTING.



"Mon ami," said ALPHONSE, the other day, to himself, in his chamber in Dean Street, Soho, "you have gone all so summare, and not vunde shot ze Fox or hunted ze vild Cooq Pheasant—you must!"



As ALPHONSE hears that the height of the season for Pheasant Shooting is about the First, he will go in for that, and practises accordingly.



To the delight of a Lady Lodger in the adjoining room.



Having resolved upon making Wimbledon Common the scene of his exploits, he invests in a Hunting Costume, en royale.



And, early in the morning of the First, starts. "Come on, BILLIE! Here's a preforming Mossoo! Hooray!"



He arrives on the Common, and waits several hours for Pheasants to turn up. They don't; so he attempts a little practice at the Butts, just to keep his hand in.



But is eventually politely requested to leave by the Commanding Officer of a Volunteer Firing Party. ALPHONSE remarked to his friend, GUSTAVE, that evening, "Oui, mon ami, ze militaire only could compel a DE POMPON to retire; but for eat, ah! I should have stopped and got a good bag!"

A FEW FACTS RELATING TO SLOPER.

THE time has now arrived when all further attempts at concealment are useless. A. SLOPER's "Kalendar" is before the world, and the world has pronounced its verdict upon that great work. It has been universally allowed to be this year a more stupendous penn'orth than ever!

Since last Thursday, when the first half million went off, A. SLOPER has been unlike himself. He has eaten oysters at his own expense at LYNN's and bought rare Londres cigars of Mr. WEINGOTT which have been twenty-one years in bond—probably saving up for this great occasion. "Glasses round" are the two simple words with which he enters any bar, and the welkin never ceases ringing.

People are going about now asking one another whether this kind of thing can last, and there is some talk of having SLOPER photographed cheaply and hung up somewhere behind a door, or something.

In the meanwhile, whatever else you do, buy his "Kalendar."

Buy, borrow, or steal the necessary penny; or, if the worst comes, even work for it; but get it somehow, and buy the "Kalendar."

Break into the money which you

have put away to pay your rent, and buy the "Kalendar." Reduce the amount of your intended donation to your favourite charity by one penny, and buy the "Kalendar."

No Englishman's home is complete without the "Kalendar."

You may take A. SLOPER's word for the foregoing statements, which are mostly true.

SOME KURR-SORY REMARKS.

GERMAN visitors to the metropolis are respectfully informed that the London Kurr-haus is situated at Millbank.

If one of the convict witnesses were to cut up rough under his cross-examination, why would he resemble a cottage-loaf?—Because he would be KURR-rusty. If he were to turn surly, why would he be a dangerous lunatic?—Why, because he would be KURR rab(b)id, wouldn't he?

The detective's motto, *I currie*. Very free translation: I wanted KURR to run away!

But talking of Kur-lers, have you seen a Kur-ious sixpennyworth relating to the Detective case? If not, ask for it and buy it; it is capital!

THE electors of Stoke-upon-Trent have reason to prefer Dr. KENNELLY's umbrella to himself, because it is a shade better than himself.

THE Last Letter of GLADSTONE—E, to be sure. (He! he!)

It is not true that the Court of Arches is in the Adelphi.



SAINT SLOPER.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

The Bold Soldier—The Colorado Beetle-trap—More of the Bold Soldier—Lunch—The Bold Soldier again—The Garden Wall—Altogether too much of the Bold Soldier.

This is very nice!

Of course I knew from the first that the Girls would not keep on acting unreasonably, but I was inclined to think that their unreasonableness might have lasted longer. It was, I thought, possible that the Misses MONTGOMERY had been rather too much of a shock to the Girls. Since then things have shaken down, and general joy prevails.

This is very nice!

Hallo!

* * *

A remarkably bold looking soldier has just passed by the house, tapping his chin with the end of his cane, and ogling my upper story.

A detachment of the Onety-oneth were expected to be quartered shortly in Haggelbury, our nearest market town. I did not know they had come down yet, but such is evidently the case. BATHSEBA and URSULA have entered into the matter with something like enthusiasm. They say it will make Haggelbury quite gay, but CASSANDRA is inclined to think that the advent of red coats may tend towards carryings-on, more especially in the case of the Haggelbury servant-girls. On this, BATHSEBA very properly points out that the Haggelbury servant-girls are staid and proper servant-girls, and not at all like the servant-girls elsewhere, and that if the soldiers come there with an idea of carrying-on, they will find that they have come to the wrong place.

Meanwhile, what I want to know is, why that bold soldier ogled my upper story. Surely to goodness BATHSEBA and URSULA would not encourage —

However, he is gone now, and I have an important letter I wish to send off this morning to the Editor of the *Times*, relative to a singularly simple, though curiously ingenious, Colorado Beetle-trap which has just occurred to me; from which, when the Colorado Beetle has once got in, it will be absolutely impossible to dialodge him without breaking the trap. It is most extraordinary that this idea has never occurred to anybody before, and certainly I must lose no time in putting it down on paper.

* * *

I have been much longer putting it down than I expected to be. Though the trap when made would be simplicity itself, I find that it has taken upwards of seven hundred words to explain it with anything approaching to lucidity; and even now I am not quite sure that I could understand it if it had been written by some one else, and were read to me for the first time.

Perhaps it will be best to defer sending to the *Times* to-day, and to take a walk over the hill and back just to clear my head, and then read the thing through quietly.

I am half-way up the hill when I observe an object upon its

brow, standing out against the sky as though it were on the extreme limit of the earth in that direction, and must either topple over or turn back. It turns back, however, and, as it approaches nearer, I discover it to be the same bold military man again.

But why the deuce is he coming this way? His way to Haggelbury is over the hill in the opposite direction. Has he lost it?

It may be unnecessary to point out to the reader, who has the advantage of Mr. CHASEMORE's somewhat flippant, though on the whole trustworthy, sketches to refer to, that my aspect when in repose is martial. I have recently, however, suffered somewhat severely from my feet, and have not that firmness of tread which accompanied my movements on the tented field. As the distance

between this same bold soldier and me gradually lessens, I pull myself together as much as possible, and, holding my head erect, step forth.

I may be wrong, but I am under the impression that when this soldier's eye meets mine he will salute me. I shall then enter into conversation with him and ascertain particulars.

* * *

I was wrong, but it has been the result of unforeseen circumstances. I met his eye, but he did not salute me. At the moment I met it I kicked a loose stone with my big toe, and made a face. The bold soldier was pleased to grin at this accident or the face I made, and he has passed on without any conversation being entered into.

At this moment I hardly feel inclined for conversation. I am standing on one leg, nursing the injured toe in my hand, and I dare say I am making a series of faces.

Looking after the bold soldier, I meet his eye as he turns his head. He is still grinning.

* * *

My toe is better now. I have been over the hill, and am now upon my way home again.

I have cleared my head, and intend to go thoroughly into the Colorado Beetle-trap. It occurs to me that if the total destruction of the traps is an absolute necessity in every case of emptying, the expense of continually getting new traps may be urged as a drawback. I must endeavour to

meet this objection, however, without loss of time.

Hallo!

* * *

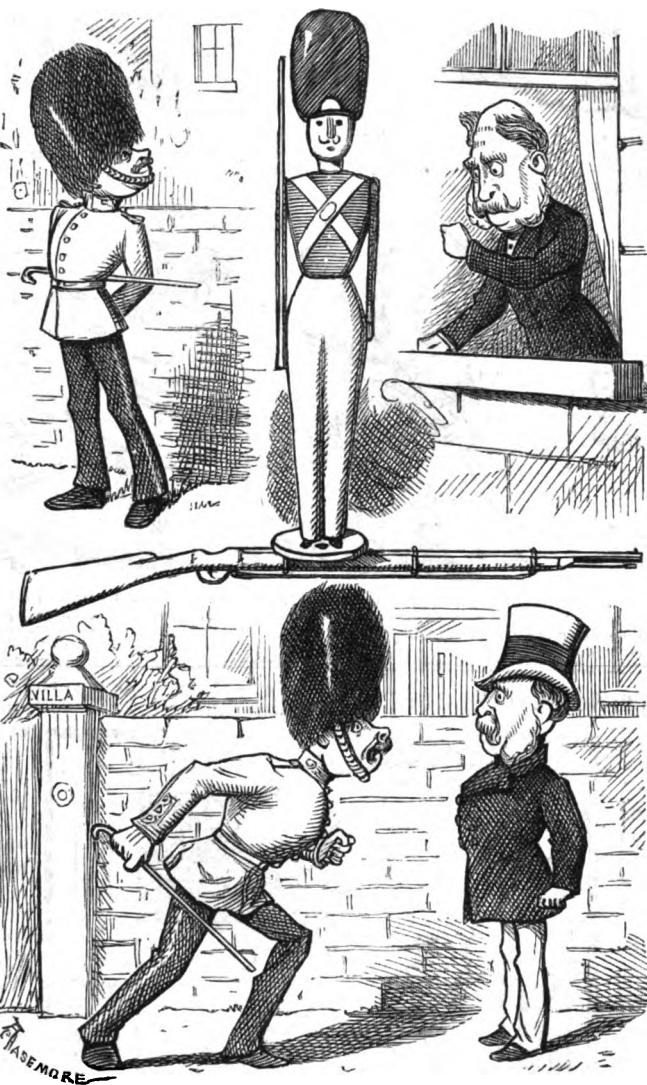
Accidentally looking through the parlour window on my way to my study, I observe the self-same bold soldier, with his legs much straddled, standing directly in front of my house, and again ogling my upper story.

"Confound you, fellow! How dare you?"

He has not heard me, because the window is shut. But he ought to see me shaking my fist. Somehow, however, he doesn't; and now he has gone on again, and — No, it can't be — yes, it is, though — *kissing his hand!*

Upon my soul, this is really too bad of BATHSEBA and URSULA!

I cannot for a moment conceive that they have done anything to warrant such a liberty on the part of the said bold soldier, but what I complain of is their impudence in showing themselves



THE BOLD SOLDIER; HIS CARRYINGS-ON.



CATCHING

The Emperor of Russia (as Sir ANDREW, for this occasion only). Plasma cuts out with a knife.



A TARTAR.

at and so cunning in fence. I'd have seen him hanged ere I'd have challenged him.—*Twelfth Night (improved).*

at the windows at all; for I am aware, from experience, that the very smallest amount of encouragement is necessary. "BATHSEBA! URSULA! Are you upstairs?"

They are, and they descend in answer to my summons. I fix them with my eye. There is decidedly an unusual colour upon the faces of both, and most undoubtedly they quail beneath my glance.

BATHSEBA, with an unwonted sprightliness, says: "Major, the Onety-oneth have arrived. There have been several pass by this morning."

This is nice news! Have the others kissed their hands too, I wonder? We shall have all the regiment down here at it to-morrow. Stay, though; is it possible the Girls have been carried away by the novelty of the occurrence, and have not recognized this fellow to be the same soldier passing and repassing?

"What very fine men they are!" exclaims URSULA.

Upon second thoughts, I will not at present say what I intended to say to the Girls, but will watch the course of events.

Lunch is ready now. How punctual Miss AURORA is! Irish stew, and yet how unlike any Irish stew I have ever tasted before. In fact, quite a pleasant change, with something of the flavour of à la mode beef! Henceforth our cuisine will not be wanting in variety.

There was something in that stew beyond the ordinary filling properties of stew, and I really now feel quite disinclined to go into the Beetle-trap. I will, therefore, go for a walk instead.

I go across the fields at the back of my house, and compose my thoughts on my favourite stile till I feel rather sleepy, and then return. As I approach my garden-wall, the sound of a musical voice falls upon my ear. It belongs to Miss ROSABEL. She is reciting the poem of "Baby Bunting." Hitherto I have failed to see much poetry in B.B.; but, now, how different!

If I thought she would not observe me, I should really very much like to take a peep over the wall. I will.

"Now then, old What's o'clock, none o' that!"

It is the bold soldier tugging at my coat-tails.

"Leave go, fellow!"

"Not me. You leave the young gal alone, will you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Nothing New.

The following announcement may be seen in a shop in a small street out of the Strand, near Somerset House: "Bread is Going Down." As wheat was recently going up, this is good news of course; but then bread always does go down—in fact, nothing ever goes down like it.

A ROYAL BLUE—King Indigo.
CHEAP BUSES—Stolen Kisses.
FLOATING CAPITAL—The Obelisk.

SOMETHING LIKE A "PHEASANT" TALE!

Being another Eventful Day by the Undecided Gentleman.

SCENE—My Sitting-room. TIME—10 A.M., Breakfast-time. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Myself, and SIMMONDS (my man).

MYSELF (loquiter).—Are you quite sure, SIMMONDS, that you've allowed sufficient time for the tea to draw!.....Do you really mean to tell me you call that buttered toast? Why, where's the butter, I should like to know!.....Now I'm certain, SIMMONDS, that egg's a beastly Ostend-er.....New! laid! Pooh! Pahaw!!.....Now I do hope, SIMMONDS, you've not let Mrs. DUBBLEKOHIN overdo my kidneys this time; if there is one thing more than another thing I am particular about it's my kidneys!.....And, SIMMONDS, 'pon my soul, you know, I cannot stand that confounded pepper-box any longer! do, there's a good fellow, try and get me one with a lid that will keep on.....And, oh! I say, SIMMONDS, will you just look through the paper to see if there ain't any more "Atrocities" this morning, because, don't give it me if there are, don't you know?

Now, 'pon my soul, you know, this is really too bad! Just what I said, too. Of course, I knew I was right! That fellow, SIMMONDS, is getting as pig-headed as—a regular pig, you know. He did not allow sufficient time—this tea is sloop, simply sloop!.....And all the whole blessed morning have I been looking forward to a good cup of tea to set me all right.

Reflection (after a "pick-up" of curaçoa and small soda).—Let's try and reflect, though, now, what the Deuce it was I was trying to reflect about when I got back last night about having to make up my mind to do something this morning. Let's see, now.....No, dash me if I can remember!.....Let's try the Almanack, and see if that'll remind me. Eh? What is to-day, though?.....Where's the paper?.....Yes, Monday, the 1st October. Good. Now for the Almanack.....Now then—July—August—September—October! Here we are! "OCTOBER.—SUNDAYS. FESTIVALS. NATURAL PHENOMENA AND REMARKABLE EVENTS." Now for it! "MONDAY, 1st.—Camb. Mich. Term." Bah! "TUESDAY.—Miss RIFFIN Died, 1850. ELIZABETH MONTAGUE Died, 1720." Pahaw!! Let's try another Almanack! Here we are! "OCTOBER.—REMARKABLE DAYS, &c. 1st, MONDAY.—Pheasant Shoot-

ing Begins." Jove! Of course! Yes, that's it—that's the nightmare with the doose of a tail I had worriting all last night!

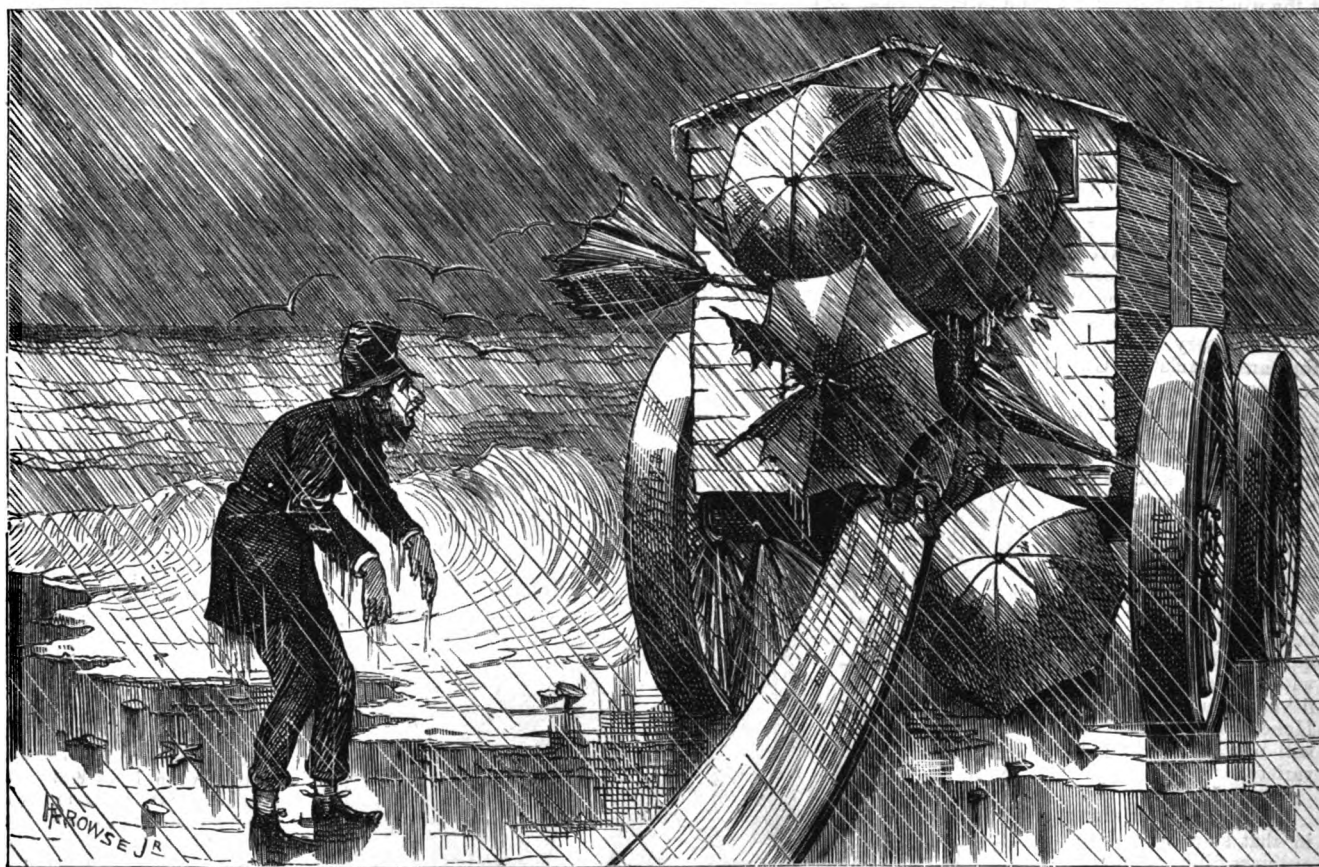
N.B. (on taking up pile of letters from beside plate).—"Gad, and here's TOM BADGER's letter! Confound the fellow! I wish to Goodness people wouldn't go sending one their confounded letters to read, and bother one!.....Suppose I ought to read it, though.....Let's see, now....."

"Directly you get this, old man, bustle up! Pop your rags into a port-manteau; pop yourself into a hansom, and pop away down here like winking to pop away at the pheasants—without winking, though, by the bye. The dog-cart shall meet the 10.25 and 11.50 from Paddington. If you only catch the 11.50, the cart shall bring you straight to Bramble Bottom, where we lunch, and where, after that event, we've got up a stunning battue for the ladies to see some sport, so you can distinguish yourself, my boy. After that we're going to work old BILLY POTSHOT's preserves, where you'll have a good opportunity of putting your best leg foremost, I can tell you, for it's a good half-dozen miles, and a nice up-and-down stiff country. You'll meet, among others, at lunch, that jolly SWASHINGTON girl—you recollect, the one with the Nose and loud laugh, who chaffed you so awfully about the mistletoe last Christmas—and she's



THE LATEST MISSTATEMENT.

Paper Boy. SECOND EDITION! 'ORRIBLE SLAUGHTER O' THE ROOSHANS! GLADSTONE 'ANGED 'ISSELF!



ANY PORT IN A STORM.

Outsider. I SAY! HAVE YOU SEEN MY OLD WOMAN?

already bet me half a dozen *Fivers* you don't kill half a brace. Old BILLY desires me to tell you to bring a glass this time that'll *stick* in your eye, and not fall *down* every time the birds get *up*.—Thine pheasantly,

"TOM BADGER."

Come, you know, I rather like this! "Bustle up!" Good Gracious! Confound the fellow! Why, I never actually promised him I'd go and shoot his confounded pheasants! Why, how could I, when I've not even yet made up my mind?.....And how can I be expected to—why, it's past eleven now!.....Besides, why should I be bothered like this when I've not got over this tea-bother yet?.....Besides, I believe one of my shooting boots wants half a sole!.....Then, fancy lunch on the damp grass—nowhere to put one's legs, you know!—Then I *hate* that SWASHINGTON girl, always laughing when one feels most miserable!..... Besides, too, what the Dooose an' all is the good of one's shooting one's self when one can get other fellows to do it for one!.....Besides, I've an idea knickerbockers or tight leggings don't—don't, you know, quite suit the—er—character of my—er—what'd'yecallems, you know..... Then, too, I made up my mind last Tuesday that I'd go and have my hair cut to-day!..... Besides, too, now I come to think of it, I'll be *hanged* if the laundress has sent home my new sporting shirts yet!

Reflection (on tearing up BADGER's letter).—Thank Goodness! That *quite* settles it. How jolly lucky I thought of that! Here's my mind actually made up without any bother! Bless that woman!

N.B.—Yes, and bother TOM BADGER!

MUSICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. Simple common time is simply thyme that grows on the common.
2. Define your own particular crotchet.
3. Before you can unlock the mysteries of music you must remove the five bars and the opening chord, and then find the key.
4. Do twenty musicians constitute a musical score?
5. Notes must be written, but need not necessarily be marked *p.p.*
6. Important notes should be tied.

Where is the Difference?

THERE has been a great deal of talk about the number of ladies present at the STAUNTON trial. How is it that nobody wants to know what business so many male persons had there?

PICNICS.

I HATE all your slow kettledrums,—
Your matinées drive one insane,
When people sit twirling their thumbs,
And looking so bored and inane!
Far better a cruise in a yacht
(If you are not caught in a squall)
But when it is awfully hot,
A Picnic's the sweetest of all!
It is like some exquisite dream—
The greenery pleasant and cool
Overhead—with the song of the stream,
And ferns for your banqueting-stool!
The odour of flowers bestows
Rare bouquet upon your Moselle—
And somebody whispers she knows
A sweet little spot in the dell!
And there, when the corks cease to fly—
Champagne cup a thing of the past—
You wander away on the sly,
Alone and together at last!
Your whispers are borne on the wind—
Dream on whilst the hours take wing!—
But don't let them leave you behind—
A Picnic's a dangerous thing!

LIST OF BOOKS JUST RECEIVED.

Public Funds. R. LOWE.	Habits of ye Sixteenth Century.
The Art of Giving. B. STOWE.	SPENSER.
Fox on the Death of WOLFE.	CRABBE on Buoy and Sea-Urchins.
The Great Sea-Serpent: a Marvel.	Hook on the Eye.
PLIMSOLL on Leaks and Unsaleable	The Sea Views of LANDSEER.
Barks.	BRIGHT on Polish.
How I Cut my Corn. BUNYAN.	A Ward's Key to LOCKE's Medita-
Eye-Witnesses. THIERS.	tions.
Animated Nature. LIVINGSTONE.	COOKE on Curryng Favour.
KANT on Hypocrisy.	TAYLOR on the Making of Sheepcotes.

MATRIMONIAL ARITHMETIC.

ACCORDING to an old rhyme, multiplication used to be vexation, and the rule of three was always reported to be very provoking. If the School Boards have not altered matters, these trials are still great. "But, after all," says a very much married individual of Judy's acquaintance—"after all, what is the rule of three to the rule of one—especially when that one happens to be a strong-minded female?" This should be a warning to those heedless young persons who are "about to marry."

Puzzling the Celestials.

THE Chinese Ambassador has recently inspected the works of a large optical instrument making firm. His Excellency expressed himself delighted with what he saw, but some of the members of his suite were quite unable to understand why the sinking of a little quicksilver in a glass tube should make the weather so much colder.

Astronomical Fact.

THERE has been another eclipse quite recently, though not of the moon. It is the last absurdity of Mr. GLADSTONE at Nottingham, which has eclipsed all his previous folly. In consequence of the right hon. gentleman's connection with the borough, this eclipse was so far visible at Greenwich that when the next General Election takes place, Mr. GLADSTONE, as a luminary, will vanish altogether.

"No Place like Home."

ACCORDING to orthodox views, a husband should always be happiest when he is at home. How does it happen, then, that so many married men are never so much at home as when they are abroad?

Clerical Hint.

It is a bad plan to divide a sermon into too many heads, for this reason, that there may be considerable difficulty on the part of the congregation in finding ears for all of them.

How it Happens.

As the finding of a stray torpedo in Portsmouth Harbour caused some alarm, owing to the supposed possibility of a few ships and some hundreds of lives being lost by contact with similar straying projectiles, it is officially announced that no such disaster could occur. The torpedoes with which practice is made from torpedo ships and launches are in every case dummies. Every part is perfect except their heads, which are empty. This state of the cranium, consequently, is also the characteristic of those alarmists who spread foolish reports.

"Two Hearts that Beat as One"—Shakspeare and Darwin.

"I could a tale unfold."—SHAKSPEARE.

"I could a tail unfold."—DARWIN.

Check to the Czar.

In a letter from St. Petersburg, a correspondent says that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA asserts that he only entered on the campaign against the Turks, in which his armies have fared so disastrously,

"for his conscience's sake." As conscience, like an omnibus signal, is only an inward check upon the outer man, perhaps this will explain why a potentate who feels the restraint of conscience so very keenly, should find himself brought to a standstill.

A Good Idea.

THOUGH we pride ourselves upon being the first to carry through a social reform, our continental brethren are beating us hollow. A new police regulation at Weimar prohibits the opening of windows during pianoforte practising under a penalty of two marks. This regulation will strike everybody as being decidedly a "sound" one. At any rate, those whose ears have been saluted with the discords of would-be players, will admit that it is very salutary.

A Fact for Sir Wilfrid.

THERE is a great deal in sympathy, and in no condition of life are its sweet effects manifested so strikingly as on the domestic hearth. For instance, when a wife gives a good deal of attention to her mirror, how often does a husband take to his glass as well!

Let Us Hope Not.

WHAT we all hope the money will not be which is to pay for the removal of CLEOPATRA'S Needle—a sinking fund.

FROM OUR SPORTING CORRESPONDENT ON TOUR.—Can a tip-up of the deck of that awful packet boat in the Straits be justly called a straight tip?

THE ONLY JONES.

I OBSERVE that the general impression among the serious critics respecting *King Indigo*, at the Alhambra, is that it is rather long and dull. I never knew a piece at the Alhambra that was not; yet that does not seem to be much of a drawback, because I have no reason to believe that a third of the audience ever listen. I myself don't think *King Indigo* is as

black as he has been painted; and if he really is a bad sovereign, why, there is less likelihood of his being changed. Possibly, the exponents of humour at the Alhambra are not the very funniest persons in the world. A rhymster, long ago, speaking of old Adelphi favourites, said, "WRIGHT'S always right, PAUL never falls;" but I hardly think you can say as much of Mr. PAULSON. Miss SELINA DELAROE is a great acquisition to the Alhambra company, and sings delightfully. The first night there was a four-legged donkey "what wouldn't go" off again when brought on. He did not seem to care for *King Indigo*. King Carrot would probably have been more in his line.

Now Ready,

"ALLY SLOPER'S COMIC KALENDAR FOR 1878."

Full of Pictures. Twenty-four Pages, One Penny; Post Free, 13d. "Judy" Office, 73, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; and of every Bookseller, Newsagent, and Railway Bookstall in the World.



RETRIBUTION.

Yes, sure enough that's young CHAWBEE, whom you injudiciously invited to make your House his Home if ever he came up to Town, and the question is, has he got that Side of Bacon there was so much talk about in that trunk, or only several extra Suits of Clothes?

THE LATEST HORROR AT THE OLD BAILEY.



YOUNG LADY OF FASHION. Do come along, Mamma, for Goodness' sake, or we shall miss some of the details.



Absolute Necessities, if you would thoroughly enjoy the trial.



She's all right! She has got her share of the front seat, anyhow!



SERVANT GIRL. Oh, I've heard all you've got in your newspaper already, and more besides, from Missus and the Young Ladies.



CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Offering his Lordship Sherry and Sandwiches.



GRANDPA. And what can I do for you on your birthday, eh, little Missie?
GRANDCHILD. Take me to see them hanged, Grandpapa, please!

GLADSTONE AND JUDY.

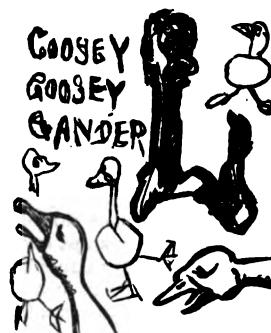
It is not often that JUDY finds herself on the same platform with Mr. GLADSTONE. She does not agree with the right honourable gentleman—indeed, he does not agree with himself, and his utterances do not agree with each other. It would appear, however, that even the Member for Greenwich is not as bad as he might be. He reads his JUDY. On Thursday, at Nottingham, Mr. GLADSTONE, speaking to fully 10,000 persons, made a long oration, referring to the condition of Greece among other things, and in the course of his remarks he said,—

"You may have seen in a well-known journal, not long ago, that I had been inciting the Greeks to make war, and all over the country I have been shown up for having done this. The people have been egregiously taken in, and the comic writers have been taken in, for here is a cartoon, as they call it, from a comic print, which exhibits me as inciting the Greeks to go and make war upon the 'Turks.' It is a comic print named *Judy*. I received this copy (here the right hon. gentleman displayed it over the platform railing) a certain time ago. The figure that represents me is a peculiar one, and the man who sent me the copy has written upon it, against the figure, 'What a diabolical-looking fiend!'"

This comment is certainly rather hard upon the right hon. gentleman, but he has told us long since that he cared nothing

for criticism. If, like all the rest of the world, good, bad, and indifferent, he profits by the moral lessons provided for him week by week in JUDY's pages, there is evidently still a chance of his reformation. As for JUDY herself, she will rejoice to be the means of doing good—even to so erratic a Radical.

TO A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.



De Goostibus non est disputandum.
ONG have I watched thee tenderly,
O Goose!
Out on thy green Green, wandering
all loose.
What! would they fatten thee, and
then, O goose,
Let daylight into thee? They
would? The doose!
Yet, shed not idle tears, O hap-
less Goose!
Because, you see, it ain't a bit of use;
And so to sickly sentiment a truce!
Prepare the stuffing while I stick
the Goose!

CADBURY'S
PURE
SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!! **COCOA ESSENCE**

Many cannot take ordinary
Cocoas because they are mixed
with starch. CADBURY'S Es-
sence is Genuine; it is, there-
fore, three times the strength
of these Cocoas, and a refresh-
ing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

Painless Dentistry.—Artificial Teeth.



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SURGEON DENTIST,
57, Great Russell Street, London.
Immediately opposite the British Museum.
Has obtained Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent
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Metal (London and Paris)
**ARTIFICIAL TEETH BY ATMOSPHERIC
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Pamphlet gratis and Post Free.

THE SEVEN SINS OF THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

(Being Easy Essays with an Easier Moral.)

SIN THE SEVENTH.—"WARMING HIS SLIPPERS."

Few, indeed, if any sights are there in this world more thoroughly contemptible, more pitiful, and more wholly wrong than that of a Woman in the act of committing her Seventh Sin, i.e., "Warming his Slippers!" Woman, as every Woman with a properly regulated mind well knows, is Man's BETTER HALF; should she not, therefore, make a point of always behaving as such? Surely, oh, surely! Should she, even for one little moment, forget this great and glorious fact, and lower her most proper dignity, as well as spoil the poor Male Thing, by per-

forming such a weakly foolish, such a sentimentally silly act as looking after the comfort and well-being of that Male Thing's feet? Never, no never! For, indeed, the biggest mistake, the wickedest Sin of the whole Seven Sins of Woman, is that one which exhibits her as "Making much of"—*videlicet*, attending to, or even thinking one little bit about, the "little comforts" of that extremely inferior animal—"That Husband of Hers!" It is bad enough, in good truth, for some BETTER HALVES to be obliged, by the tyrannical law of the country, to have to acknowledge (before company) some wretched Male Things to be their Husbands; but matters must indeed have come to a truly pretty pass when any BETTER HALF imagines it incumbent upon her to regard the Male Thing in such a light as to make tender inquiries after his "poor feet."

Now there surely can be no possible doubt as to the soundness of the precepts inculcated by the above Moral Remarks. Certainly not. At the same time, I will proceed to demonstrate their soundness more conclusively, and absolutely overpoweringly, by a graphic Illustration. Out of the many, many thousands of terrible

cases which might illustrate the above-alluded-to soundness, I will take but one; for it, I flatter myself, will be found to be quite conclusive enough, and even more than sufficiently overpowering.

I am going to point my Moral by taking the cases of two Young Ladies, one of whom acted strictly up to the above-given Precepts, whilst the other pursued exactly opposite tactics.

EXAMPLE No. 1 was brought up under the skinny, but highly genteel wing of The Honourable VIRGINIA VERGULION, and received on the eve of her Wedding that estimable spinster's truly excellent advice respecting the treatment of her Husband, and which advice was, indeed, couched in almost the identical words I have used above.

EXAMPLE No. 2, on the other hand, was brought up by her fond Mamma, and on her Wedding Eve was given advice of a totally different character.

"And mark me, ANGELINA," wound up this most foolish old lady, "if you want to keep your husband at home, study his 'little comforts.' For my own part, I firmly believe all my

wedded bliss resulted entirely from my never neglecting to 'Warm his Slippers;' he knew, poor dear! that, at all events, there was always *something* to come home for."

Now for the results which so effectually prove my "case."

Take EXAMPLE No. 2 first.—She is sitting in front of her dining-room fire, looking "A Picture of Content;" inside the fender are "His Slippers," comfortably "warming." A well-known Knock comes at the door; a well-known Step quickly treads the passage; a well-known Voice cries cheerfully, "Five whole minutes late, and so wet and cold!" And then, as the Proprietor of the Voice gets luxuriously into his toasted slippers, he says, in quite an absurdly foolishly fond manner,—

"By Jove! ANGELINA, how is it that you *never* forget them?"

And then a glowing face, equally as absurdly foolishly fond, is upturned to him. "Can you not guess?" She says, ever so softly, "Does it not serve to make me think of you?"

Now for EXAMPLE No. 1.—The time is also Dinner-time, but our EXAMPLE, sitting in front of her Drawing-room fire, looks peevish and miserable. She seems to be listening for a knock at the door which never is coming; and it would appear that this is a frequent practice of hers.....The quarter-past seven chimes.....Then the half-hour.....Then the quarter to eight.....Then She pulls the bell with an angry jerk. "You can serve dinner, JAMES," she says to the servant. "Your master, I suppose, is dining *à la* at the Club!"

But then, as She goes down to her solitary meal, does that reflection in the mantel-glass strike her for what it is? For, is not that the Ghost of an Unfulfilled Happiness looking out upon her with great pitiful eyes? And, oh! what was Spectre of What Might Have Been is that peering out at her so mournfully from a distance now, alas! so far, so far removed?

* * * *

What do you say?.....

"Your Moral is all wrong again." Really? You don't mean to declare that positively, do you?.....You do?.....Very well, then I'll be hanged if I go in for having Morals ever any more! And isn't it much easier to be without them? Come, now!

Quite Another Thing.

It is a common proverb, and indeed it is the creed of the homœopathist, that like cures like. But there is one thing as to which neither homœopathist nor allopathist has pronounced an opinion, and that is, what cures dislike.

What we may Come to.

In the list of subscriptions to the Indian Famine Relief Fund we find the following entry from Liverpool:—"Fines in a family for the misuse of the word 'awful,' £1." It is to be hoped that this is only an isolated case; for if all the families where words are misused are perforce to become contributors to the Indian Famine Fund, before very long there will be a famine in England.



VERY SATISFACTORY.

Most undoubtedly his Lordship was correct. A Pedestrian should keep to his Right-hand Side when passing another, and this person frankly acknowledged his error when it was pointed out to him.



HAD HIM THERE!

Brown (looking seawards), an impecunious, dissolute, ne'er-do-well. WHAT I CONTEND IS, THAT IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY MAN SAVAGE TO SEE ALL THIS MONEY BEING SUBSCRIBED FOR A LOT OF SICK OR SORRY TURKISH SOLDIERS OR FUGITIVE PEASANTS WHO HAVE NOT A HURT TO SHOW FOR IT. TAKE MY CARE: THEY WOULDN'T SUBSCRIBE A BRASS FARTHING FOR ME IF I WERE STARVING—

Robinson (interrupting). PARDON ME, BUT I DON'T SEE THE ANALOGY. IF PEOPLE SUBSCRIBED MONEY FOR THE BASHI-BAZOOKES, I WOULD OWN YOU HAD A GRIEVANCE. [But to this day BROWN can't see it.]

THE WHALE OF WESTMINSTER:

A Dirge.

"For some days past the Westminster Aquarium has boasted a whale of its own. It was caught off the coast of Newfoundland, and thence conveyed to New York; there it was placed in a large box in which it was banked up on each side by huge masses of fresh seaweed, while pure salt water from the ocean itself was perpetually pumped over it. A few days ago it was brought up to London in a large tank, and was turned headlong into a sort of well specially provided for it at the Aquarium. Now the poor Whale is dead.....So passes away the famous Whale of Westminster, as it may hereafter be known in history."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Whale of Westminster is dead!

No more

In the cold seas of distant Labrador
Shall he be friaking,
Where eager whalers range the ocean o'er,
By all its perils setting little store—
Its dangers risking!

The Whale of Westminster is dead!—
With whales

An awkward kind of tenderness prevails:
Their lot's a bad one;
In every place some foe their life assails,
Which makes the end of Cetacean tails
So oft a sad one!

The Whale of Westminster is dead!
Despite

The care they took to ship him off aright
When they had caught him;
The hopes they formed, as anybody might;
The tank they made, by working day and night,
While home they brought him!

The Whale of Westminster is dead!

In vain

The home prepared for him with so much pain!
Though eels they gave him
He ne'er took kindly to his new domain,
And eel-longated life did not obtain:
For none could save him!

The Whale of Westminster is dead!

But though

Admiring friends declare his loss "a blow,"
Grief's unavailing;
Blows come from whales, and all things here below:
And those who miss him most, had better go
Elsewhere a-wailing!

Not an Advertisement.

WHAT is the best insurance office for a newly married man?—
The Alliance, of course. (By the way, though, a newly married man, if he be possessed of any sense, will take care to insure before he becomes such.)

Interesting to Young People.

RATHER a slow kind of sweetheating—Courtng investigation.

"Words—Words!"

SOME person with a good deal of time on his hands has asserted that the address to the jury in the Penge case by Mr. JUSTICE HAWKINS consisted of sixty thousand words. Without wasting more time than has been wasted already, it is not possible for one to say whether the statement is true; though the person who is responsible for the calculation is evidently an authority on "summing up."

OUR SPECIAL SPECIAL AT HASTINGS.

H.B.—He was sent down, and told to send up something "Funny."

HASTINGS, 9th October.

ARRIVED by the L.B. & S.C. Railway express train with unusual punctuality, not more than three-quarters of an hour after the advertised time. Drove immediately to the Queen's Hotel, which is—

[We omit the remainder of our Correspondent's long sentence about this hotel, as it partakes of the nature of an advertisement.—Ed.]

Certain peculiarities of position, situation, and population, will be sure to strike the intelligent visitor. Hastings, it will be remembered, was the landing-place of the Conqueror, who, after his battle with HAROLD—

[We are compelled to omit the next twenty sides of our valued Correspondent's letter. He has evidently been reading the Guide-book, which, though very entertaining and instructive, is hardly what we require.—Ed.]

But to come to matters of more immediate interest. Hastings is eminently a place of open doors and open windows; and in these respects alone resembles its aristocratic neighbour, St. Leonards-on-Sea. The latter, extending for nearly three miles along the coast—

[We really must omit the next three sides of H.B.—Ed.]

As already observed, the bathing here—

[Another compulsory omission.—Ed.]

And, but for the obtrusive presence of TOM, 'ARRY, and MINNIE—for whose entertainment the nigger minstrels, the Whitechapel arab in his native costume, the Italian improvisatore from Leather Lane, and the Bounding Brothers of South-West Algeria, seem to have been especially imported—the shingle in front of the Grand Parade would be really delightful—when you hadn't to walk upon it.

In the matter of refreshment and entertainment, liquid especially, I may cordially recommend—

[No; we cannot stand this. Seven pages of laudatory remarks concerning the hotels, taverns, and billiard-rooms patronized by our conscientious Correspondent are quite too much. He may be impartial, and we are certain he is generous, but the proper position for the matter deleted is the second page of JUDY, where it can be inserted with all the advantages of prominent type. Advertisements received through our recognized agents.—Ed.]

A walk over the West Hill to Fairlight Glen, and then back, by way of the fields, over the East Hill, with the sea below you the whole of the distance, is something to remember for a lifetime. Of course you will take a draught of cold spring water at the Dripping Well, and patronize the grey-bearded old impostor who describes the place; and, equally, of course, you will purchase photographs of the lovely scenes in and about Fairlight. This exquisite bit of Nature—

[Guide-book again. Twelve sides of copy ruthlessly destroyed.—Ed.]

And then the Caves—said to have been made by the smugglers in the good old days, but evidently excavated for the sand which was there; and the Pier, on which there is a nightly concert under the able conduct of—

[Mr. MARRIOTT really must advertise if he wants to be particularly mentioned. We cannot allow even our erudite Special to puff all his friends free gratis for nothing.—Ed.]

THE Faction raised by the Government owing to their Admiralty Appointment—Satis-faction.

VERY Much Engaged—Married.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

To be observed in the Conduct of Future Trials for Murder (if any) at the Old Bailey.

1. In summing up a Judge, failing to find anything to say in favour of the prisoners at the bar, to invent something.
2. No point of law to be decided without previously consulting Mr. CHARLES READE.
3. Mr. READE's law to be received as the law, whether anybody else's law or not.
4. Any case with "a woman in it" to be attended by men only; and it not to be at all necessary that they should attend from any other motive than that of curiosity.
5. Juries of matrons, when required, to be superseded by juries of bachelors.

6. Strangers to be searched on entering court for champagne bottles and comic papers.

7. Any prisoner fainting, crying, or making any scene whatever, to be immediately let off.

8. All adverse verdicts to be reversed.

9. It to be taken for granted the Judge knows much less of the subject than any one else.

10. No medical gentleman to be allowed to write his opinion to the papers for any other purpose than that of a cheap advertisement for himself.

11. In the case of a person found with his head cut off, and three cannon-balls in his interior, microscopic search to be made for the existence of some disease which may account for his having died rather suddenly.

"CERTAINLY NOT!"

Did you ever know the subject of "Sport" brought up in any mixed company when every one present, however perfectly ignorant, did not set himself up as an authority upon the same?

Did you ever know a Paterfamilias who ever really enjoyed his "annual outing at the seaside"?

Did you ever know a Snob who did not produce with a flourish the only baronet of

his acquaintance upon every possible occasion?

Did you ever know a Young Lady who did not prefer port to claret?

Did you ever know a Landlady of Furnished Apartments who owned to having more than "just two or three black beetles"?

Did you ever know a Young Lady at an Evening Party who, when you had poured only a few drops of wine into her glass, did not declare that "that was plenty, thanks," all the while fully intending you to fill it up to the very brim?

Did you ever know a Young Lady confess to being more than "twenty-nine last birthday"?

Did you ever know any one who has not seen Our Boys at least once? And, lastly—

Did you ever know any single solitary person who has not bought at least one copy of SLOPER'S "COMIC KALENDAR for 1878"?

CAN a lady who is in love with a clergyman be properly said to have palpitation of the heart? Oh, nonsaints!

A FRIEND in the country wishes to know how 'ALBERT SMITH managed to get the "assent of Mont Blanc" to his lecture!



A PROMISING BOY.

Fond Father. WHY, I DECLARE, HE HAS GROWN OUT OF KNOWLEDGE!

[And the Schoolmaster left it there, and did not say he never had any to grow out of.]



SERVIA'S



DILEMMA.

THE TWOPENNY TWINS.*

Exit Bold Soldier (for the present)—Triumph of the System of Lady Helps—The Happy Discovery—The Pleasant Evening.

THE bold soldier has gone about his business, and we are going on most satisfactorily.

I have not deemed it necessary to refer to the bold soldier the presence of Miss ROSABEL, or before the Girls.

A certain amount of disrespect manifested by the bold soldier, may possibly be reported at the proper quarters, but, at present,

the matter is under my consideration, and me alone it concerns.

The bold soldier, at any rate, has temporarily departed, and, unless he comes again, I am inclined to allow bygones to be bygones.

Meanwhile, I narrowly watch the conduct of the Misses MONTGOMERY and the Girls, and I see nothing in the former to lead me to suppose that they, at any time, were conscious of the bold soldier's existence. In the latter, however, there is possibly less steadfastness of purpose, and I

observe that the Girls look out of window a good deal, though, at present, I am unable to decide whether they always did so, or that the habit has been but recently acquired.

In other respects, nothing could well be more satisfactory than the way we are getting on—on the new system.

We are now unanimously agreed that we never will return to the irksome bondage of the past! In the Dark Days of DAWKINS, when DAWKINS cooked for us, and washed, and brushed up for us, it was positively dangerous to approach DAWKINS with even a suggestion, and it must have been a bold individual indeed who would have ventured to lay a hand on DAWKINS's housework. How different now!

In the morning the Girls assist Miss AURORA in preparing the breakfast, washing up the breakfast-things, and making the beds, and there is not one unkind word—one cross look.

Again, in the nursery, over and over again, one girl will take one Twin, and another the other, and bath and bottle him, whilst Miss ROSABEL looks on with a pleasant smile.

In the Dark Days of DAWKINS it was as much as your life was worth to ask for your shaving-water before DAWKINS brought it, should you, in consequence of your watch being wrong, fancy DAWKINS had forgotten it. Now you can go out upon the landing and call half a dozen times for it without giving offence.

Again, would DAWKINS ever have allowed you to carry your own coals upstairs? No. Whereas now I invariably do so, without the slightest approach to discussion upon the subject.

It may be here mentioned that this experiment of ours, of the employment of Lady Helps, has created a profound sensation among the neighbouring gentry, and, with the exception of Lady TALBOTKINGTON (who still labours under the impression that I am deranged), we have had visits from all the best families, and have been literally overwhelmed with inquiries.

If everything continues satisfactorily, it is possible that the ordinary servant-girl will entirely vanish from the domestic

circles in these parts; and I have already begun to prepare a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, which, when it appears, will, I have reason to believe, cause a profound sensation.

An idea has just occurred to CASSANDRA, and she trips into my study to communicate it.

"Major," she says, "I have just made a most delightful discovery! Dear AURORA is an accomplished musician. This evening the ROBINSON girls are coming, and Mr. JACKSON and Mr. JOHNSON. Supposing, after tea, we have dear AURORA up to play to them?"

The idea appears to me to be an admirable one, and I readily acquiesce. The ROBINSON girls are well-meaning, and act according to their lights, but their range of vision is limited, and their experience small. They are, in fact, just exactly the kind of persons who would naturally be prejudiced against anything partaking of the nature of innovation, particularly when on a scale of such magnitude as the employment of the highly educated on the maid-of-all-work system. I shall look forward to this evening, and anticipate triumphant results.

The company having arrived, ROSABEL, during a temporary lull among the Twins, has opened the street door. The ROBINSON girls sail past her without taking any notice, but I observe that young JACKSON, who accompanies them, opens his eyes very widely.

Old JOHNSON comes alone shortly afterwards, and is a long while hanging up his hat and overcoat.

AURORA brings up the tea.

Hitherto we have made no remark. We have allowed the company to gaze, but have maintained silence. When, however, the tea-things are removed, I state the case, and I have reason to believe that the company are rather surprised.

The eldest Miss ROBINSON says, "Don't you find it rather awkward to decide how to treat this class of persons?"

"Not in the least," I respond; "we treat them as though they were our own family."

"Oh!" says the eldest Miss ROBINSON.

I fancied that would surprise her; and I continue with a quiet smile.—

"You may have observed the faultless way in which the tea was made and handed round. We will, with your permission, allow sufficient time to elapse for the tea-things to be washed up, and then summon Miss AURORA—our cook and housemaid—to oblige us with a selection from the beauties of BEETHOVEN on the pianoforte."

"Bless me!" says Mr. JOHNSON.

The time has come. The tea-things are washed up. We have had some of the beauties of BEETHOVEN, and other distinguished composers. We are now having a soprano song from the latest Opera. Old JOHNSON is listening entranced, and young JACKSON is hanging all over the piano.

The ROBINSON girls don't seem very rapturous. Prejudice again.

The other Girls are looking a little solemn.

AURORA shows signs of leaving off.

"Go on; oh, pray go on!" says young JACKSON.



THE MAJOR'S CONSIDERATION.



MORE CONSIDERATION ON THE PART OF THE MAJOR.



THE PLEASANT EVENING.

WHEN, INDEED P

THE Society for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, intend, it is announced, to make a great push in the next session of Parliament to attain their object. It is hardly likely that they will succeed in getting Parliamentary sanction to a widower's marriage with his sister-in-law; but when shall we see a bill passed which will enable a man to live in the same house with his mother-in-law?

Resin-able Supposition.

THE present war has brought out the fact, now admitted even by their opponents, that the Turkish soldiers not only fight well behind stone walls, but are formidable adversaries in the open field, and stick to their enemies with great tenacity. Perhaps it is this capacity for sticking which has won the Turks so many pitched battles.

NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH IT.

THE following little story is not a Penge case in point, of course, but it is rather funny:—

"Comment qu'a va, ta femme?" asked one French rustic, meeting another.

"Dame! j'vas t' dire. J'ai été voir le médecin qui m' demande trente francs pour l'opération qu'il faudrait pour la guérir. Mais, en revenant, j'ai causé avé l' bédau qui m'a dit qu' l'enterrement ne me reviendrait pas à pus de quinze francs. Dame! je trouve que c'est ben meilleur marché. Qu'é qu' t'en dis?"

**A GOOD REASON.**

Jim. I SAY, JACK, ALTHOUGH WE ARE DOWN AT THIS OUTLANDISH PLACE, WHY DO YOU CONTINUALLY WEAR THAT AWFUL OLD HAT?

Jack. BECAUSE MY WIFE SAID SHE WOULD NEVER COME WITH ME UNTIL I GET A NEW ONE!

one, although, for the matter of that, a statue might also be erected to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, with the inscription "Piece, piece, my countrymen; and a large piece too" (of Turkey, of course, when he can get it).

NOR Analogous—Turkish tobacco and the pipe of peace.

POCKET FILTERS—Holes.

THE Rest of the Royal Family—Sunday.

VERY Appropriate—SPRATT's food at the Aquarium.

DINER à la Ruse—A. SLOPER's, when he forgets to pay for it.

A VERY Retiring Address—The Czar's next address to the Russian army.

THE ROAR Material—SLOPER's "Comic Kalendar."

PRESENTS of Mind—SLOPER's Works.

ALWAYS RIGHT.

1. "My dear boy," says NUMBEY to BOTTING, "I can always tell by the carriage, the style, the shape, the air, the—the 'contor' of a lady walking before me, if her features are beautiful."



2. "Now, then, I'll make you a bet that that fair creature in front of us has the face of an angel!"



3. The bet being made—



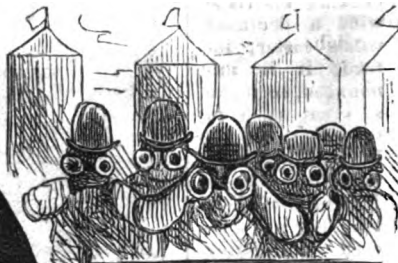
4. He, of course, part like a man.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. MICHAELMAS.

(JUST OVER.)



2. And she packed up her Feathers

4. Then there were Headers!!!
Lots of Headers!!!!1. Once upon a time there was a little Goose,
and she was a pretty little Goose;3. And took flight to Ganderville-
sur-Mer.

5. And in the end it was bad for the Ganders.

PUBLIC OPINION.

"WHEN public opinion is so pronounced as in the present instance, it deserves at the hands of the proper authorities deep consideration."—*The Writer of a Letter to the "Daily Telegraph."*

To JUDY.

MADAM,—I have been many times starved to death. The symptoms are similar. SMIKE.
Kensal Green.

MADAM,—Several of my pupils were taken that way. I attributed it to the brimstone and treacle. W. SQUEERS.
Dotheboys Hall.

MADAM,—I am quite up to the rigs of BROWN. Hang her! ELIZABETH BROWNRIGGE.
Fetter Lane.

MADAM,—As I invariably make a 'mess of it myself, I should feel rather pleased to see HAWKINS in trouble. J. JONES, J.P.
Blunderbury Town Hall.

MADAM,—I am perfectly ignorant of the details of the case,

but should feel much obliged if you would print my name and address in full. D. DODGERSON, F.R.C.S.

1, Puffer Place.

MADAM,—There is but one way of getting at the truth. Buy the "Kalendar." A. SLOPER.

State Apartments, Windsor Castle.

Tempting.

THE Irish Obstructionist, Mr. PARNELL, addressing a meeting at Paisley, is reported to have said he would promise, for himself and Mr. BIGGAR, that if the Government would next Session devote sufficient time to settling the questions of the Irish University and intermediate education and the assimilation of the borough and municipal franchise, they would not go near the House of Commons the whole Session. There are people in the world so far out of the reach of ordinary argument, that it is, alas, unlikely the Government will accept this munificent offer; though really the temptation is all but irresistible!

No Doubt.

It is said the real cause of the death of the White Whale, at the Aquarium, was through its "fast" life on the voyage.

CADBURY'S

PURE

SOLUBLE!!
REFRESHING!!!

COCOA ESSENCE

Many cannot take ordinary Cocos because they are mixed with starch. CADBURY'S Essence is Genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of those Cocos, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF.

In form of a wine, possessing the attributes of solid food, and having a most agreeable flavor. This, the essence of nourishment, will fortify the feeble, and in a sine qua non to invalids, travellers by sea or land, and others. Retail in Cases of a dozen, at 3s.

LIEBIG'S TONIC WINE.

By means of this valuable Patent, the Liquid Extract of Beef, Quinine, and other approved tonics are so blended as to form a beverage of unparalleled richness and purity; while delicious as a drink, its reinvigorating powers cannot be over-estimated. Retail in Cases of a dozen at 3s.; secured sample case sent to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of Post-Office Order for 3s.

Stores, 12, Cloak Lane, E.C., and all Wine Dealers.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

